Collier's

15¢

November 25, 1950

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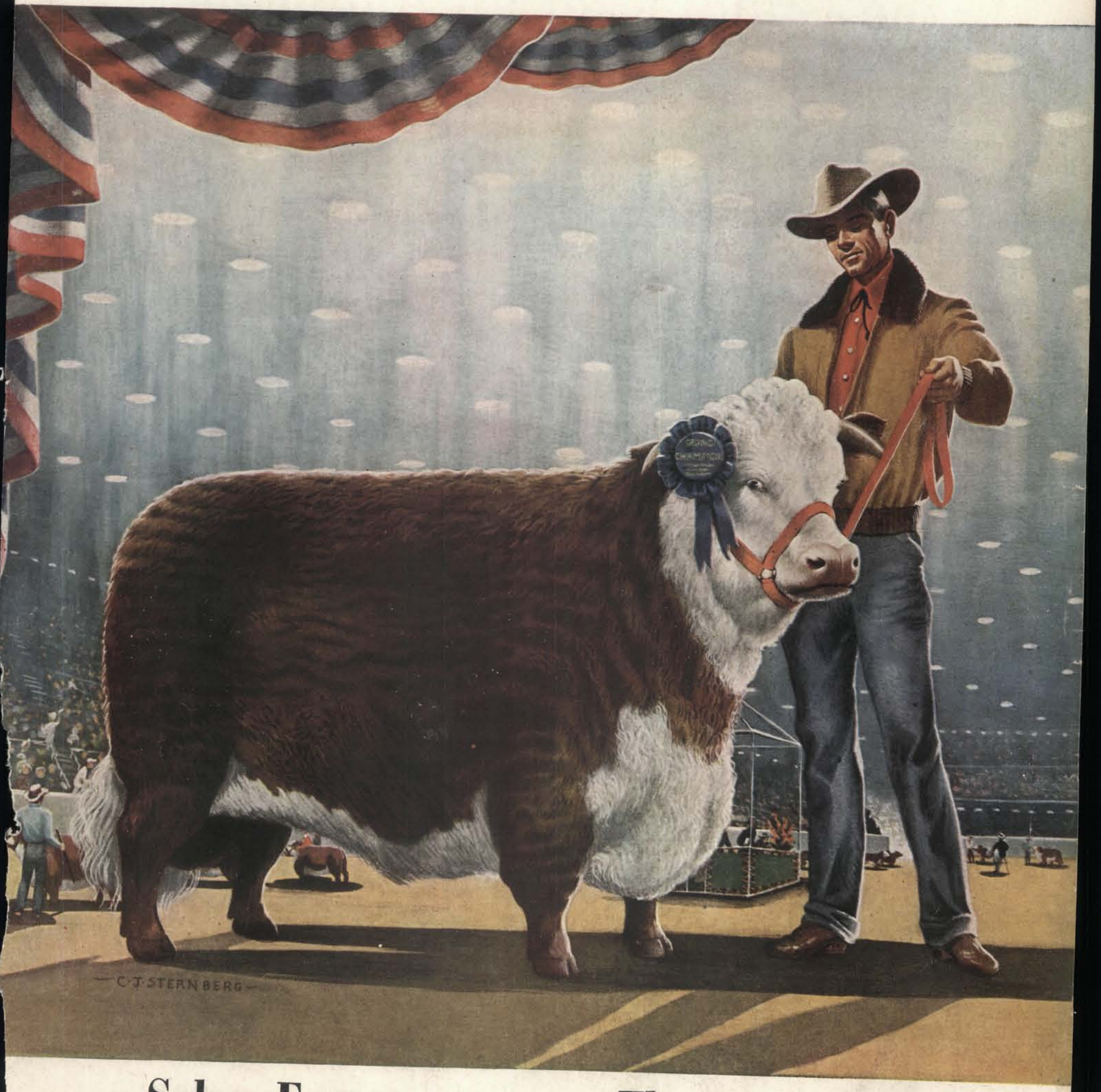

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Sober Facts About SEX CRIMES

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The World's First Cars to Apply the Modern Developments of Aviation to the Building of an Automobile

The Sleek Jet Fighter Plane is the Famous Navy Panther, built by Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation. Photography by Sarra

HERE'S THE NEW 1951 NASH AIRFLYTE, the road-hugging twin of the fastest things that fly—the flashing beauty of aerodynamic design proved best by wind tunnel test.

Today your Nash dealer is displaying a completely new kind of automobile—years ahead of others in basic construction, in features, and in every luxurious detail of appointment. See the sixteen new 1951 Airflytes—the distinguished Ambassador and popular Statesman series, available with Hydra-Matic Drive or Overdrive or standard transmission. See the new, low-priced Ramblers. Know why the Nash postwar sales gain is *five times* as great as the average of the industry. Before you decide, take an Airflyte ride—*in the world's most modern car!*

New sky-flow fenders and racing teardrop tail help cut air drag and wind noise—boost speed and economy. Over 25 miles to the gallon, at average highway speed, in the big Nash Statesman—on *regular* gasoline!

First airliner reclining seat in a car. Nothing ever made a long trip so short! Just touch a lever and lean back as far as you like. Relax, while someone else drives. At night, both seats can become Twin Beds.

Even the air will be new to you. The Weather Eye Conditioned Air System filters the air, *refreshes* it, warms it automatically, on pressurized airliner principles. You can drive at zero without coat or gloves.

We found a new way to build your car—Airflyte Construction, the way of the modern plane—welding body-and-frame into a single rattle-free unit that's safer, stronger. Twice as rigid, stays new for years longer.

Look at the records for speed, endurance, and hill-climbing—you'll find Nash engines are world famous. Recently, a Nash Ambassador officially covered 712 miles at 95.3 m.p.h. average—believed a new record.

Here's one of the biggest luggage compartments—to match the over-size Airflyte interior. It's another bonus of Airflyte Construction, which gives you a bigger, more comfortable car without added weight.

★

There's Much of Tomorrow in All Nash Does Today

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1951 Nash Airflyte

The Ambassador · The Statesman · The Rambler

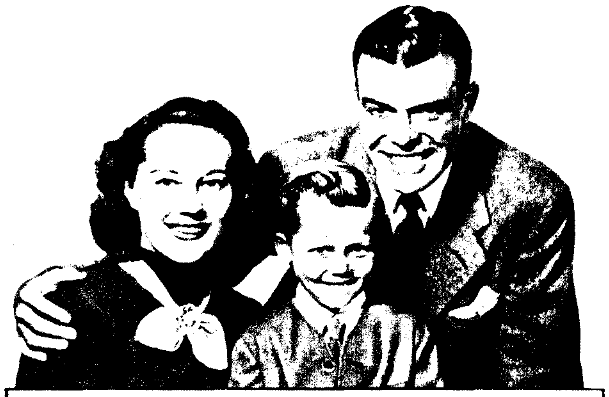
The World's Most Modern Cars

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

You can be confident you're keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—if you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Depend on *doubly-effective* Ipana care for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles both—

to keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!



Teach your children *doubly-effective* Ipana care

To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Remember, tooth decay hits *9 out of 10* children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children today on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*. Ipana is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

Only one leading tooth paste is specially designed to give you this double protection!*

Yours can be a healthier, more wholesome mouth—if you do what dentists advise: fight tooth decay and *gum troubles, too.*

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay.* And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums.*

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made specially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

So be *sure* of double protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana Wholesome." Ipana's wholesome flavor is refreshing, too—you'll enjoy it. Get Ipana today.

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Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

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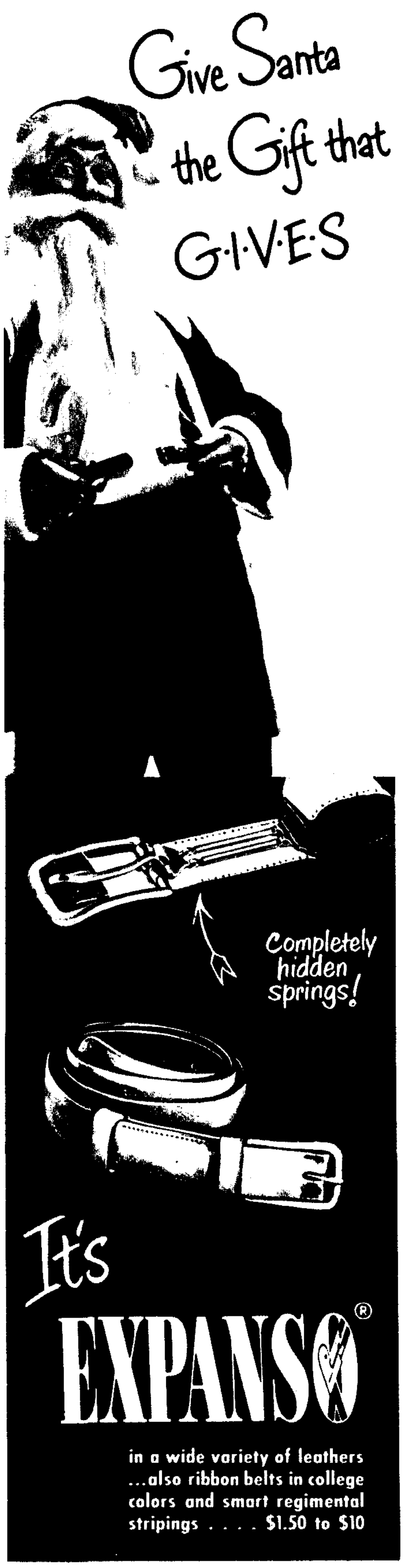
TOOTH PASTE

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums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in a wide variety of leathers ...also ribbon belts in college colors and smart regimental stripings . . . . $1.50 to $10

The Amazing Belt that B-r-e-a-t-h-e-s IN then OUT!

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November 25, 1950

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The Cover

Charlotte Joan Sternberg gives us a preview of the International Livestock Exposition and Horse Show, to be held from November 25th to December 2d in Chicago's Stockyards Amphitheatre. Sponsored by the Chicago Union Stockyard and Transit Company, the annual affair features some 10,000 cattle, sheep, hogs and horses. The painting represents the proud handler showing a grand champion Hereford steer, named Judge Roy Bean, which was entered last year by Texas' Pecos County Four-H Club.

Week's Mail

How About the Navy?

Editor: Your Sept. 30th issue had a very good article, The New GI Joe—'He Never Had It So Good,' by Bill Davidson. However, as I read it over I kept asking myself: What is the Navy doing in this respect?

Being a Navy vet of World War II, I would be very interested in a similar article of how well or badly the Navy is treating the inductee and enlisted men, what they are doing about racial discrimination, and if they are promoting advancement from the ranks of the enlisted men. I feel that the report given by Mr. Davidson was probably correct, from my observations of the fellows that I have seen coming back on leave from this area.

Duane J. Cornell, The Dalles, Ore.

. . . Apparently Bill Davidson's New GI Joe is so new the Army has yet to hear of him. Our experiences in the Army, so far, as recruits, have paralleled the author's own more closely than any of those lucky and, we find it hard not to believe, fictitious characters he was writing about.

In short, we should like to ask Bill Davidson the same pithy question about his story that a mess sergeant asked us when we inquired about curtains and tablecloths in the "new" Army mess halls: "You got rocks in yer head?" Rct. Harry Hill, Jr., Rct. Billy F. Middlebrook, Rct. Arthur P. Folmar, Jr., Rct. James T. Lake, Rct. Donald Dunbar, Rct. Ervin L. Pinckard, Fort Jackson, S. C.

Bill Davidson says that all accusations of rocks in the head that he has received have come from Fort Jackson which, he explains, was one of the latest installations to be activated as a basic training camp, and which is probably not as well equipped to handle a large number of recruits as some of the others.

Definition

Editor: In your Oct. 7th Week's Mail, Dr. Harry M. Robinson asks "What is a liberal?"

A liberal is one whose present ideas will be advocated 20 years hence by conservatives.

Ralph McNellis, Cloquet, Minn.

Authority Questioned

Editor: With reference to the following statement made by Henry La Cossitt in What to Do About an Ulcer (Sept. 30th), I would like to know if Dr. Sidney A. Portis, internist, or any competent psychologist or psychiatrist authorized it.

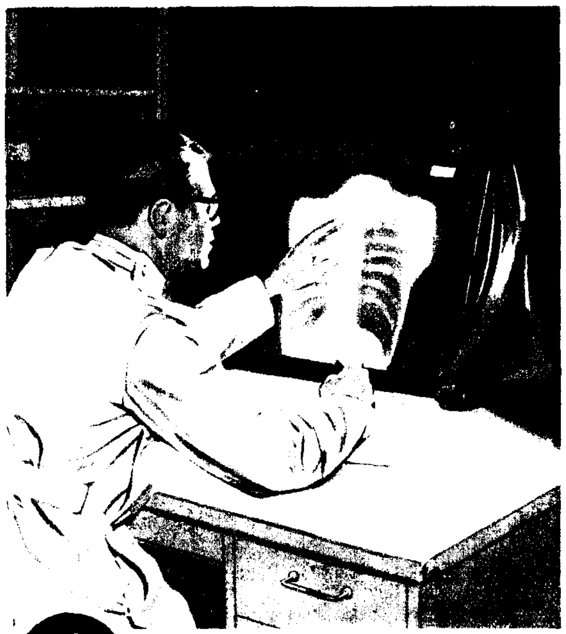
"She (the mother) must remember to do this in moderation (giving loving and sympathetic attention) and to begin the development of self-reliance in the child as early as possible. The mother who gives her baby the breast at the first cry is very probably laying the foundation for a future ulcer, because she is encouraging oral craving to appear at the first sign of emotional crisis, providing food as the solution to that crisis

Three ways to fight TUBERCULOSIS

The mortality rate for tuberculosis has declined steadily over the years. According to the National Office of Vital Statistics, the death rate in 1900 was 194 per 100,000 population. Today, it is less than 28—the lowest on record.

Despite the decline in the death rate, tuberculosis has by no means been conquered. Nearly 40,000 people in the United States lost their lives last year from this disease, and over 130,000 *new* cases were reported.

Doctors urge continued efforts to advance the fight against tuberculosis. They suggest three ways to do this—*detect the disease early, treat it promptly, and prevent new cases.*



1 Detect the disease early

The surest way to find tuberculosis *early* is through an X-ray examination at the doctor's office or at a chest clinic. It is especially important to take this step if a persistent cough, fever, a "tired feeling" or loss of weight occur—for these may indicate early tuberculosis.

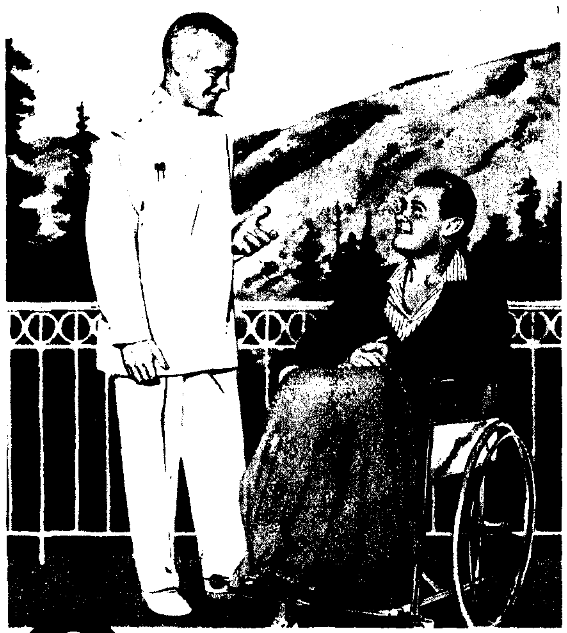
The disease may, however, be a "silent sickness" and show no signs at the beginning. That is why it is wise to have X-ray pictures made during an annual health examination, or whenever a chest X-ray program is sponsored in the community.

2 Treat it promptly

If tuberculosis should be detected in an active stage, prompt and thorough treatment is essential—preferably in a tuberculosis hospital. This usually calls for complete bed rest which helps the body heal the infection.

Other measures may be used including surgery and drug therapy. New drugs, used as an adjunct to rest or surgery, have been especially beneficial in certain types of tuberculosis. There is hope that more effective ones may become available in the future.

Under proper hospital treatment, authorities say practically all persons with early tuberculosis have an excellent chance to get well.



3 Prevent new cases

To help prevent new cases of tuberculosis, specialists urge that those who have the disease remain in the hospital until their condition is under control.

In this way, families, friends, and associates are saved from the danger of infection, for tuberculosis is a "catching" disease spread through contact.

The likelihood of developing it may also be reduced if everyone guards against the disease by getting plenty of sleep, rest, proper exercise, and nourishing food.

Regular health examinations, including a chest X-ray, can usually detect tuberculosis before symptoms become apparent—and often before it becomes contagious.

Although tuberculosis is still a threat, modern medical advances have turned the tide against it. To learn more about how this has been accomplished and what can be done today to help restore victims of tuberculosis to a normal way of living, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, 120C, "Tuberculosis."

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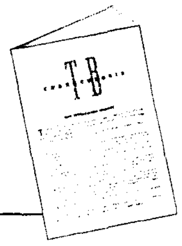

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instead of letting the child try to work out his problem."

As an educator, I would like to have you quote your authority for that statement. I doubt that you will find any competent psychologist or psychiatrist to approve the above excerpt as it stands.

BEATRICE S. LIGHT, Chicago, Ill.

The statement was authorized and approved by Dr. Portis, as was the entire article.

. . . As a physician and possessor of a duodenal ulcer (healed and doing nicely) I should like to take issue with Mr. La Cossitt and any sources he may have, medical or otherwise.

Emotional conflict is present in all human beings and serves to aggravate many unrelated maladies ranging all the way from asthma to athlete's foot, but to put this down as the cause or a cause of peptic ulcer is totally ungrounded.

I am sure that I speak for a vast number of ulcer sufferers in appealing for less psychoanalysis and more drugs like Banthine.

WILLIAM H. HALL, M.D., Charlotte, N. C.

Ornery Humanity

EDITOR: The reactions of the general public in Week's Mail to your many interesting articles and fiction amuse me very much.

It just goes to show how "ornery cussed" the human race can be.

But whether we agree or disagree, more power to Collier's for you certainly make us *think*.

ISABELLE H. MATTHEWS, Long Beach, Cal.

Bone of Contention

EDITOR: Matteo's recipe for pheasant (Every Meal's a Production, Oct. 7th) sounds easy and *good*—but how in the hell do you "bone a pheasant"?

PAUL BURTON, Tucson, Ariz.

The answer, on the testimony of experts, is that you bone a pheasant the same way you bone a chicken. If you don't know how to bone a chicken—well, you've got a lot of good company.

Two Views on DPs

EDITOR: Congratulations! Your editorial about Andrew Bela Hadik-Barkoezy (Senator McCarran Please Note, Oct. 7th) was heart-warming. Those fighting against the entrance of displaced persons to this country base their opposition on the claims that our own standards of living would be lowered; that it would provide too much cheap labor and the wage standard would drop. Some even go so far as to say that those trying to enter this country are only seeking material benefits and their loyalty to our government in time of strife cannot be depended upon.

To the average American these ideas are just as obnoxious as the witch hunts of the past and present.

For the good of our country we need men and women like Andrew Bela; not just to swell the strength of our armed forces or to work in our industries and on our farms, but as a living reminder that our freedom is not a birthright to be taken for granted but a sacred trust that we inherited from our forefathers.

MARGARET JANE FULLER, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . Shame on your editorial of Oct. 7th, taking an isolated instance and attempting to make a case against our great Senator Pat McCarran. GEORGE HAWES, Ely, Nev.

Wayfaring Serpents

EDITOR: That was a rattling good story about our beautiful Golden Gate Bridge (Big Bridge over Golden Gate, Oct. 7th). But as for rattlers on the toll plaza—well, you ascribe wayfaring habits to Mount Tamalpais' serpents that really make them travelers, for they would have to amble seven miles, then hazard bridge traffic, for the toll plaza is on the San Francisco side.

FREDERIC SHAW, Sausalito, Cal.

. . . Every Thursday has been set aside as "Rattlesnake Day" on Golden Gate Bridge. On this occasion all vehicular traffic is prohibited, while from *nearby* Mount Tamalpais (in Marin County) platoons of rattlers wriggle across the entire bridge to the toll plaza (San Francisco County), where they attack the toll collectors.

ROBERT S. CAMPBELL, Burlingame, Cal.

. . . At the risk of adding another letter to a possibly growing stack, may I refer to your statement that, in effect, the state of California fixes the tolls on the Golden Gate Bridge, suggesting thereby that it is a state-owned bridge.

Unfortunately, it is nothing of the sort. The bridge is operated by and under a moth-eaten district system. Several counties make up the Golden Gate Bridge & Highway District, and each is represented on the board of directors. San Francisco, with the largest liability under the bridge setup, has the most directors. For all practical purposes —that is, its physical connections and access—the bridge is part of the state highway system. But there the connection ends.

FRANK A. CLARVOE, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . Cover and inside color photos were glorious . . . but it's a pity your author did not lift one coat of that paint and discover the much greater story that lies underneath!

That continuous paint job is unnecessary, and unduly prolongs the date when the bridge will be toll-free. If, this year, two spray coats of aluminum paint, tinted golden, were applied, no further painting would be required for five to eight years. The paint money thus saved (about $200,000 annually) could be applied to bond redemption. (By contrast, the Bay Bridge to Oakland, older than fifteen years, has not yet fully received its second coat of paint.)

The Golden Gate Bridge cost $35,000,000. In 14 years $18,000,000 has been paid in bond interest but only $4,000,000 of bonds have been redeemed. At that rate it will take 120 years to make the bridge toll-free.

EDWARD ST. GEORGE, San Francisco, Cal.

Our Prescient Mr. Meany

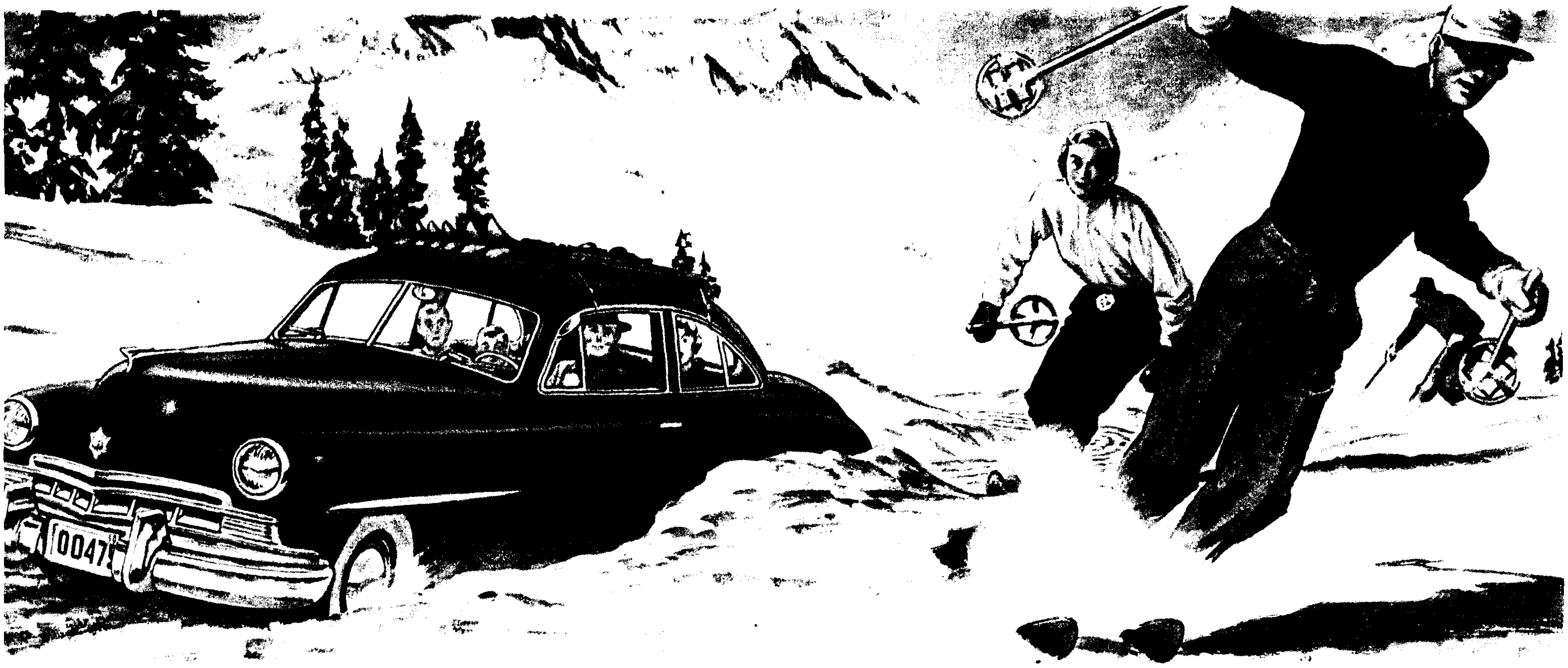
EDITOR: Last May your Tom Meany circulated through the civic baseball beats of this belt and came up with a wonderful piece titled Night Life in the Three-Eye League (July 15th).

You may be interested in the outcome of our 1950 pennant race, in view of the ample amount of space Meany gave to Terre Haute (Indiana), Dan Carnevale and Jake Schmitt. That space was not wasted. Terre Haute won the pennant, Carnevale was voted the manager of the year and Schmitt led the league pitchers with 21 victories and five defeats.

We natives, who were flattered to have Collier's do such a thumping piece on our ball clubs, now are amazed at the perspicacity of the author.

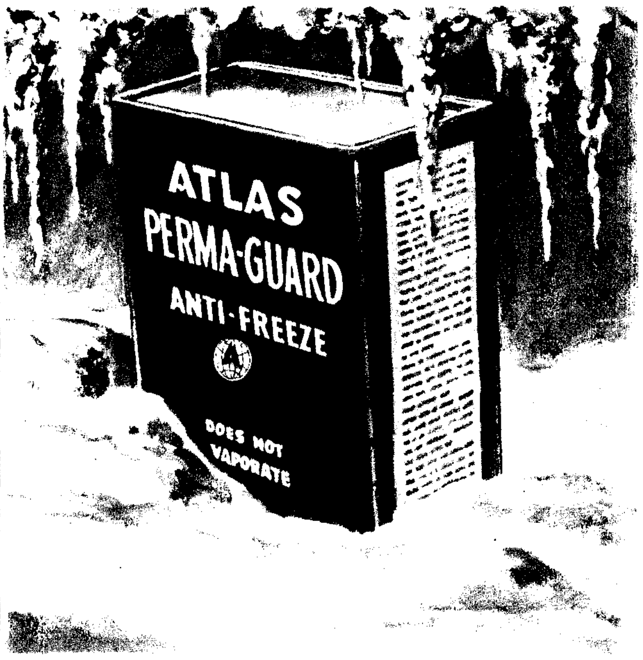
PAT HARMON, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

How Atlas Perma-Guard* beats temperature extremes



1. Plenty cold in the high Sierras — but there's no fear for a car protected with Atlas Perma-Guard Anti-Freeze. It flows freely and keeps your car's cooling system safe even at 60° below zero.

2. Three hours' drive away, in the valley, it may be 70° or 80°. Yet, Atlas Perma-Guard in the same car won't evaporate or boil away. It protects completely wherever you go . . . whatever the temperature.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PERMA-GUARD
ANTI-FREEZE
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3. Any water-tight cooling system is economically protected all winter with one filling of Perma-Guard.

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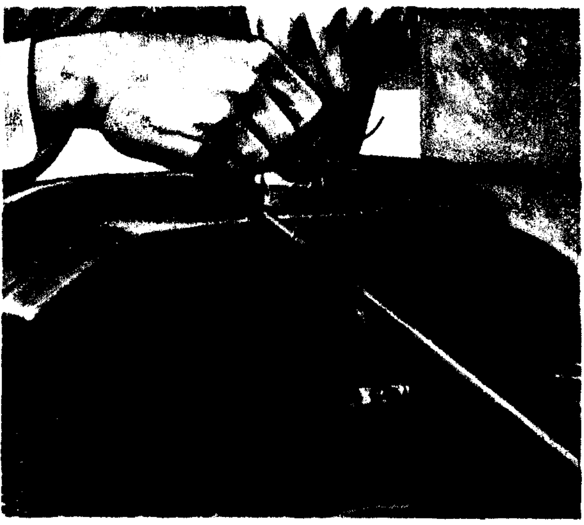
4. It is odorless. Special ingredients guard against rust and solution loss due to foaming.



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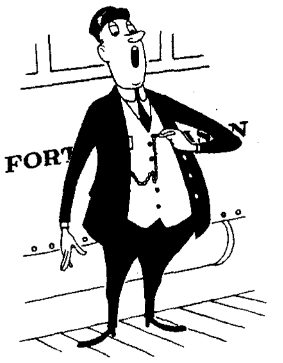
Use Pepsodent every day
—see your dentist twice a year.

Keep Up with the World

By JOHN DENSON

The Pullman Company has made an intriguing contribution to Americana with its names for Pullman cars. These names seem to spell out the fascination of faraway places. However, Pullman names have a practical use along with their romance. For a number of years most Pullman designations had a key word or prefix which described exactly the accommodations of the car. There are some 24 such designations. For example, cars with *fort* in the name, such as Fort Mason, have 10 sections, a drawing room and two compartments; cars with *point* in the name, such as Point Reyes, have 10 sections and two drawing rooms; and cars with the prefix *Mc*, such as McGonigle, have 12 sections and a drawing room.



* * *

Perhaps the most unique and certainly one of the most useful programs for dealing with mass evacuation in event of A-bomb attacks on our cities comes from Monroe County (Rochester), New York, and is under study at Detroit, Seattle, Philadelphia, Boston and Los Angeles and by U.S. defense agencies at Washington.

The program calls for emergency communities under glass: the use of commercial greenhouses, of which there are thousands located in areas near large cities, as shelter for évacués. Greenhouses are already equipped with many of the things urgently needed in time of mass crisis. Water, for example, power and heat. Most of the power plants for greenhouses are independently operated and thus would not be affected by a wholesale breakdown of city electrical systems. The same is true of water.

A conservative estimate is that each acre of greenhouse space would care for over 2,000 évacués. A survey in the Rochester area determined that 120,000 persons—roughly a third of the city's population—could be sheltered for essential facilities in greenhouses within a safe distance. Only a few additions to present facilities, such as kitchens and toilets, would be necessary to make the greenhouses almost as modern and self-sufficient as city homes.

The idea for communities under glass belongs to Richard C. Hart, a leading wholesale florist who used his own greenhouses (six acres of them) at Fairport, New York, to prove the worth of his program to the Monroe County Office of Civil Defense. C. Storrs Barrows, architect and former U.S. Army colonel who worked in devastated areas overseas, acted as consultant in development of the plan.

Arthur H. Crapsey of the Office of Civil Defense says: "Millions, if not billions, of dollars can be saved the taxpayers of the country by adoption of this idea for communities under glass on a nation-wide basis wherever major catastrophe should strike."

* * *

Two of the nation's busiest officeholders have been South Carolina's new governor—James Francis Byrnes—and John Jay.

In 40 years, Byrnes has served 14 years in the U.S. House of Representatives; two terms in the U.S. Senate; as an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; as War Mobilizer in World War II (during which he was known as the "assistant President"); as Secretary of State and now as governor of his native state.

In little more than 20 years, John Jay served in the Continental Congress; as chief justice of the Supreme Court of New York (prior to which time he drafted the first state constitution); as U.S. minister to Spain, and as governor of New York.

Both Byrnes and Jay served in all three branches of government—legislative, judicial and executive.

* * *

Speaking of inflation, consider butter at $12 a pound, flour at $1,500 a barrel and $2,000 for a suit of clothes. These were the fantastic prices which grew out of the American Revolution and its infamous Continental currency and finally resulted, in 1786-1787, in Shays' Rebellion in Massachusetts.

The "rebellion" was led by Daniel Shays, a captain in the Revolutionary Army, and was directed most violently against the courts for seizure of homes and farms for debt. Armed mobs invaded the courtrooms at a half-dozen Massachusetts cities and towns—Northampton and Worcester among them—and prevented the hearing of cases against impoverished defendants.

HARRY GOFF

Captain Shays himself, with 600 men, broke up a session of the Supreme Court at Springfield, but he later encountered a sharp defeat when he attempted to seize the federal arsenal at Springfield. He had 2,000 men for this foray but only 1,200 militiamen turned back his "army."

This defeat was the end of the "rebellion"—and Shays and his followers won pardons because of the widespread protest against inflation which brought so much hardship on the young nation. Shays is not without honor even now. One of the fine highways of north central Massachusetts is called the Daniel Shays' Highway.

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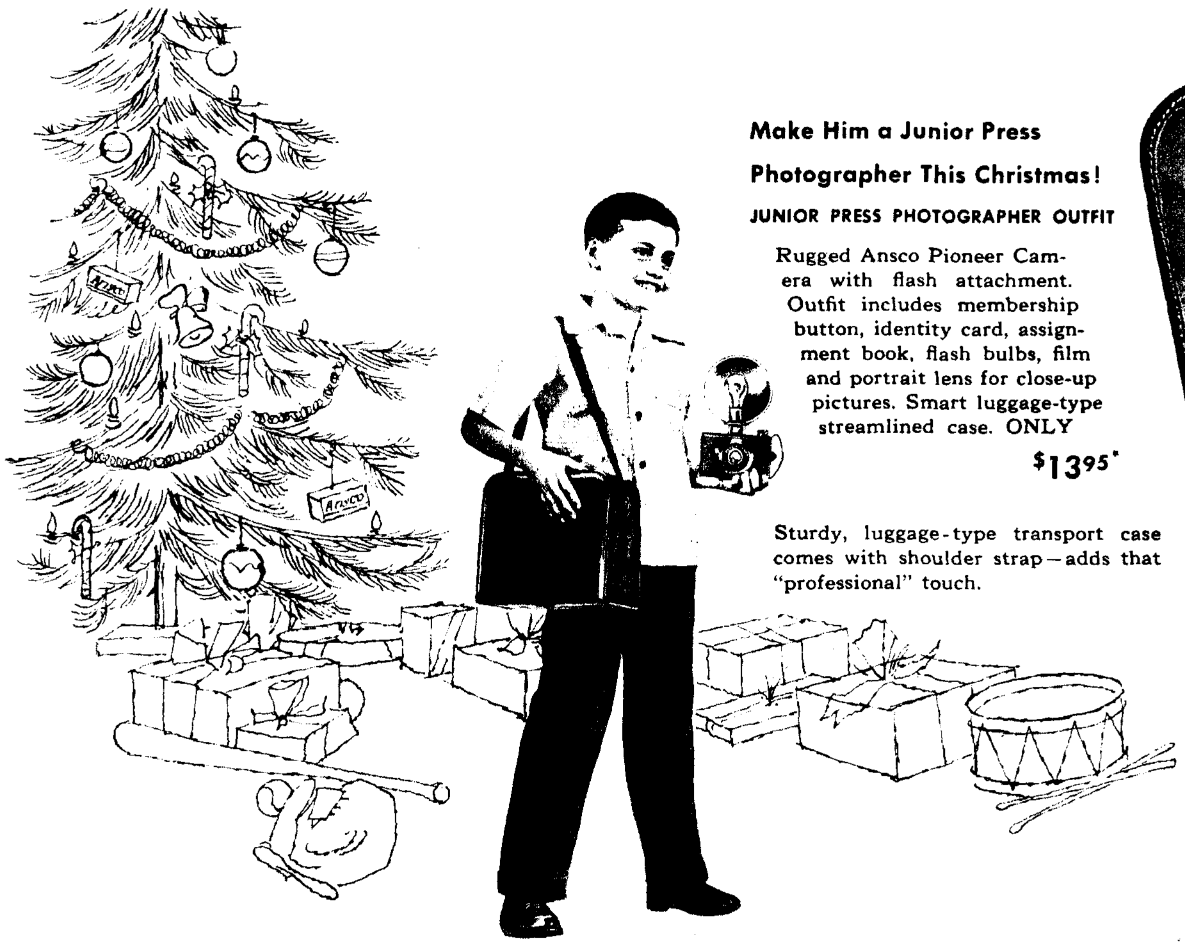

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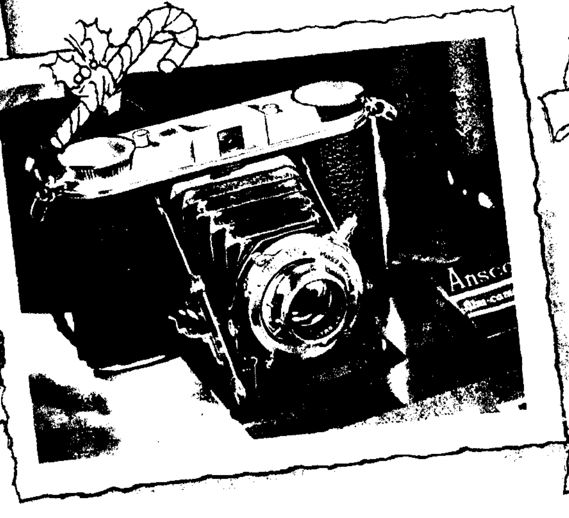

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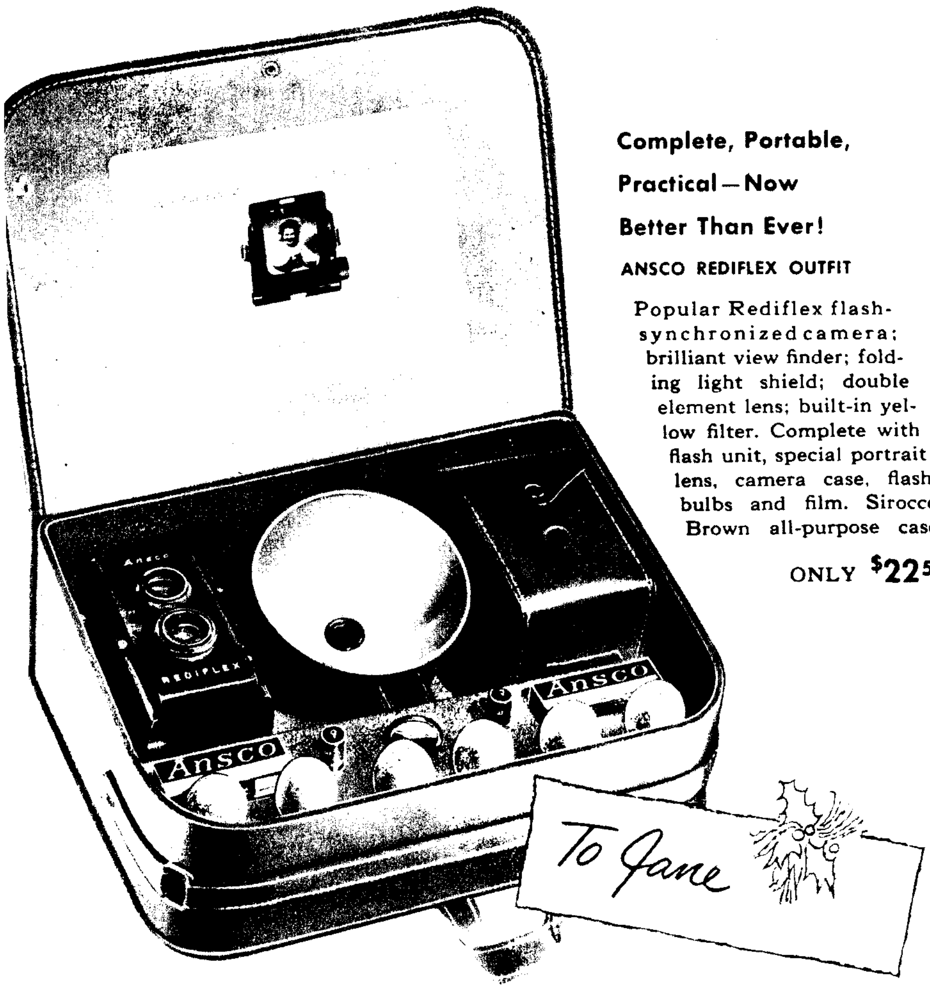

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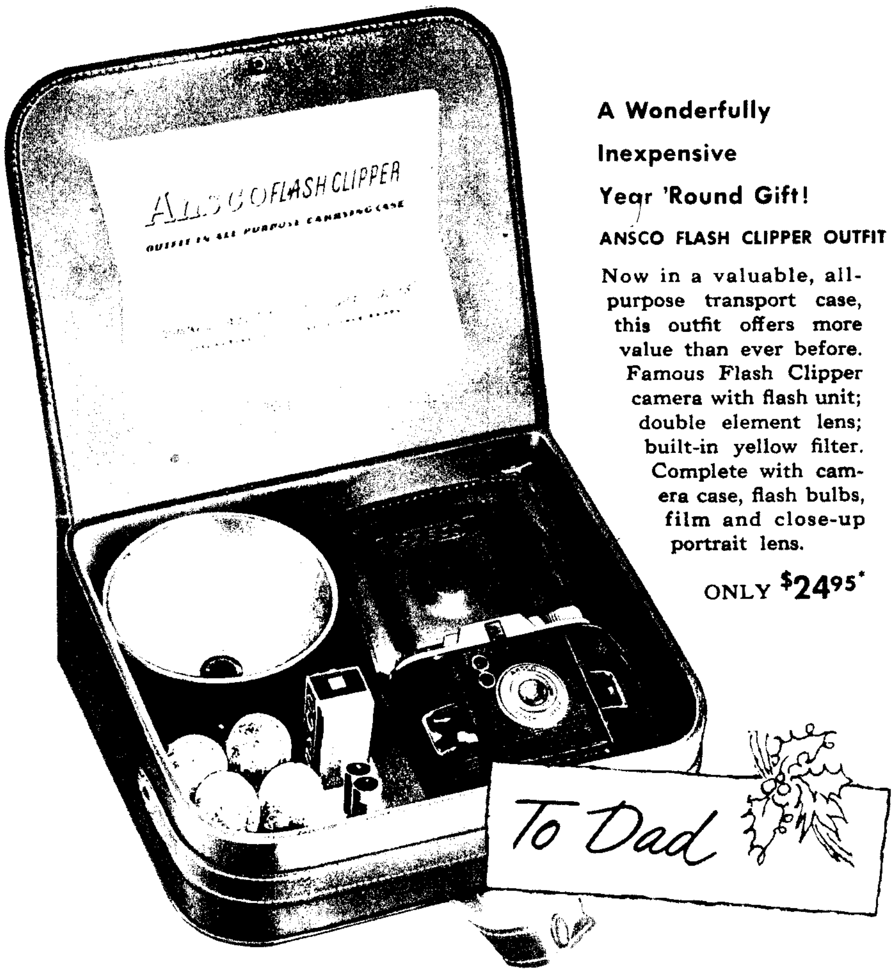

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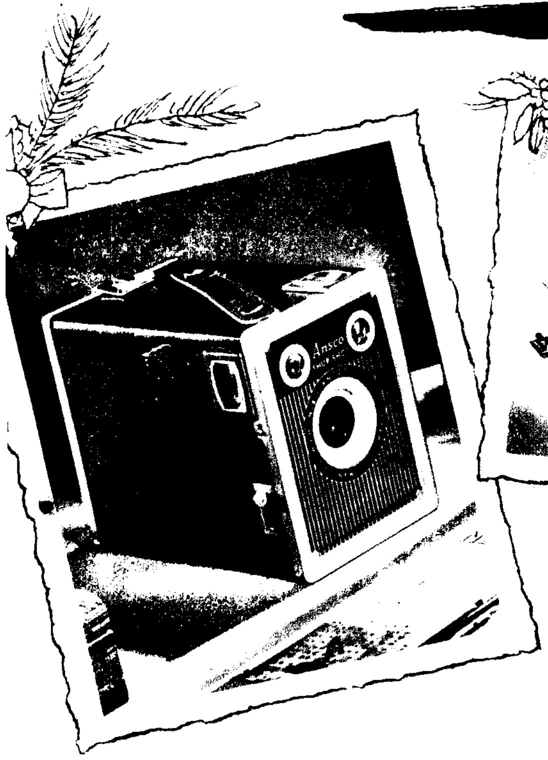

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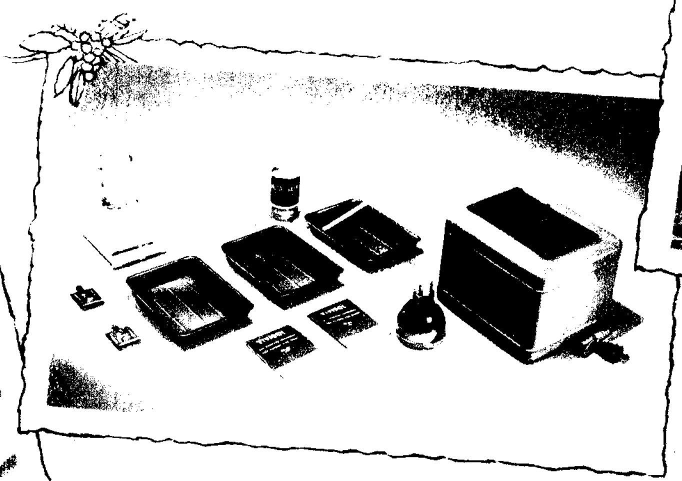

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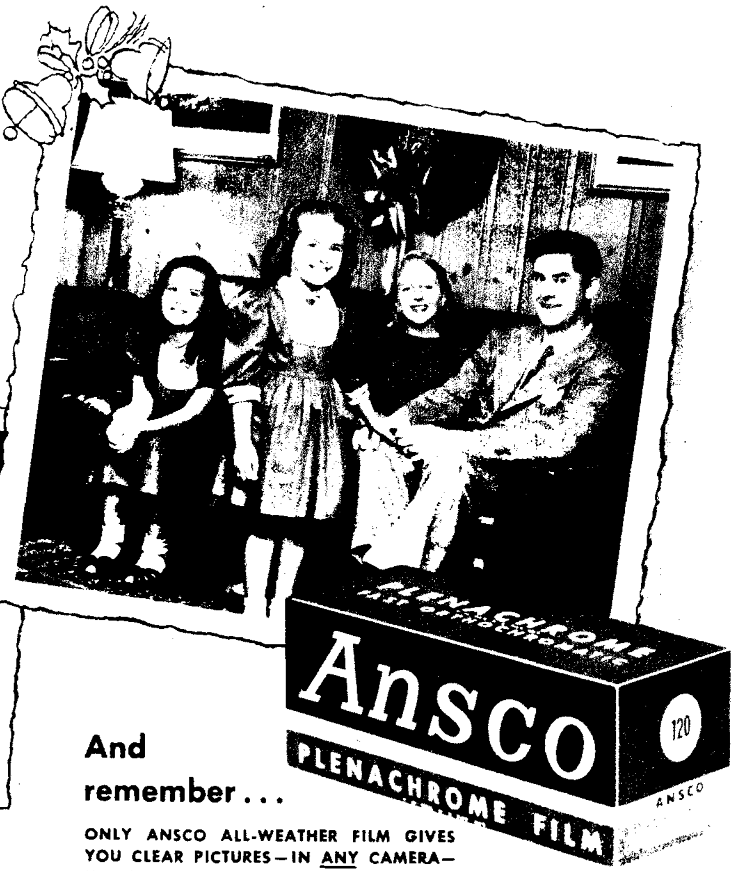

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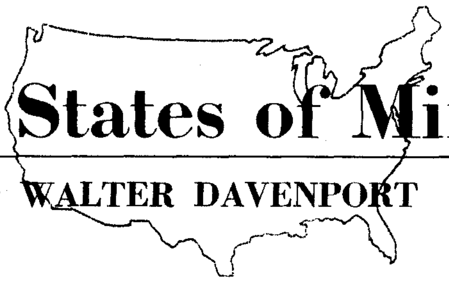


48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

An optimistic gentleman in Kansas City, Missouri, advertises: "I want to buy a well-stocked package store for a private party." How long a party in a well-stocked package store will remain private is somewhat problematical. But that's his affair, isn't it?

* * *

We are notified that Mr. Sam McCarson lives on a city lot in Portales, New Mexico, with a 50-foot frontage. In his back yard he raises nine varieties of vegetables. Also in the back yard he has a peach tree, seven cherry trees, blackberries, grapes and strawberries. Furthermore, he raises chickens behind his house. What to do with the rest of his estate Mr. McCarson has not decided. Can't seem to choose between a couple of cows and a tennis court.

* * *

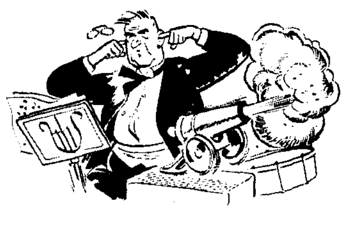
A number of our readers—Mr. Saul Birkhoeffer, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for example—have asked us to try to compute how long it would take Washington, D.C., to get back to its normal state of confusion if it were to be atom-bombed. We passed that one on to our Washington bureau, and they replied that it all depended on how long it took Congress to convene.

* * *

And yet there are spots in this besotted world where skepticism, cynicism and despair may not enter. One of them is the Children's Church in Milton, Massachusetts. Here, every Sunday morning, a nine-year-old boy, Joel Sydney Look, rings the small bell in the tiny steeple and the congregation troops in. The worshipers range in age from seven to fifteen years. With all the dignity and reverence of their parents, who worship in the First Congregational Church nearby, they conduct services reflecting the simple faith that only children know. Their Christmas and Easter services are beautiful and gay. The sermons are brief; the texts those that a child can understand—and yet not childish. It's not a Sunday school. The Children's Church in Milton conducts religious worship surely and truly. The founder of the Children's Church was the late Mrs. Dorothy Tremaine Pomeroy. No American has a more magnificent monument.

* * *

Far less important, of course, is the announced discovery by the Communists that the recent firing of cannon by the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington, D.C., at the climax of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture, was a part of our preparation for the Korean war. However, the Communists have apparently overlooked the fact that pistols are used to start races at track meets, obviously a signal that we have imperialistic designs on Formosa. And archery is encouraged at Vassar, a fact which any Communist should regard as notification that Wall Street intends to enslave Outer Mongolia. We shall probably be pinched for handing out military secrets like this, but we feel pretty subversive this morning.



* * *

A friend of ours has just got back from the Irish Wilderness, a deep tangled wildwood of 328,000 acres in lower Missouri. The Irish Wilderness is being urged upon the Atomic Energy Commission as a dandy place to manufacture hydrogen bombs. No real-estate deals are concerned, our friend says, because it is part of an expanse already owned by the government—Clark National Forest. If it's isolation the commission seeks, here's nothing else but. The Irish Wilderness breeds the largest and most voracious chiggers in America, he reports, although he couldn't find proof that once, in 1940, they ate a train of 20 mules including the packs. The Irish Wilderness is so called, they say, because a group of male Irish immigrants, for some reason, came to a halt there 150 years ago. Then they mysteriously vanished. Our friend heard rumors that an investigation was about to get under way.

JACK BETTS

* * *

You are reminded by the Henderson (Texas) Times that if the Lone Star State was as thickly populated as Rhode Island it would have a population of 178,000,000. Or, the way we understand it, almost as many people as there now are Texas millionaires.

* * *

And from where we sit at this moment we can see Mr. J. E. Sterling, editor of the Eastern Colorado Plainsman, emerging from a deep-blue funk and dashing off the following result of his thinking: "We sometimes wonder what the modern world would be like if the Asiatics or the Africans or the Polynesians had directed world affairs for the past thousand years."

* * *

Under the head of Glad Tidings comes word that Jefferson Military College, Natchez, Mississippi, has safely embarked on its 148th year of teaching young men to be Americans. Moreover, the school is more than $40,000 richer than it was about a year ago when it was on the verge of folding. At that time George W. Armstrong, multimillionaire

(Continued on page 71)

ALONG NEW YORK CENTRAL'S WATER LEVEL ROUTE

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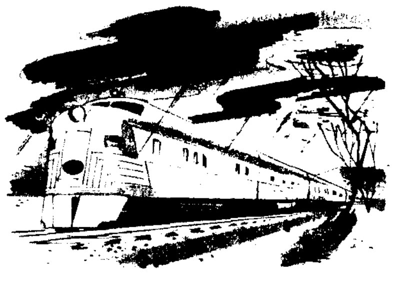

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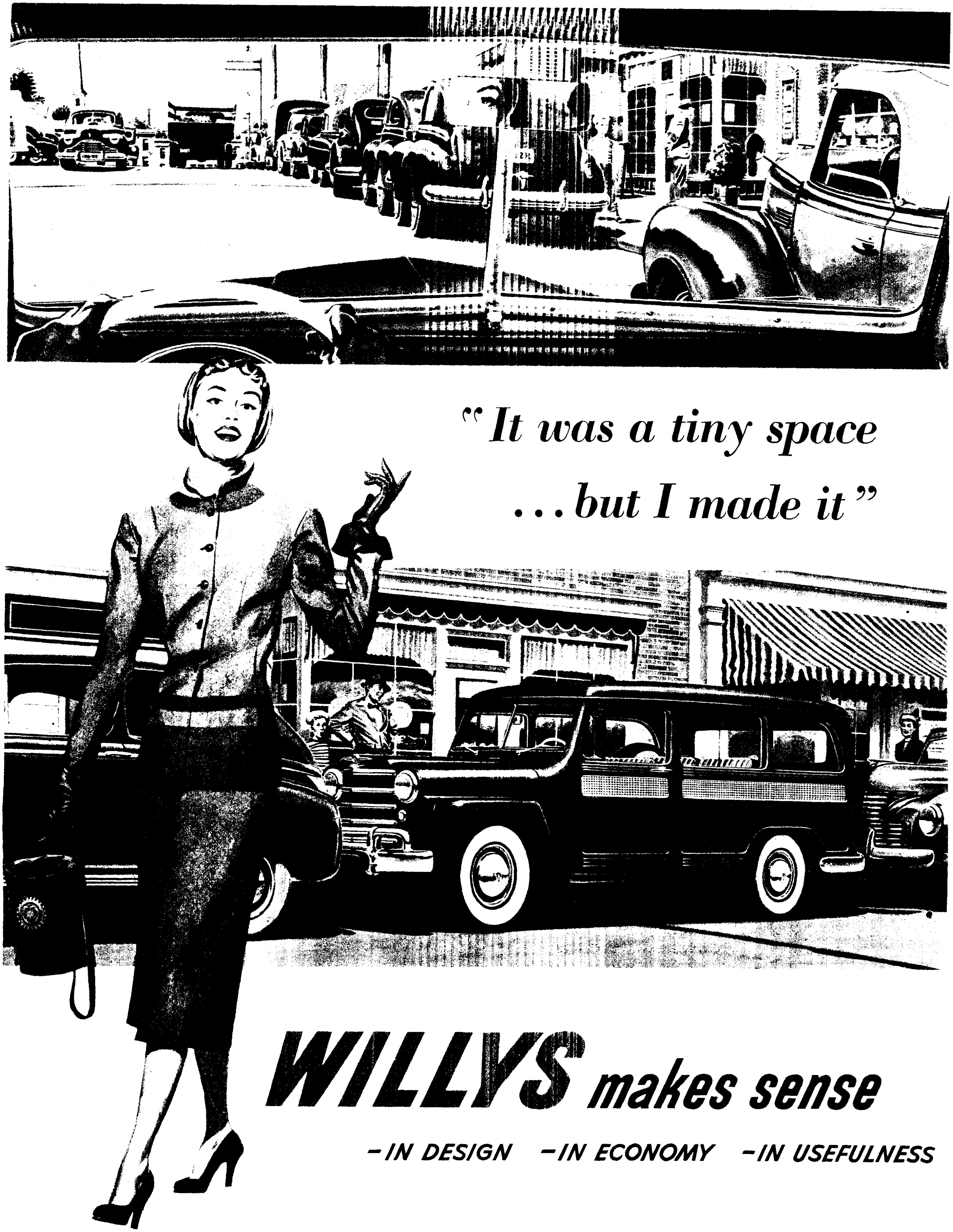

"It was a tiny space
...but I made it"
WILLYS makes sense
–IN DESIGN
–IN ECONOMY
–IN USEFULNESS

By ALBERT DEUTSCH

Sober
about
SEX

When police catch a sex criminal, the naturally outraged public demands action. But often laws are passed in hysteria. A calmer approach might give us greater security

NEWS of a violent sex offense strikes deep at the heart. It conveys a sense of immediate danger. *It might be anybody.* A young matron on her way home in a respectable neighborhood is seized, dragged into a vacant lot, raped, and perhaps murdered. *It might be my own wife or sister.* A little girl is snatched on the street by a maniac, raped, mutilated and slaughtered. *It might be my own child.*

Feelings of terror and revenge are quickly triggered by a subject so deeply enmeshed in primitive emotions, strict taboos and irrational reactions. The public generally responds to news of sex crimes with panicky demands for stronger police action and tighter laws. Overwhelming pressure develops to "do something about it."

During our most recent national sex-crime "wave" touched off by a series of heinous child murders on the West Coast last fall, new sex-crime bills were introduced in most state legislatures. Many were passed. A congressman introduced a bill putting certain sex crimes under federal jurisdiction.

It is a tragic fact that action against sex crimes usually evolves in an atmosphere of hysteria. Such action is often useless and frequently harmful. It sometimes stimulates the very crimes it seeks to prevent.

The public outrage is understandable, but sound action of lasting value does not commonly arise during periods of panic. It stems from reasoned consideration of soberly gathered facts.

Much can be done to guard our women and children against the assaults of sex-warped criminals. Much is already being done in isolated areas. But we can neither plan nor apply a sound program against sex crimes on a nationwide scale until we clear the air of the myths and misconceptions that surround the subject of sex offenses.

Scientific investigators have recently been gathering facts that run counter to many of our ingrained concepts about sex crimes and sex criminals. What they have found will startle most people and shock many. They are recommending drastic changes in our handling of sex offenses—including fundamental revisions of our laws.

Foremost among the scientific investigators urging a new look at sex crimes is Professor Alfred C. Kinsey, now engaged with his associates at Indiana University in a lifelong survey of human sexual behavior.

Kinsey proposes a drastic reform in public attitudes and policies concerning sexual behavior. He points to the chaos of our existing sex laws. A particular type of sexual behavior is illegal in one state, lawful in another. The same sex offense is regarded in one state as a felony, providing imprisonment up to life; in another state it is treated as a misdemeanor, bringing no more than a year upon conviction. A state's fickle, vague sex laws make it possible to handle a certain offense as either a felony or a misdemeanor, depending on the vagaries of police or court officials.

Kinsey says that one of the main reasons why public attitudes are confused and why our present laws fail to check sex crimes is that our statutes try to cover too much territory. He urges that non-conformist sexual behavior be divided into two main groups. The first group would be those sex acts disapproved by our social convictions but privately performed by adults without the imposition of force or coercion. These, while obnoxious to public taste, should be considered primarily as a matter of ethics, aesthetics or morals.

The second group would be those sexual acts which are of "public concern." Some jurists and criminologists, impressed by Kinsey's arguments, are now urging that our statutes be cleared of legal prohibitions of sexual acts of the first group, and cover only these three classes of crime:

1. All sexual behavior in which force or coercion is involved. (This would include cases of forcible rape and all other sex acts forced by one party on another.)
2. Sexual relations involving an age disparity—between adults and young children, whether forced or not.
3. Sexual behavior of the type known to psychiatrists as "compulsive and/or repetitive" and which affronts society. This covers individuals repeatedly impelled to perform disgusting acts in public, making nuisances of themselves although their acts may not be harmful to others. The exhibi-

Pointing the Path

By DR. PAUL W. TAPPAN

Professor of sociology, teaching criminology and law at New York University and technical adviser to the New Jersey State Commission on Habitual Sex Offenders

Dr. Tappan

No aspect of criminal behavior so badly needs the penetrating light of dispassionate thought as does abnormal sexuality. The public's attitude toward the "sex maniac" is one of mingled anxiety, hate and horror. It is a feeling compounded of our own fears about sex and our dread of violent death.

The necessity for calm reasoning and objective research is nowhere better shown than in the recent spread of hysteric legislation which promises neither protection for the public nor treatment for the sex deviate. On this subject the recommendations reported by Albert Deutsch point a path toward more sane and effective handling of a problem that should be given wide public and official attention.

tionist and the chronic Peeping Tom are prime examples of this type.

Kinsey points out that many European and Latin-American countries have simplified legal sex codes limiting unlawful behavior to the three classes outlined. He thinks it probable that our laws relating to sexual behavior are generally far more numerous and rigid than those of any other civilized country.

The Kinsey approach to sex crimes has already exerted a profound influence on experts. It has been embodied in a widely circulated report by the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry, which recommends that public action on sex crimes be concentrated on those involving force or coercion, age disparity and public nuisance. The Kinsey influence is also evident in the recent report by the New Jersey State Commission on Habitual Sex Offenders—probably the most advanced official document on the subject to date—which calls for trimming existing sex laws rather than adding more statutes to the books.

Getting Rid of Popular Fallacies

Such reports, together with several rendered recently by individual investigators, represent a refreshing change from the traditional sex-crime reports drawn up in hasty response to hysterical public pressure. They tend to scrape away many of the fallacies clinging to the sex-crime problem.

Notable among these fallacies is the oft-repeated claim that "sex crimes are rising at an alarming rate." Actually, there is no valid statistical evidence to support this claim.

Another persistent myth—the source of much needless anxiety—is built around the notion that thousands of "sex fiends" and "maniacs" skulk in the city shadows, awaiting opportunities to maim, multilate and murder helpless women and children.

Professor Edwin H. Sutherland, the criminologist, recently conducted a survey of sex murders as compared with other kinds of homicides. He found that far more women and children were murdered by their own husbands, fathers and other near relatives than by unknown "sex fiends." Over 60 per cent of all murders of females, his survey revealed, were committed by relatives or lovers. Only seventeen of the 324 murders of females which Sutherland found reported in the New York Times over a period of three years involved rape or the suspicion of rape. In one year two females were murdered by "sex fiends," two others by drunken policemen.

Actually, the number of forcible attacks on women and children, terrifying as they are, represents but a very small fraction of all sex offenses. By far the greatest number of sex offenders are represented by Peeping Toms, exhibitionists, homosexuals and other usually nonaggressive types.

Numerous studies reveal that the great majority of sex offenders—especially the exhibitionist and the Peeping Tom—are excessively timid and shy, too inhibited to pursue normal sexual relationships, too frightened of women to approach them as normal men. Many child molesters are senile males who have actually reverted to juvenile sex play during their second childhood.

Every time a new "sex-crime wave" sweeps the country, or any part of it, a plenitude of self-appointed experts rush into print with proposals for eradicating the evil. Most of the "solutions" are based on popular fallacies. They will be listed at length because large-scale constructive action for preventing and successfully treating sex crimes can be planned and executed effectively only when the way is cleared of the errors which clutter it. Let's examine some of the most popular proposals, many of which have been tried.

Sterilize all sex offenders. Several states have laws authorizing sterilization for "dangerous" or "habitual" sex offenders. The usual sterilizing operation merely makes it impossible for the person to beget children. It in no way affects his capacity for sexual relations, neither eliminates nor deflects his sex drive, and has no effect on the sex-crime rate.

Castrate them. Many authorities feel that to compel prisoners to undergo this operation contravenes the constitutional provision against "cruel and unusual punishment." But some judges, especially in California, have got around this by threatening to impose heavy prison sentences on convicted sex offenders, then offering to suspend sentence or to place them on probation if they "voluntarily" consent to castration.

There is no evidence that castration reduces sex offenses or that the threat of it deters sex criminals. There is evidence that castration further warps already twisted sex drives, and leads deviates into new perversions. The cry for castration often arises from the mistaken belief that most sex offenders are oversexed. The fact is that most sex offenders who come into court are *undersexed.* Far from being driven by excessive sex drives, most of them are passive and nonaggressive, many of them actually impotent at the time they commit their crimes.

Operate on their brains. When the new lobotomy operation—which cuts away a part of the brain—was developed for certain psychiatric cases, hope was expressed that it might prove beneficial for a wide variety of sex deviates. But of the hundreds of lobotomies performed on sex offenders in recent years, only a very few have been reported as beneficial.

Injections of sex hormones have also been tried extensively, but with no encouraging results.

Punish them severely, by death or long prison terms. There is no evidence that the severity of punishment has ever checked the incidence of sex offenses. California probably has the most elaborate and severest set of laws relating to sexual behavior. But a high proportion of the most brutal sex crimes have been committed there.

Strangely enough, punishment is welcomed rather than feared by many sex offenders. Psychiatrists and police officials have long observed the penchant for self-punishment among this group. Dr. David Abrahamsen of Columbia University, who recently conducted a sex-crime inquiry for the New York state legislature, describes the case of a young man sentenced to a long prison term for brutally beating and raping a woman. The man was exceptionally brilliant, with a "genius" score in I.Q. tests.

For several days following the rape incident, he kept phoning his victim, pleading for a chance to apologize in person. Finally she consented to meet him at a street corner. When he arrived, he was immediately arrested by two detectives. He had expected the arrest; it was his indirect way of making sure of capture and punishment.

How Adequate Is Prison Treatment?

Imprison them until they're cured. This proposal is often advanced by people who feel it does a double job: It protects society while rehabilitating the offender. But it is largely based on a Pollyanna picture of our average prison system. It presupposes that psychiatric and other treatment resources are readily available in prisons for those who need them.

The sad fact is that with rare exceptions sex offenders sent to prison are given no treatment at all. San Quentin State Prison in California is supposed to have one of the best psychiatric prison setups, with four psychiatrists on the staff. Yet Dr. David G. Schmidt, the chief psychiatrist, recently told me:

"The average prisoner committed here as a sex offender receives *only two hours of psychiatric treatment a year.* What kind of curative work can we do under the circumstances?"

Many prison officials have told me that handling sex offenders is perhaps the hardest problem of institutional management. They are appalled by the idea of "imprisoning them until cured." Not only is treatment unavailable in most instances, but sex deviates tend to disrupt prison morale.

In short, imprisonment under present conditions aggravates the very situation it is supposed to cure or correct.

They are sick people, so put them all in the hands of psychiatrists. There are, to be sure, large numbers of "psychiatrically deviated" persons who come in conflict with the law as sex offenders. But even for these individuals, the proposal to turn them all over to psychiatrists is based on two false notions: that there are enough psychiatrists to handle them and that these experts know how to cure all sex deviates.

Dr. Karl A. Menninger, one of our outstanding psychiatrists, told me: "We psychiatrists know a lot about the descriptive side of sex perversion—how it happens and what goes on. But we have barely scratched the surface on the *why* and *wherefore* of sex deviation. We've got to learn a lot more before we are able to treat large numbers successfully."

Let's pass a law. This is still the magic formula for those who hug the fond conceit that crime can be eradicated by passing new laws against it. Experts, however, agree that there are already too many sex laws cluttering up our statute books, many enacted at a time when panic and passion overcome reason.

Nowhere has the folly of the "pass-a-law" approach been so fully revealed as in the "sex psychopath laws" enacted in recent years.

Fifteen states and the District of Columbia now have such laws. Generally they provide that certain convicted offenders designated as "sex psychopaths" shall be confined in a prison or mental hospital until officially declared "not dangerous" or "cured."

These laws, at the time of their passage, were usually hailed as major solutions to the sex-offense problem. But all have proved miserable flops. In Illinois, where the first sex psychopath law was enacted in 1938, only 16 cases were processed under it in 10 years; in Indiana only seven cases have come under the sex psychopath law.

Three factors are mainly responsible for the failure of the sex psychopath laws. First, nobody really knows what "sex psychopath" means. Psychiatrists despair at defining the term, and many refuse even to use it. Second, all sex psychopath laws provide for confining offenders for indeterminate terms—usually from *(Continued on page 63)*

The MEANEST Man in Football

Ed Sprinkle of the Chicago Bears has a peculiar talent for winding up in gridiron brawls. He gets that way apparently living up to the club motto: "Do unto others before others do unto you"

By BILL FAY

EARLY last September, the Chicago Bears played an exhibition football game against the Ionia prison team in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Going into the fourth quarter, the Bears led, 38 to 0, and it was evident that not even a pardon from the governor could save the home boys.

During a time out, Ray Bray, the Bears' right guard who is an assessor of used cars in civilian life, suffered one of his rare attacks of sympathy. Pointing to the battered opposition, Bray observed: "Some of those guys are playing an awfully long season. Maybe we ought to let them score one touchdown, anyway."

Bray's proposal to commute the score to 38-6 was heartily endorsed by the other Bears. They decided to act on his suggestion immediately, inasmuch as the prisoners were then in possession of the ball on their own five-yard line, an ideal location from which to launch a spectacular touchdown run.

Unfortunately, just as the Ionia varsity moved out of the huddle, Coach George Halas of the Bears sent in a rookie named Franklin Dempsey to replace Alf Bauman at right tackle. There was no time to acquaint the substitute with the touchdown plot. The ball was snapped and—as luck would have it—the Ionia prison team's ball carrier headed straight for Dempsey.

While the Bears' front line melted all around him, Dempsey rose up mightily—cuffed aside the interference—and lunged forward to smash the ball carrier. Then a strange phenomenon occurred. From the stand it appeared as though Dempsey stumbled on the rough turf. Whatever the reason, he sailed onward and upward—over the hunched shoulders of the little Ionia scatback—and landed on his helmet in the end zone. Spurred by this unexpected reprieve, the scatback took off and fled through the Bears for 95 yards and a touchdown.

Before lining up for the ensuing kickoff, the Bears gathered in a congratulatory huddle around their right end, Ed Sprinkle. "Nice going, Sprink," Bray grinned. "That was a beauty."

Bray was referring, of course, to the skillful manner in which Sprinkle had interposed his left foot between Dempsey and the Ionia runner, thus precipitating the rookie's headlong flight into the end zone. It was a typical Sprinkle maneuver—swift, sure and almost lethal; it is scarcely an exaggeration to suggest that no other player in the National Football League could have sidetracked the overzealous Dempsey quite so devastatingly or unobtrusively.

But don't take our word for it. Here is an unsolicited testimonial from the Chicago Tribune of October 3, 1949, which supports the argument that Sprinkle's hands and feet oftentimes are quicker than the referee's eye. Midway through an account of the Bears' 17 to 7 victory over the Chicago Cardinals, the Tribune reported:

"After the game, Coach Buddy Parker (of the Cardinals) charged that Ed Sprinkle, Bears' end, deliberately stomped on Elmer Angsman, star right halfback. Reached at his home last night, Angsman corroborated his coach's stand and said he has five cleat marks on his chest . . ."

Two Sundays following the Angsman incident, the Bears encountered the Philadelphia Eagles. On the first scrimmage play, Sprinkle slammed into Joe Muha—the key line-backer in the Eagles' intricate revolving defense—and Muha was still revolving mentally when he awoke on the side lines. After the Muha-less Eagles incurred their only defeat of the '49 season, Earle (Greasy) Neal, the Philadelphia coach, supplied the Associated Press with another Sprinkle testimonial:

"Action should be taken against Sprinkle," Greasy fumed, "for his illegal use of arms. Unless something is done about it, we'll take matters into our own hands."

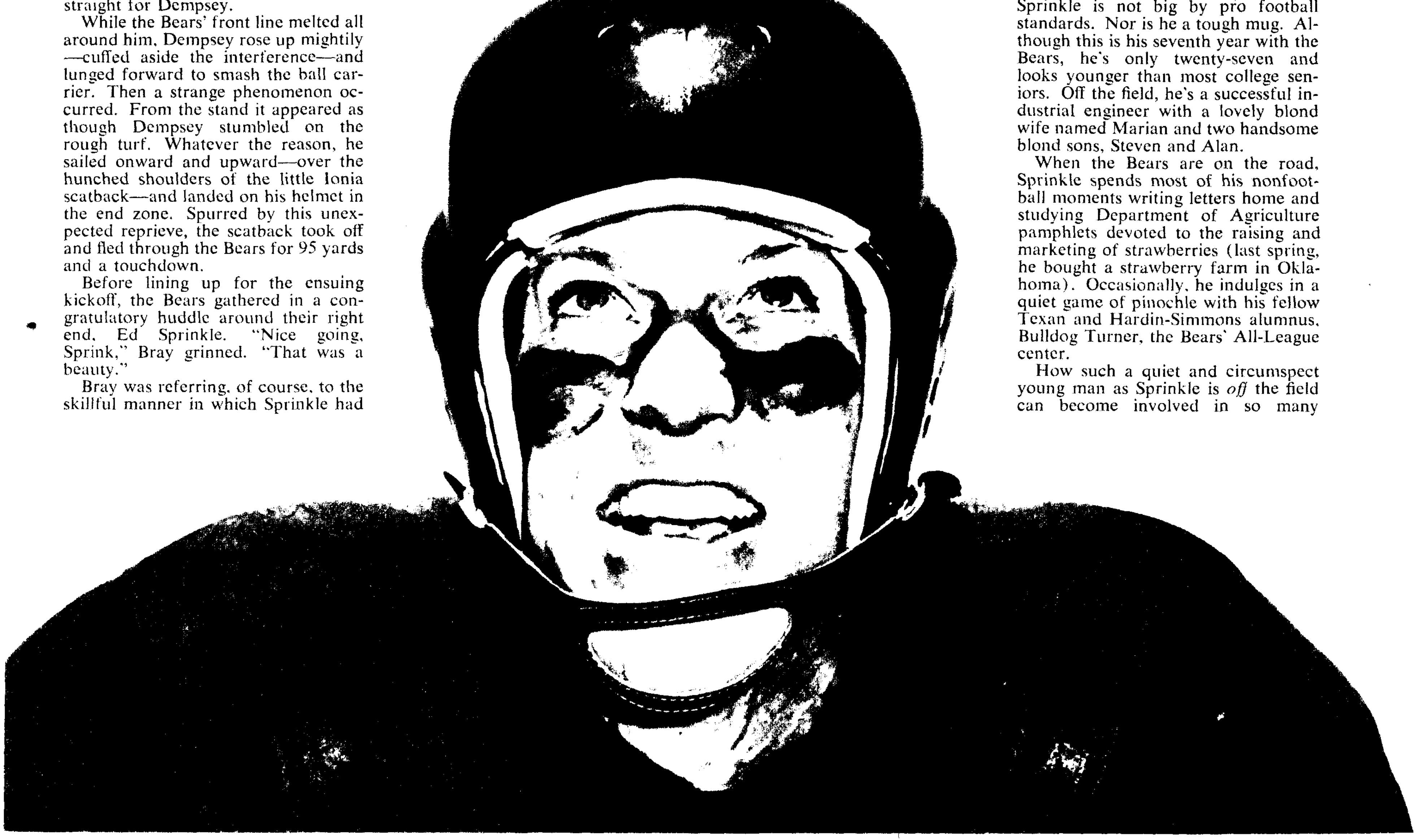
Still later in the season, the Los Angeles Rams stopped the Bears, 28-24 but the Los Angeles Times reported: "The Ram attack was weakened considerably in the third quarter when fullback Dick Hoerner suffered a slight concussion after assertedly being worked over by the notorious Bear end, Ed Sprinkle. Hoerner was taken to Queen of Angels hospital for observation."

From these reports, you might get the idea that Sprinkle is the most feared and universally disliked player in pro football. Could be. The fans boo him from coast to coast. You might also deduce that he's a big, rugged character who likes to hear the crunch and crackle of bones breaking. But there you would be dead wrong.

At six feet one and 207 pounds, Sprinkle is not big by pro football standards. Nor is he a tough mug. Although this is his seventh year with the Bears, he's only twenty-seven and looks younger than most college seniors. Off the field, he's a successful industrial engineer with a lovely blond wife named Marian and two handsome blond sons, Steven and Alan.

When the Bears are on the road, Sprinkle spends most of his nonfootball moments writing letters home and studying Department of Agriculture pamphlets devoted to the raising and marketing of strawberries (last spring, he bought a strawberry farm in Oklahoma). Occasionally, he indulges in a quiet game of pinochle with his fellow Texan and Hardin-Simmons alumnus, Bulldog Turner, the Bears' All-League center.

How such a quiet and circumspect young man as Sprinkle is *off* the field can become involved in so many



Sprinkle plays rough and tough, but off the field he's an industrial engineer who dotes on wife Marian and handsome sons Alan and Steven

Two years ago All-out Ed unwittingly broke the nose of his teammate, center Bulldog Turner (r.). Did it by an accidental brush of his hand

brawls *on* the field is one of the major football mysteries. However, at least a portion of his steadily increasing unpopularity can be traced to the popularity of the forward pass. If this sounds a bit confusing, here's Coach Halas' explanation:

"Every team in the league has a passer who can beat you if you give him time to throw," says Halas. "The only way you can stop passers like Baugh of Washington and Waterfield of Los Angeles is to rush them—knock them down before they throw. That's where Sprinkle shines. He's the greatest pass-rusher I've ever seen.

"Don't forget," Halas warns, "every time Sprinkle rushes the passer, the other team has at least two men blocking him. Sometimes it's three when a guard pulls out of the line to help the tackle and halfback. Sprinkle's got to break through those blockers and hit the passer in four or five seconds —before the receivers have time to break into the open.

"Sprink's got to go in high—with his arms up—so he can slap at the ball or tackle around the shoulders. He's got to push and shove and claw his way past those blockers, and if somebody gets an unintentional whack in the nose now and then—well, that's football."

A Neat Job of Mayhem on the Giants

Undoubtedly, this is the correct philosophical approach to Sprinkle's activities, but opposing teams have difficulty grasping Halas' enlightened viewpoint. The New York Giants, for example, have never forgiven Sprinkle for his handiwork in the 1946 championship play-off in the Polo Grounds. The Bears whipped the Giants for the title, 24 to 14, and added injury to insult by incapacitating three key New York backs. Frank Reagan suffered a fractured nose and a brain concussion, George Franck incurred a shoulder separation, and Frank Filchock played the last three quarters with a broken nose. Reagan and Franck were on their way to the hospital before the half ended.

Coach Steve Owen of the Giants gave Sprinkle credit for racking up Reagan and Franck, plus an assist on Filchock. Early in the first quarter, with the Bears leading, 7 to 0, Filchock attempted a pass from the New York 20. Sprinkle—driving in from the right side—hooked his left arm around Filchock's chin. Filchock got the ball away, but the impact disturbed his aim, and the pass fell short. Dante Magnani, Bear halfback, intercepted on the dead run and raced 39 yards for the touchdown which ultimately decided the championship.

This game-breaking play illustrates why opposing players call Sprinkle "the head-hunter." He's one of the few left-handed right ends in the business, and there is a tremendous advantage in being a left-handed right end. Slashing in from the right side, Sprinkle's strong left arm is *toward* the passer in a perfect position to handle his assignment—and it should be emphasized that Sprinkle has a very strong left arm. As a boy in Texas, he used to shovel 2,000 bushels of oats per day all summer long while developing the bulging forearms which are responsible for his other nickname—"Popeye."

As might be expected, Sprinkle has not come through six years of pro football unscathed. In 1945, he incurred a broken jaw in a collision with Bob Waterfield's elbow. Coincidentally, Waterfield had a somewhat similar experience in 1948 when his jaw encountered Sprinkle's right knee. In 1946, Sprinkle got off lightly with a minor nose injury, but an ankle injury slowed him temporarily in 1947, and he received a severely twisted knee in a pile-up of unfriendly Cardinals in 1948. Surprisingly enough, last year, when anti-Sprinkle feeling was at an all-time high, he experienced his first injury-free season.

"Didn't even have a cold," he remembers. "Guess I was just lucky."

Like most pros, Sprinkle regards a broken nose or a slight concussion as part of the day's work, but he fears such comparatively minor injuries as a twisted knee or a pulled muscle. "You can wear a mask over a broken nose," he explains, "but a simple little thing like a Charley horse can keep you on the bench for a couple of weeks."

The prudent way to avoid injuries, according to Sprinkle, is to hit the other fellow harder than he hits you. "In the Eagles' game last year, when I knocked out Muha on the first play," he recalls, "I had a good blocking angle. Muha was slanting toward me, but he was watching our ball carrier. I was running twice as fast as he was when we hit—and my helmet caught him in the stomach. It knocked the wind out of him and bruised his ribs a little, but the block was perfectly legal. I just had the jump on him, that's all."

Clippings Tell Saga of Grid Brawls

Sprinkle is unperturbed by his current notoriety. The unflattering mentions in the Chicago Tribune, Associated Press and Los Angeles Times previously noted are all neatly filed away in his scrapbook. He also cherishes another Los Angeles Times clipping which recounts the 1948 Bears-Rams Donnybrook that wound up with five players (including Sprinkle, of course), being ejected from the game.

Oddly enough, this near riot was instigated by Sprinkle and his former pal and collaborator in the 1946 championship play-off victory—halfback Dante Magnani. It took Magnani, who had been traded to the Rams, only a few plays to realize that past friendship meant nothing to Sprinkle.

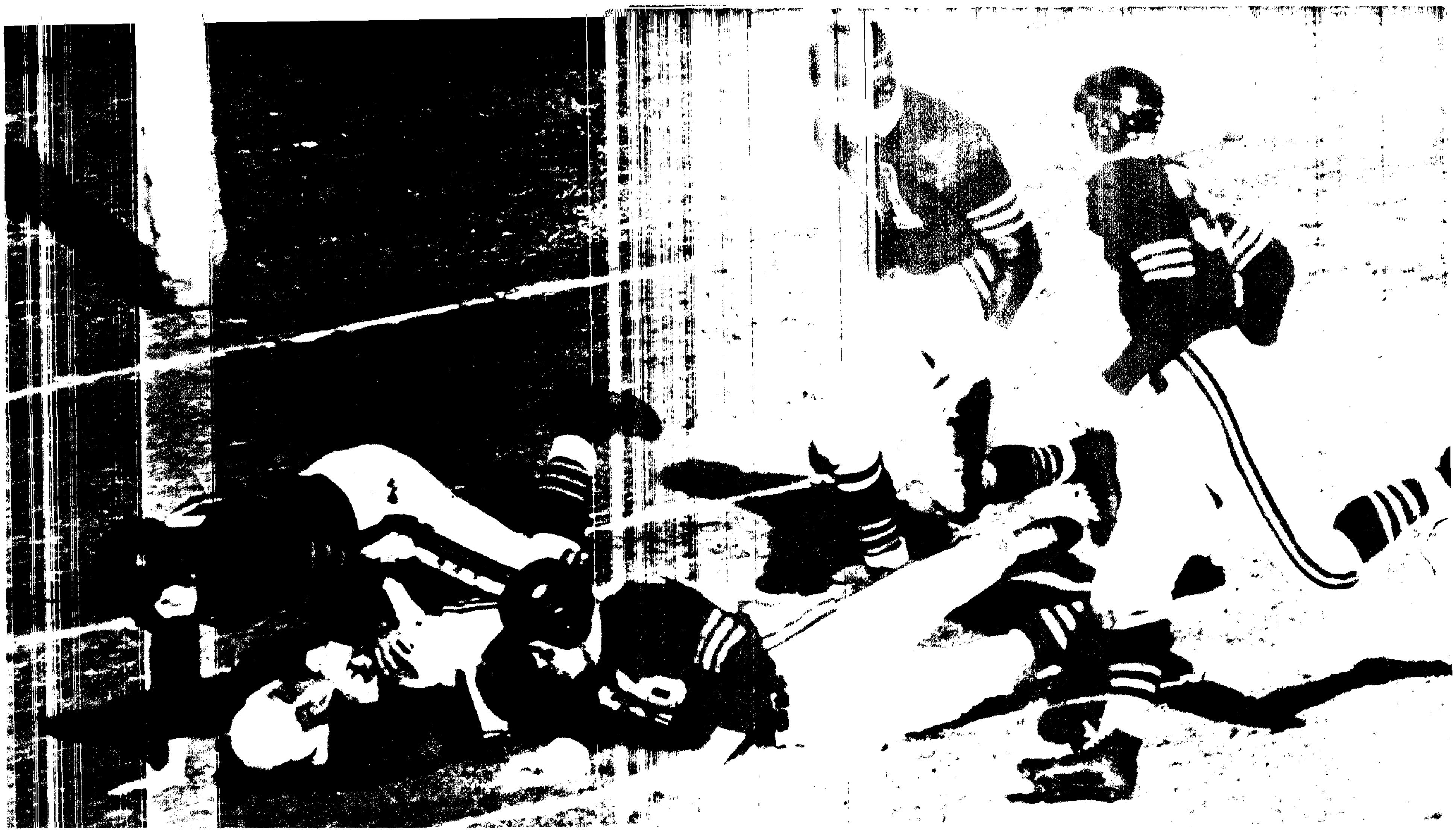
However, Magnani was a pass-catching specialist, and Sprinkle has three highly illegal but virtually undetectable methods for dealing with pass receivers. First, there's *tripping*. "That's the easiest," he confesses. "You just sort of put your foot out and let the other guy fall over it."

Then, there's *chucking* ("You put out your hands as though you're pushing, but actually you're grabbing your opponent's shirt and you hold him for a one-two count—just long enough to disrupt his timing and throw him off stride.").

Finally, there's *spinning*, perhaps the most difficult trick of all ("You grab a guy's shirt as he's running by—and yank. If you've got a strong grip, and your timing is right, he'll spin himself right out of the play.").

Magnani put up with the tripping and chucking and spinning until the third quarter. Finally, opportunity knocked. Sprinkle fell down while executing a block and Magnani—who just happened to be

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROCCO PADULO



WIDE WORLD

That's Sprinkle, rated the most destructive defensive end in the league, testing Cardinal back Charley Trippi's Adam's apple

passing by—stamped his size-11 cleats into his prostrate foe's hands.

Stung by the loss of two fingernails and a considerable amount of skin, Sprinkle jumped up and landed a left hook on Magnani's jaw. Dante came back with a hard right and the riot was on. Two months later, on a visit to Chicago, Magnani phoned the Sprinkles and went out to their home for dinner.

The Magnani brawl marked one of the two occasions Sprinkle has been banished for slugging (his other sparring partner was Walt Schlinkman, Green Bay fullback). According to Sprinkle, there isn't much slugging in pro football, and most of the slugging that does take place is unintentional.

"Two years ago," he recalls, "the Bulldog (Turner) had his nose broken at Green Bay. After the game, I asked, 'Who did it?'

"Bulldog said, 'You won't believe this—but you did!' Seems Bulldog was on the ground and my hand caught him as I was running past him. But I didn't even know I touched him."

Hunk Anderson's Perfect Simile

Although Sprinkle is conceded to be the most destructive defensive end in the National League, he's also tremendously effective on offense. He's an adept pass snatcher and, as line coach Hunk Anderson phrases it, "Sprink blocks like a fat lady on an escalator."

However, it would be surprising if Sprinkle were not an exceptionally versatile player, because his gridiron background is rich and varied. He grew up on a farm near Tuscola, Texas, and never played football until Tuscola High School organized a six-man team in his senior year.

"We played touch tackle," Sprinkle recalls, "and we didn't have many reserves. Matter of fact, I was one of the two boys in my class."

Sprinkle's formal football education did not begin until spring training of his freshman year (1940) at Hardin-Simmons when Bulldog Turner spent two weeks on the campus as an advisory coach. Turner liked Sprinkle's speed and aggressiveness, but discouraged his halfback aspirations. "You're too awkward to run that ball," Bulldog decided. "You'll do better blocking up there in the line."

Sprinkle was an All-Border Conference center for two years at Hardin-Simmons with the help of his quarterback, Murray Evans. On orthodox T-formation plays, Sprinkle merely handed the ball back to Evans.

However, in punting situations, Evans moved up to center to execute the long snapback to the kicker, while Sprinkle retreated behind the line to handle Evans' blocking assignment.

"We had to do it," Sprinkle recalls, "because my left-handed snapbacks carried a reverse spin and the kickers had too much trouble catching them."

In 1943, Sprinkle enrolled at Annapolis and played a rugged tackle on the Navy eleven that whipped Army, 13 to 0. He dropped out of Annapolis in February, 1944, and enlisted in naval aviation—a move which eventually led him into pro football.

When the Navy curtailed its pilot-training program in the summer of '44, Sprinkle reverted to civilian status. Early in August, he received a phone call from Turner, who was on his way to the Bears' training camp.

"How about driving up to Chicago with me?" Turner asked. "I think you could make the club."

The Bears were in sad shape when Sprinkle walked in asking for work. Technically, they were the pro title holders, but most of the 1943 championship squad had vanished into the armed forces. When Sprinkle announced that he was a tackle, Hunk Anderson asked: "How much do you weigh?"

"About 188."

"Things are tough," Anderson said, "but they aren't that tough. We can't use 188-pound tackles. You play guard."

Sprinkle was in the starting line-up when the Bears opened the season at Green Bay. The Packers immediately smashed through the middle for two substantial gains and Turner—who was backing up the line—noticed that Sprinkle's nose was bleeding. In a voice that carried into the Green Bay huddle, the 240-pound Turner boomed: "Sprink, you don't have to take that kind of stuff just because you're a rookie."

Sprinkle walked back to Turner for a consultation. Then the Packers overheard Bulldog mutter: "Okay, handle it your way. But if you need any help—I'm right here."

Under Turner's protection, Sprinkle survived and quickly learned how to apply the Bears' golden rule: *Do unto others before others do unto you.*

Not Heavy Enough to Play Guard

Coach Halas saw Sprinkle for the first time in the fall of 1946 when he returned from a three-year hitch in the Pacific. Although Sprinkle had matured to 192 pounds, Halas thought he was too light for guard duty in postwar football.

"The big boys are coming back," Halas reminded Anderson. "We better move this kid out to end before he gets killed."

Sprinkle's past experience as a center, guard and tackle hastened his development as an end. He could anticipate blockers and he was a hard man to fake. When he was knocked down, he bounced right up again and chased the ball carrier. Halas was so pleased with these aggressive qualities that he permitted Sprinkle to wear No. 7 as a jersey numeral.

Thirty years ago, when Halas was making his start in pro football as the Bears' owner-coach-end, he wore No. 7 for 10 seasons. Halas is very sentimental about that number. He awards it only to players who can carry on in the rugged tradition of the old Bears.

In many ways, Sprinkle is reminiscent of George Trafton, another uninhibited and extremely unpopular character who played center for the Bears in the 1920s. Trafton was in the middle of things one Sunday afternoon when the Bears knocked out four Rock Island players in 12 plays. Inasmuch as the game was being contested in Rock Island, Illinois, the crowd became decidedly restless. There were numerous predictions from the stands about what was going to happen to the Bears in general and to Trafton in particular once the ball game was over. When the final gun

(Continued on page 42)

Season of Disbelief

By RAY BRADBURY

No, *the children told* Mrs. Bentley. No, *you don't have a* name, *and you* never were *a* little girl. *You have always*—*always*—been *seventy-five* years old

HOW it began with the children, old Mrs. Bentley never knew. She often saw them, like moths and monkeys, at the grocer's, among the cabbages and hung bananas, and she smiled at them and they smiled back. Mrs. Bentley watched them making footprints in winter snow, filling their lungs with autumn smoke, and shaking down blizzards of apple blossoms in June, but felt no fear of them. As for herself, her house was in extreme good order, everything set to its station, the floors briskly swept, the foods neatly tinned, the hatpins thrust through cushions, and the drawers of her bedroom bureaus crisply filled with the paraphernalia of years. Mrs. Bentley was a saver. She saved tickets, old theater programs, bits of lace, scarves, rail transfers, and such things. All the tags and tokens of her experience she saved.

"I've a stack of records," she often said. "Here's Caruso. That was in 1916, in New York; I was forty and John was still alive. Here's June Moon; 1929, I think, right after John died."

That was the huge regret of her life, in a way. The one thing that she had most enjoyed touching and listening to and looking at she hadn't saved. John was far out in the meadow country, dated and boxed and hidden under grasses, and nothing remained of him but his high silk hat and his cane and his good suit in the closet. So much of the rest of him had been devoured by moths.

But what she could keep she had kept. Her pink flower dresses crushed among moth balls in vast black trunks, and cut glass dishes from her childhood—she had brought them all when she moved to this town five years ago. Her husband had owned rental property in a number of towns, and, like a yellow ivory chess piece, she had moved from one to another, moved and sold, until now she was here in a strange town, left with only the trunks and furniture, dark and ugly, crouched about her like the creatures of a primordial zoo.

The thing about the children happened in the middle of summer. Mrs. Bentley, coming out to water the ivy upon her front porch, saw the three cool-colored, sprawling girls lying on her green lawn, enjoying the immense prickling of the grass.

At the very moment Mrs. Bentley was smiling down upon them with her yellow mask face, around a corner like an elfin band came an ice-cream wagon. It jingled out icy melodies, as crisp and rimed as crystal wineglasses tapped by an expert, summoning all. The three girls sat up, turning their heads, like sunflowers, after the sun.

Mrs. Bentley cleared her throat and called, "Would you like some? Here!" she called, and the ice-cream wagon stopped while she picked up a deep-throated, silver-clasp purse, sank her hand into it, and exchanged money for pieces of the original ice age. These she gave to the three girls, who thanked her with snow in their mouths, their eyes darting from her buttoned-up shoes to her white hair.

"Don't you want a bite?" offered one.

"No, child. I'm old enough and cold enough; the hottest day won't thaw me," laughed Mrs. Bentley. "Come up on the porch and sit in the shade, but mind you don't drip."

They carried the miniature glaciers up and sat, three in a row, while Mrs. Bentley confronted them in a glider.

"I'm Alice, she's Jane, and that's Mary."

"How nice. And I'm Mrs. Bentley. They called me Helen."

They stared at her.

"Don't you believe they called me Helen?" said the old lady.

"I didn't know old ladies had first names."

Mrs. Bentley laughed dryly.

"You never hear them used, I mean," said Jane, the oldest.

"My dear, when you are as old as I, they won't call you Jane, either. Old age is dreadfully formal. It's always 'Mrs.' Young people don't like to call you 'Helen.' It seems much too flip."

"How old are you?" asked Mary.

"I remember the pterodactyl." Mrs. Bentley smiled.

"No, but how old?"

"Seventy-five."

They gave their cold sweets an extra long suck, deliberating.

"That's *old,*" said Jane.

"I don't feel any different now than when I was your age," said the old lady.

"Our age?"

"Yes. Well, once I was a pretty little girl, just like you, Jane, and you, Mary. Yes, quite as pretty."

They did not speak.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing." Jane got up.

"Oh, you don't have to go so soon, I hope. You haven't finished eating."

"Well." Jane sat back down.

"Is something the matter? Spit it out, girl; what is it?"

"My mother says it isn't nice to fib," said Jane.

"Of course it isn't. It's very bad," agreed Mrs. Bentley.

"And not to *listen* to fibs." Jane half rose again.

"Who was fibbing to you, Jane? Tell me that."

Jane looked at her and then glanced nervously away. "You were."

"I?" Mrs. Bentley laughed and put her withered claw to her small bosom. "About what?"

"About your age," said Jane. "About being a little girl."

Mrs. Bentley stiffened. "But I was, many years ago, a little girl just like you."

"Come on, Mary, Alice."

"Just a moment," said Mrs. Bentley. "Don't you believe me?"

"I don't know," said Jane. "No."

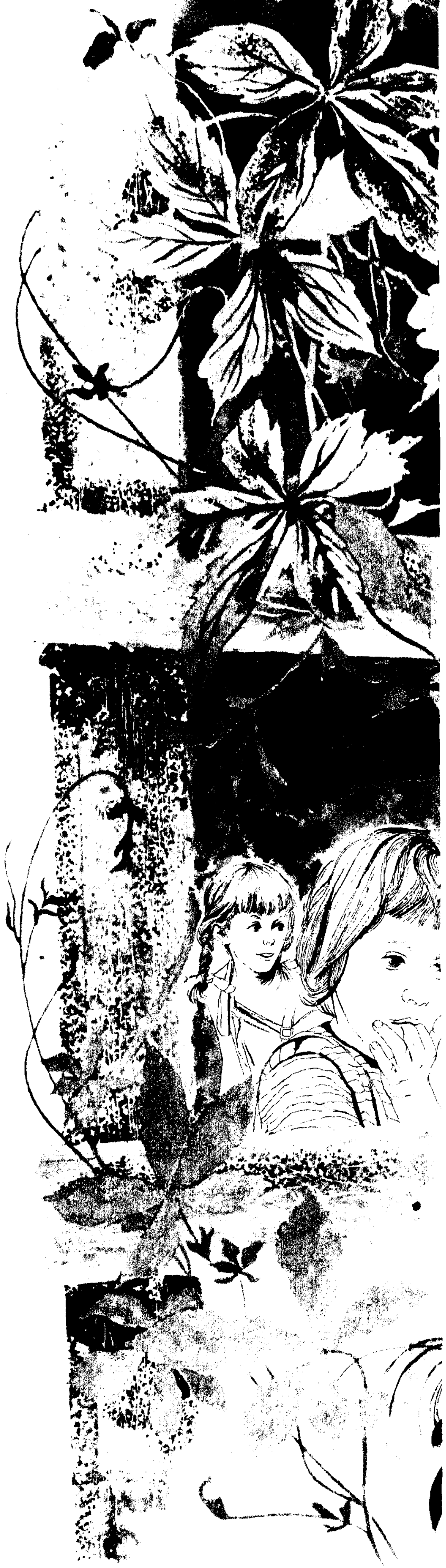
"But how ridiculous! It's perfectly obvious! Everyone was young once!"

"Not you," whispered Jane, eyes down, almost to herself. Her empty ice stick had fallen in a vanilla puddle on the porch floor.

"But of course I was a girl, eight, nine, ten years old, like all of you."

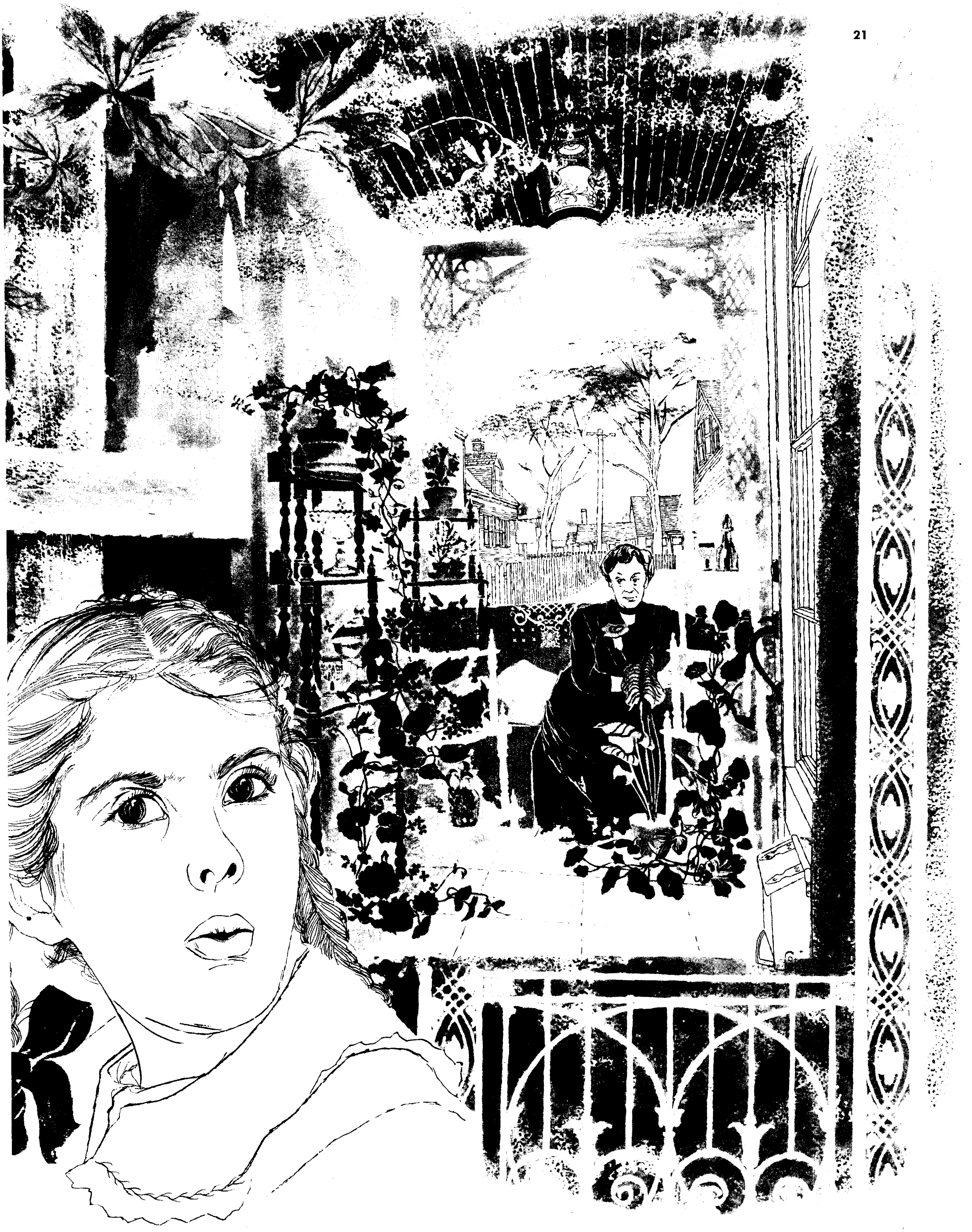
The two other girls gave a short, quickly-sealed-up laugh.

Mrs. Bentley's eyes *(Continued on page* 93)



The three little girls laughed. "You're joking with us," giggled Jane. "You weren't really ten years old, ever, were you, Mrs. Bentley?"

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS



The NAZIS March Again–

By WILLIAM ATTWOOD and SEYMOUR FREIDIN

Stealing the appeals and trappings of Hitlerism, the Reds revive an old German dream of a strong, united fatherland. Already they have a powerful following in the Allied zone

WIDE WORLD

"200,000 men will be behind me . . ."

That's what ex-Major General Otto Remer, partner with Fritz Dorls in a bid for power, proclaims as he barnstorms the Western zone

WIDE WORLD

19,000 pardons . . .

and commutations were given ex-Nazis in one year by Reinhold Maier, minister-president. U.S. forced a probe, but nothing came of it

IF ADOLF HITLER suddenly turned up in Germany tomorrow he'd probably be either arrested, lynched, or both. The Germans don't like a loser, and they figure that Hitler's blunders lost them the war. Adolf has become the scapegoat for all their postwar troubles.

But the crazy house painter's mystic martial philosophy lives on deep in the hearts of most Germans—who still dream of a strong, united fatherland, feared and respected throughout the world.

This is as true of West Germany, where a dozen neo-Nazi parties have mushroomed in the past year, as of Soviet Germany, where the Russians have shrewdly and cynically adapted most of the trappings of Hitlerism to their own uses.

This makes the resurgent Nazis in Western Germany doubly dangerous. They watch with unconcealed envy the freewheeling latitude their old Brown Shirt pals enjoy under the Russians while they themselves could run afoul of Western Allied regulations and be put out of business. The Nazis aren't curbed in Western Germany, they're just frustrated. That's why they find so much tempting appeal in the Soviet German system.

One day last May we stood on a sidewalk in Berlin's Soviet sector and watched a parade of stern-faced young Germans of the Communist *Freie Deutsche Jugend*—part of the 3,000,000 blue-shirted members of an organization that was built on the ashes of the notorious Hitler Youth. Preceding them were banners, trumpets and kettledrums. Behind marched row after row of bronzed, husky soldiers in the black uniform of the *Bereitschaften,* Soviet Germany's fast-growing shock troops.

Our companion, a young West German who had once served in Hitler's youth movement, was fascinated. "It's amazing," he murmured. "It's just like the old days. Why, even the music is the same."

West of the Iron Curtain, uniformed Germans don't swagger down the streets with the same assurance—not yet. But rabid Nazi demagogues like Karl Meissner, Franz Richter and former Major General Otto Ernst Remer can sound off to receptive audiences—and do.

"We will invade the circus of traitors at Bonn," Remer shouted to a cheering rally a few months ago, "and I give you the guarantee that in two years we will be in power!"

Curiously enough, that was the theme the Russians and their Nazi stooges were expounding publicly. They sneered at the Bonn government as "an infamous collaboration with the enemies of the German people." Once the Reich is "liberated," they pledged, West German officials will be tried by the Soviet-type peoples courts.

Then, too, the newspapers in the Soviet zone devoted splashing headlines parroting Russian charges that Jews are "homeless wanderers and bourgeois cosmopolitans." Jews, attempting to flee eastern Europe en route to Israel, were arrested by black-uniformed East German *Volkspolizei,* denounced as spies and returned to authorities in the Soviet satellites.

At about the same time, Wolfgang Hedler, a deputy of the German party (which has 17 seats in the West German Parliament), told a political meeting at Einfeld that it was perhaps unwise for Hitler to have sent the Jews to gas chambers. "Other means could have been used to get rid of them," he added, amid applause.

Don't forget that in last year's West German elections all parties lost ground except the extreme right-wing groups like Hedler's outfit and the even more fervid German Right party. Even a Socialist like Kurt Schumacher, a veteran of Nazi concentration camps, attacked the Western Allies and sang the glories of German nationalism in an effort to outbid the neo-Nazis for votes. He knew the temper of the people.

War Criminals Back in Old Jobs

Remember, too, that most of the 2,000,000-odd Nazis who were tried and convicted in the West have served their terms or had them commuted. They're back in circulation again, most of them in their old jobs. American officials now estimate that more than half of West Germany's administrative offices are occupied by former Nazi party members.

In short, the totalitarian mentality is well entrenched in Germany and very much alive. No responsible Westerner who has worked and lived in that country for any length of time since the war can claim that these unhappy people have been "democratized."

This should surprise no one. It would be naïve to expect as haughty and disciplined a nation as the Germans to grasp the meaning of democracy in five years—especially when democracy, as they observed it, was brought to them by a well-meaning but often bumbling military occupation.

In Frankfurt they tell a joke about three Germans arguing over which one is the best democrat. The first says he is because he was a democrat even before Hitler came to power. The second claims the title for having been a democrat even during the Hitler dictatorship.

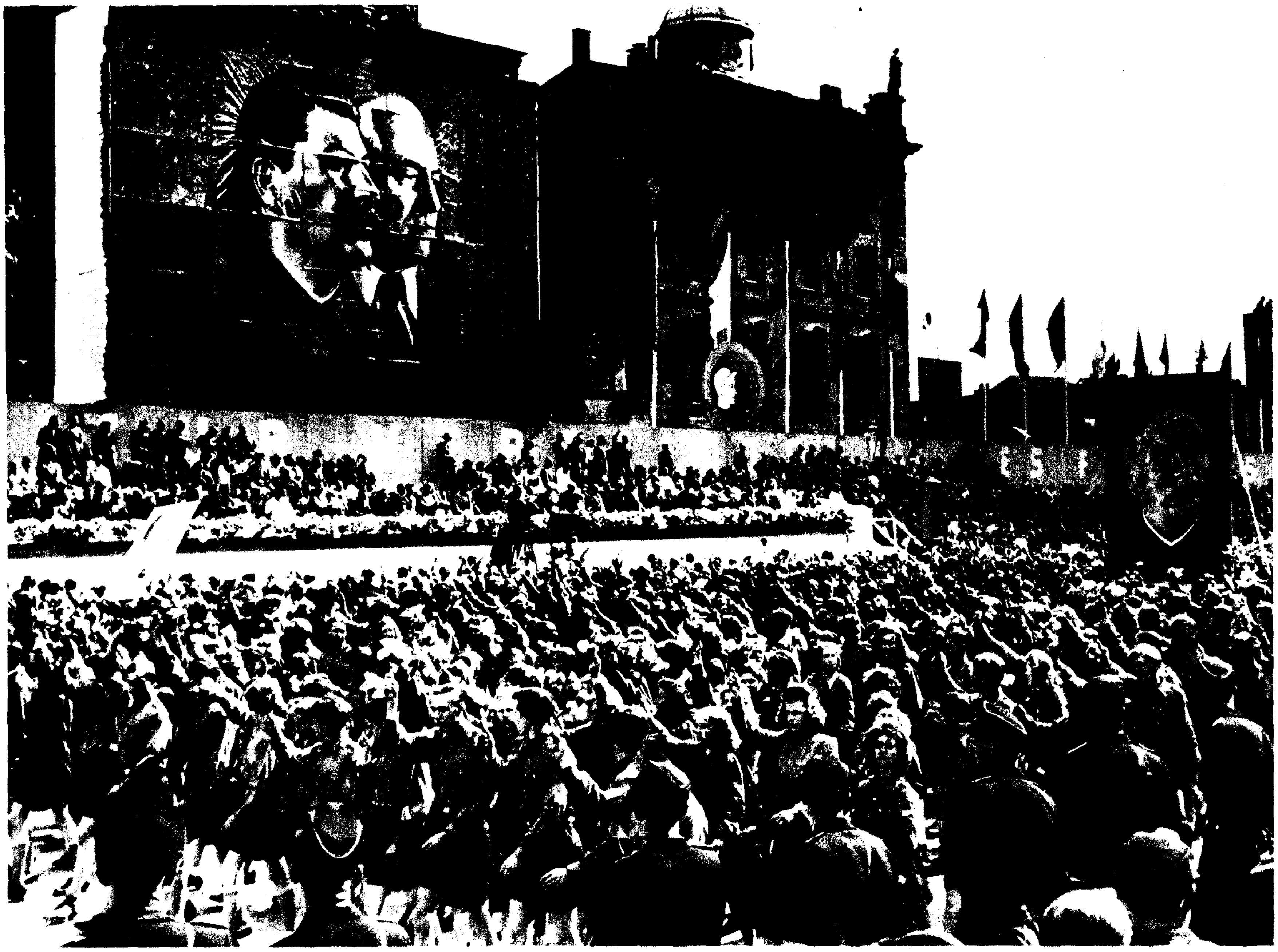
"You both lose," says the third. "I'm the best—because after five years of instructions by the Western Allies on how to act like a democrat, I'm still one."

Neo-Nazism in Germany is deplorable but it poses no immediate threat to the West. Its significance just now lies in how the Russians are exploiting this totalitarian mentality on both sides of the Iron Curtain that bisects Germany. And today there is a real danger that Soviet strategy is succeeding. German Communist slogans stressing "unity," "independence" and "withdrawal of all occupation troops" are being echoed in the West by the extreme right.

As Pastor Martin Niemoeller said last year, "Given the alternative of a continual split in Germany or the prospect of reuniting the country under another dictatorship—that of Russia—the German people would prefer to take the risks of Communism."

For Americans, the meaning is clear: In any showdown between East and West in Europe, the Nazi-led, Communist-equipped army of Soviet Germany, proclaiming unification of the father-

This Time for STALIN



ACME

Uniformed Communist youth, 500,000 strong, parade in the Red sector of Berlin. West Germans can't swagger in uniforms—not yet

land, would find millions of ready supporters in the western half of the country.

This conclusion is based on a year's travel in all four occupation zones of Germany, including Berlin. We talked with Western officials, with Communists and with Germans in all walks of life. We came away feeling that Germany's resurgent Nazis will play ball with anyone who will help them build up a Fourth Reich.

Knowing this, the Russians have long sought to make their zone the nucleus of a German state to which all "patriotic" Germans could rally. They've set up a "German Democratic Republic," given it an army and brayed about a united Germany. They've tried to bully the West out of Berlin and make it the all-German capital. Stalin hasn't forgotten Lenin's dictum that whoever controls Germany controls Europe.

How effective this Soviet policy has been can be gauged by the response of Germans the world over. Last November, the Chicago *Deutsch-Amerikanische Buerger-Zeitung,* official organ of the German-American Citizens' League of Illinois, splashed an "Open Letter to Stalin" across six columns of its front page. "We are actually predestined for an alliance with Moscow," said the letter, "all the more so since mutual co-operation with the closed bloc of the Soviet states interests us millions of people educated in strict discipline, more than dancing along with the constantly changing representatives of the parliamentary countries of the West."

The author, Bruno Fricke, was a close collaborator of Otto Strasser, a former Nazi who broke with Hitler for personal reasons, and now masterminds the so-called League for German Revival from his home in Canada.

This helps explain why the Russians have carefully avoided cracking down on big or little Nazis in their part of Germany. Knowing the German tendency to follow rabble rousers, they are wisely concentrating on winning the potential rabble rousers over to their side. A Red stooge party has even been set aside for East German Nazis—ironically called the National Democratic party.

Former officers of the Nazi *Wehrmacht* not only run the new German Communist army but now comprise 52 per cent of all ministers, state secretaries, police chiefs and mayors in the Soviet zone. These men aren't the aristocratic type of Prussian militarist—who would be repelled by the proletarian overtones of Soviet Germany; they are the new revolutionary type of disciplined thug created by Hitler. Among the more prominent are Luitpold Sedler, Walter Bechler, Paul Markgraf, Vincenz Mueller, Fritz Ruecke, Dr. Ernst Hadermann and former Major General Otto Korfes.

Korfes is particularly interesting. As one of Hitler's chief military theoreticians, he headed the *Heeres Archiv;* today he occupies his same desk in the Orangerie Palace at Potsdam—as chief of the "Central Archives of the Soviet Zone," the outfit charged with tightening the bonds between Germany and Russia.

Korfes ingratiated himself with the Russians during the war. When made a prisoner he told his captors, "It is tragic for

(Continued on page 68)

THE ERROR of My Ways

She was probably the last girl in the world I would have chosen to get serious with. Being near her made me nervous . . . but being away from her was worse

By WALT and WANDA GROVE

TEN years ago this fall I was a sophomore at the university, and although it's been a long time I still remember that year better than any other time in my life. I guess I've never completely forgotten that year and the girl who went with it.

When I think about it I can remember all of it, every day and every one of the many dates with a girl whose name was Sally Ann Gregory. She was a freshman that year—and we had dates in the morning for coffee, in the afternoon during the fall for walks away from the campus and down along the river, for dances and Friday-night dinners, and then on some nights we had dates just to neck.

That year I flunked every subject I was taking. My father gave me holy living hell for it and made me take a job that summer. Sally lived in another town and we wrote a lot to each other at first, and then she stopped. In the fall the first day I was back at school one of her sorority sisters told me that Sally had got married.

I stayed in school the first semester, but after the finals I enlisted as a cadet in the Air Corps. That was in January of 1941. Then I went home and told my father. It was the first and the last time he ever got really angry with me. "Do you want to waste your life?" he said to me. He threw me out of the house. But that was all right. I didn't care about my life as long as it could provide a few thrills. And as for getting thrown out of the house, well, I had to report to Randolph anyway.

When the war ended I still seemed to be alive and I stayed on in Japan with the 29s, applied for the regular Air Force, and got a majority. And as long as it was possible after that I stayed overseas. I like that kind of life. Our outfit went to England for a while last year and then got sent back to the States to Arizona. I didn't want to go to Arizona and I managed to get attached to the weather squadron that flies weather missions over the North Atlantic. We flew to Iceland; we flew to Prestwick in Scotland and down to the Azores; sometimes we flew from the Azores to Bermuda and then to New York. That hop was considered the best. A layover in New York was thought to be a good deal.

After a couple of months we got the Azores-Bermuda-New York hop. An hour out of New York the number two engine began to heat up. The crew got their layover, all right—six days. They had a choice of staying at the post in the transient barracks or in New York, and to a man they chose New York. The first day and night at Mitchel I didn't leave the post. I went to the post theater that night and saw a Betty Grable and a Bugs Bunny and turned in early. . . .

The next day I went in to the city. I walked for a while and ended up at Central Park and looked at a couple of monkeys in the zoo. Like all people in the service I carried an address book full of names of people I didn't know, but whom I was supposed to call if I ever got to the places where they lived. There were several people in New York that I could call—a general's widow, two mothers, an ex-comrade, several people's girl friends, and a lieutenant's sister. The lieutenant was stationed in Iceland and I would see him again soon. His sister's name was Roberta Warren.

I left the park and went to the Plaza and had a drink. Later I called Roberta Warren's number. Roberta answered the phone. I told her who I was.

"Oh, yes. Chuck did write about you once, Major," she said.

I couldn't tell anything from her voice. She sounded pleasant enough. "I told him I'd try to call you and perhaps see you."

"Are you going to be here long, Major?"

"I don't know."

"Would you like to come down tonight then?"

"Yes," I said. "Could I take you to dinner?"

"That would be nice."

"Well, shall I come now? Or when?"

"Now." She told me the address.

THE apartment where Roberta lived was below Fourteenth Street off Seventh Avenue. The street was narrow and the houses small and the house where she lived had no lights in the halls and I had to go up two flights of stairs in the dark. A door was open on the third floor, a girl of about twenty-four was standing looking out.

"Roberta?" I said. "Miss Warren?"

"Hello, Major," she said. "Come in."

I stepped inside and took off my cap. The living room was small, there was a fireplace and a lot of books. The furniture was not new nor good and it was somewhat soiled. There was something hanging from the ceiling that looked like a piece of driftwood.

"My roommates aren't here," Roberta said. "I'm sorry you won't get to meet them. Would you like a drink, Major?"

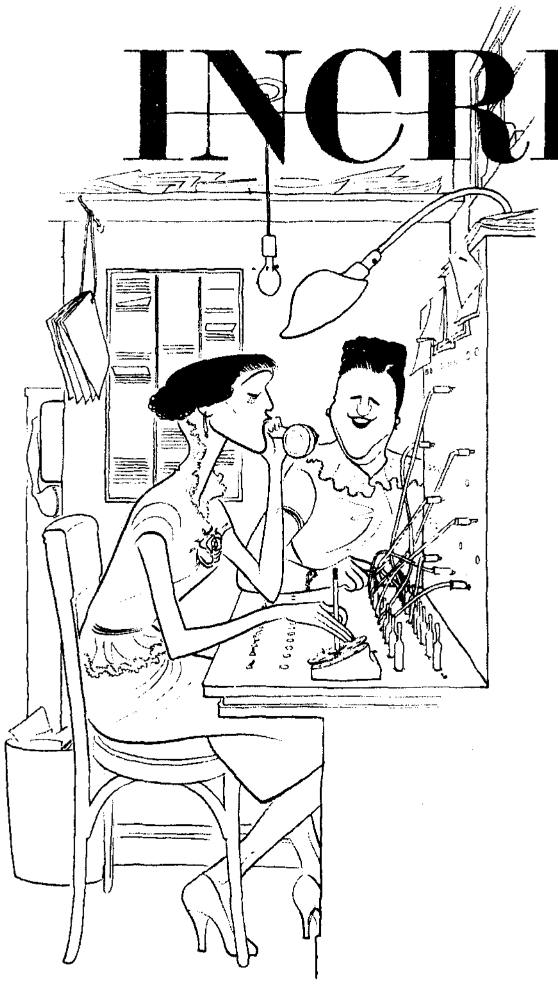
I said yes and she made Martinis and sat down on a hassock. She looked nice. Oh, she was no beauty; she was the common or everyday garden variety of American girl. She looked cheerful, her eyes were nice, her hair brown and rather plain, and she was small. "What is your first name?" she asked. "I can't go on calling you Major all evening."

(Continued on page 72)

I had no trouble finding her. She was standing by the pool where they keep the seals. There wasn't a seal in sight

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

INCREDIBLE INN



At the Hotel Elysée, the house rules and the living are easy. It's a snug harbor for the great and near great of Broadway, a hangout for the uninhibited, a safe bastion for bachelors

By ROBERT C. RUARK

Viola and Gladys Fina run hotel's switchboard and grapevine. Guests become their pets and confidants

THE Hotel Elysée, an intimate establishment located on Fifty-fourth Street between Madison and Park Avenues in New York City, is not an easy inn to describe, except, perhaps, by example. It is a place where an English bulldog belonging to Miss Gertrude Niesen, the singer, once attempted suicide by leaping off the roof. A lovebird named Gaylord, property of Miss Tallulah Bankhead, is treated as an honored guest there, as once was a monkey belonging to Miss Bankhead.

The famous foreign correspondent, Walter Duranty, used to scare the hotel's chambermaids by chasing them with his wooden leg. A prominent lady about town, enamored of a golfer, used to practice chip shots out of a window. And during the depression, when other people were casting themselves from the tops of high buildings, a Russian singer used to divert herself at the Elysée by tossing dollars to the peasants from her terrace.

The Elysée is, in short, an uninhibited hostelry. Owned by the heirs of a Turkish hat-check concessionaire, it is—somewhat like the United Nations—less an edifice than a state of mind. It has only 120 rooms, and looks rather shabby on the outside, but there was a time when all its maids and waitresses were red-haired, giving it a pleasantly dashing air.

The Elysée is a philosophy—one with a very liberal outlook on life. The late Wilson Mizner, famed wit and man about Broadway, had only two house rules for a hostelry he once operated in St. Louis: "No opium smoking in the elevators," and "Guests will bury their own dead." It would be an exaggeration to say that the Elysée would condone the use of high-powered narcotics in its lift, or would decline to lend a hand in event of sudden tragedy, but apart from that the guest is pretty much on his own.

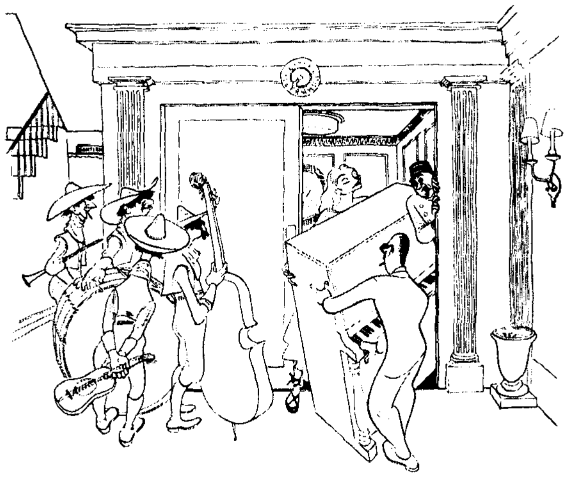
The Elysée is a hotel for adults with fixed ways of living; the management figures it would be presumptuous to tell these people how to behave so long as they are reasonably current in their bills. Operating on this principle, the Elysée has for many years been a haven for the great of Broadway and Hollywood, a bastion for bachelors, a snug harbor for people who go to bed late and take their breakfast coffee at 5:00 P.M.

In considering the Elysée it is well to know how to pronounce it. Cabdrivers have great trouble with this. They call it the Elsie, the Ee-leezey, the Eesyley, the Leezer, the Elizer, the Ellis and the Easel. It is actually pronounced after the French fashion—Eh-lee-say. And it is inhabited by people who are sometimes unusual.

Over the past 20 years Gladys Fina, the telephone operator, has switched phone calls to a great many fixtures of lively New York. Some of the steady guests have been Ethel and the late John Barrymore, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles MacArthur and Helen Hayes, Johnny Weissmuller and the late Lupe Velez, Ben Hecht, Leland Hayward, Louis Calhern, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Paul Douglas, Joe DiMaggio, Vladimir Horowitz, Kay Francis, Gertrude Niesen, Edmund Lowe and the late Charlie Butterworth. Models, newspapermen, ticket brokers, and a great many Latin Americans (the latter group lured by the hotel's high percentage of Spanish-speaking help) have added to the inner color. It is especially a hive for the forlorn—lonesome divorcees, torchbearing bachelors, friendless foreigners, all find some sort of balm in their association with one another.

Yet the Elysée allows a certain privacy, too. Larry Newman, a magazine editor, has seen his next-door neighbor only once in five years. "That was when I had locked myself out of my room with practically no clothes on," Newman remembers. "You could scarcely call that a speaking acquaintance, could you?"

The Elysée is a very informal hotel, with none of the starch generally associated with plusher establishments. When actor Paul Douglas first checked in, five weeks passed before anybody remembered to give him a key with which to lock his room. Shortly after Paul became a huge hit in Born Yesterday, he was invited to a function which demanded a dinner jacket. It seemed to be a day for formal affairs, for when Paul looked for his boiled shirt, black tie and the rest, he discovered that Frank Conniff, a columnist, had his pants; John McClain, also a columnist, had his tie; and Robin (Curly) Harris, a publicity man, was out with Paul's coat. Douglas sighed and relinquished social elegance until he could retrieve his finery.



Tallulah hailed Truman victory with five-day party featuring a cowboy band and piano hoisted in elevator

The Elysée runs a dining room. At one time it had a highly paid chef and it desired its guests to eat in the dining room. It is understandable, therefore, that a mild annoyance ensued when the nobly nosed Louis Calhern, an actor, repeatedly called down to the desk to ask that $50 be sent up. Since Calhern is an excellent actor with few employment problems, the Elysée was not fretted about the money. What it resented was the fact that Lou would pocket the cash, adjust his cravat, tip his hat jauntily as he passed the desk—and then stroll round the corner to the Stork Club to dine on the Elysée's funds.

In such moments of tension between management and guest, it has not been uncommon for the guests to retaliate for any hasty steps taken by the hotel. Occasionally many of the Elysée's regulars have played horses, employing bookmakers for the purpose. This recreation naturally infected the help. Service fell off. Morale dropped. Miss Fina's switchboard was clogged by employees, frantically phoning last-minute instructions to bookies. The management issued a firm ukase. No more horse betting from the lobby, it said.

Actor Douglas Solves the Problem

The help was desperate, with hot hides running every day and the lobby and bar bristling with inside information. The help appealed to the guests for succor. Aid was forthcoming, from actor Douglas. He opened his room to the bellhops and elevator boys, and thereafter they phoned their bets in the privacy of Paul's quarters, at Paul's expense.

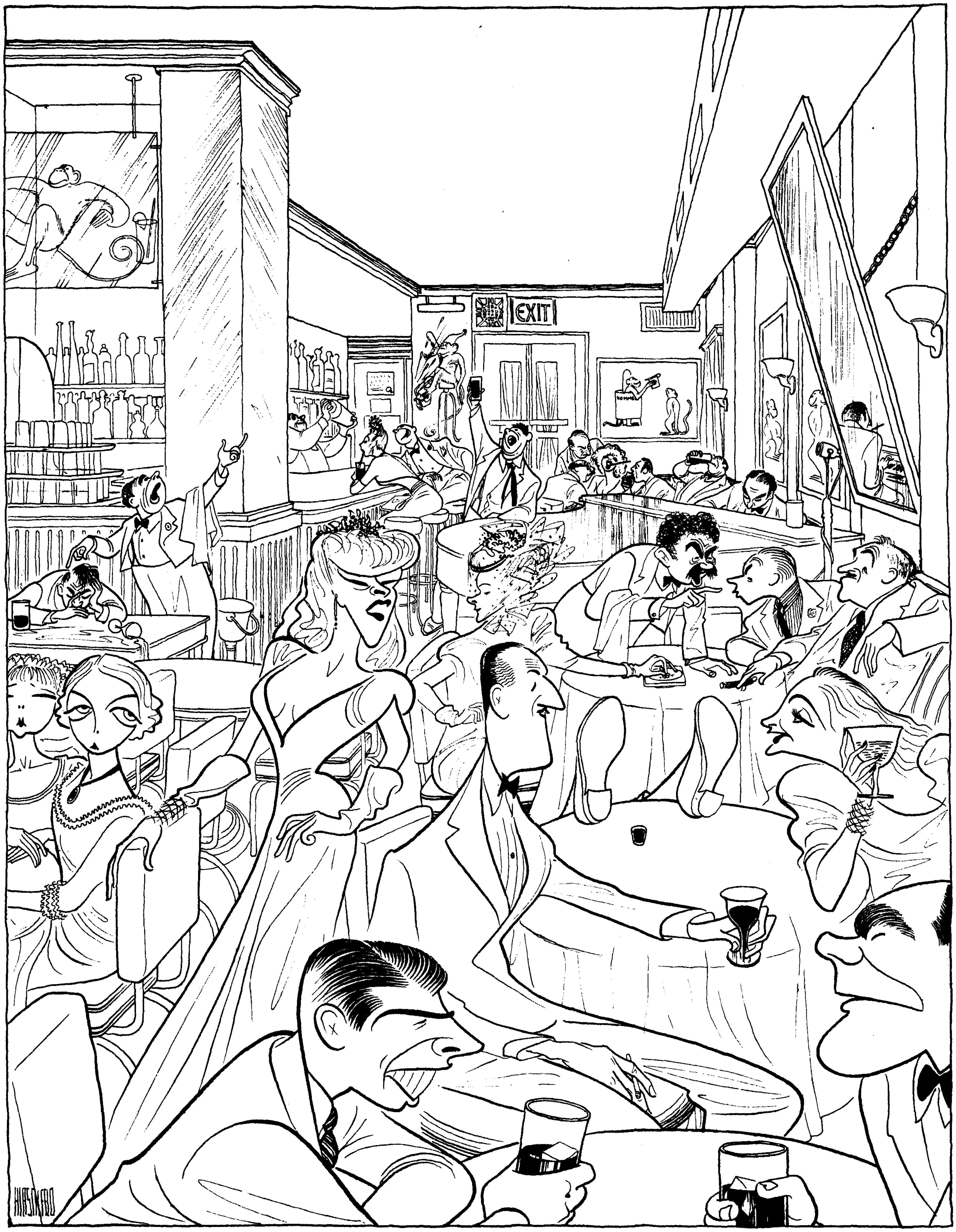
The hotel was built in 1927 and, after three transfers of ownership, fell under the hand of one Mayer Quain, who had come to this country in 1900 at the age of twenty.

Quain had arrived from Smyrna, Turkey, with very little else but optimism, and had gone to work in a tobacco factory. He branched out into peddling sweets outside theaters, and from that point proceeded to the checking concession business. His concessions in the hot spots of the Roaring Twenties brought him friendly relations with a great many theatrical people, among them Texas Guinan, Helen Morgan and Sophie Tucker. Together with hotel man David Phillips, who is no longer in the organization, Quain bought the Elysée for $473,000.

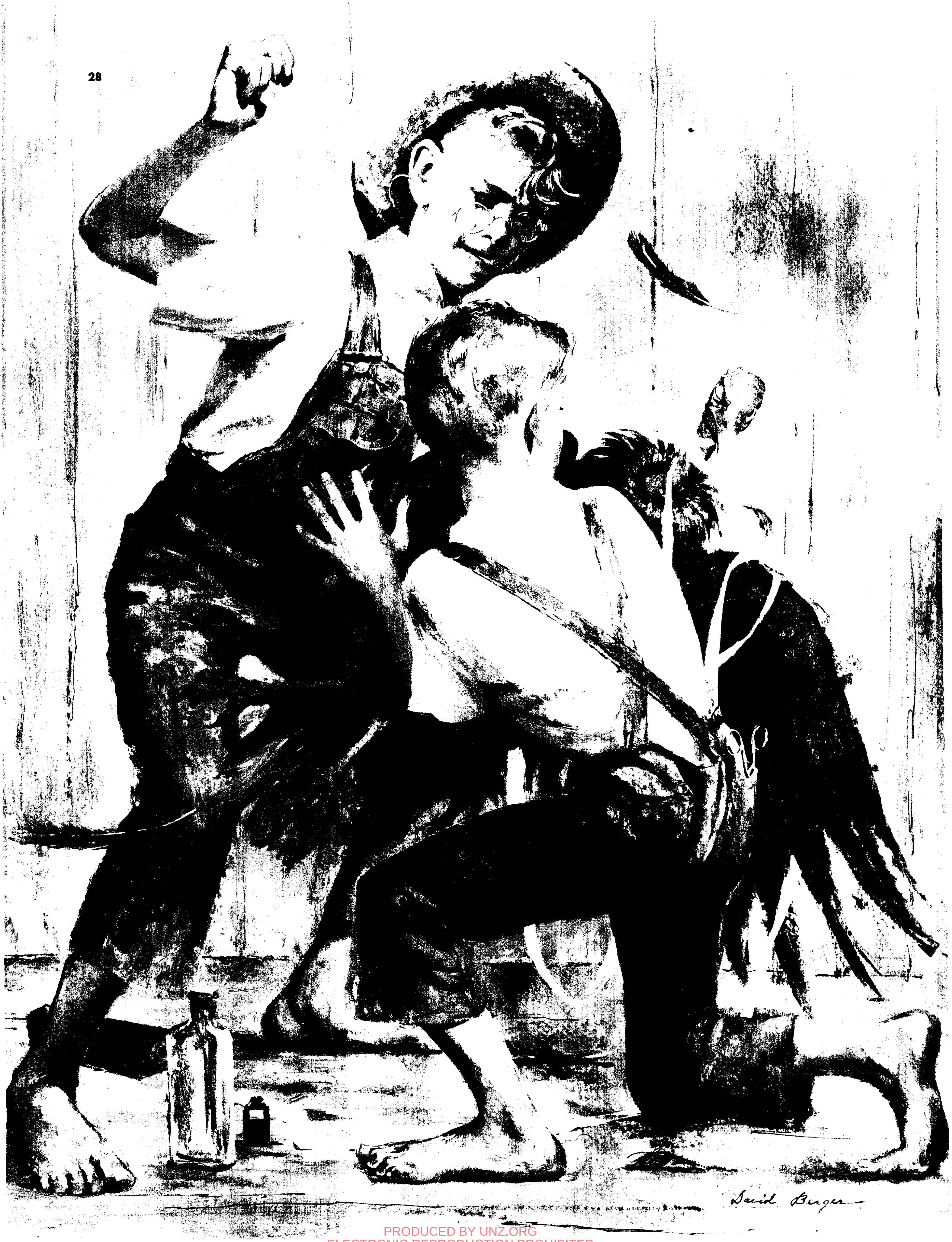
Under the direction of the bull-necked, vastly mustached Turk, the Elysée filled itself with theatrical people and began to make money. Quain, a long-time associate of theater folks, knew their habits and desires and allowed them a loose rein at his hotel. He gave them solitude and freedom of action. The word got around that here was a place where a celebrity could relax, where autograph hounds hunted not, and the house rules were easy. In a very short time the Elysée was the richest mine for gossip that the paragraphers had struck in ages. A short chat with one of the residents, or a few seconds with Gladys on the phone, and a smart columnist could know with a reasonable degree of accuracy just what famous wife got a shiner from what famous husband and why, or who was the freshest romance for a certain matinee idol, who was divorcing whom, and

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL HIRSCHFELD



The Monkey Bar, where waiters and customers swap insults. At left, Dorothy and Lillian Gish; Gertrude Niesen (standing). Tables, right: Helen Hayes, Charles MacArthur, Ben Hecht (rear); Louis Calhern, Tallulah Bankhead, Joe DiMaggio, Paul Douglas (foreground)


David Berger

Lester Wimpy

That was one Thanksgiving when we didn't see much to be thankful for. After all the trouble we took with Lester Wimpy, it was awful to see him come to such an end

By JOHN MASTERS

THAT autumn evening it was warm, and my brother and I were walking home after a day's poaching on Mr. Wimpy's stretch of the brook. Nap was eleven, and I was eight. Nowadays, our clothes would be laughed at as conscious imitations of Huckleberry Finn's, but in those days and in that part of Missouri—not a hundred miles from St. Louis—they were quite ordinary wear. Our pants were too short, being castoffs inherited from older members of our enormous family; our feet were bare; on our heads we had shapeless straw hats of the sort worn by cart horses; and on our backs, shirts which had once been white.

Nap walked in front—as usual—on the lookout for old Mr. Wimpy, who was the local storekeeper. His home and land were next to ours, though his store was in the village a mile away. Our feud with him was of long standing. If he caught us now we could expect bad words and probably a few ineffectual cuts from his cane.

Behind Nap, I plucked blackberries off the wild brambles and stuffed them into my mouth as I walked. I saw the red dogwood leaves fallen among the blades of grass, enjoyed the sweat in my shirt, and heard the hum of a few late-searching bees. Perhaps I recognized how short the golden time of boyhood in Missouri would be, because I dawdled and wanted to talk with my brother; but I did not dare speak, for he was a great man, and was thinking.

As we scrambled through the fence onto our land I noticed something odd about a big old apple tree in our orchard. Years before, the tree had been struck by lightning; now the familiar bare outline of the topmost branch was distorted. I stopped and stared. The bulge was a big bird with a red head. I hurried up beside my brother and tugged at his sleeve. "Hey! Nap! What's that?" I pointed.

He peered shortsightedly at the tree. The low sun glinted on his spectacles and his fair hair tumbled over his forehead. His face went a little paler—a sure sign of excitement in him. He said, suddenly decisive, "It's a—it's a bird." I was about to make a comment on this, but he went on: "Maybe it's an eagle. We'd better shoot it before it snatches Harold out of his cradle. Run and get the gun. I'll watch it doesn't escape."

Nap had a great force of personality, so I scurried off through the orchard, making all possible use of cover and defilade, as though the Blackfeet were after me. When I ran back with the .22 the redheaded bird was still on the tree. Nap, who was lying on his stomach in the long grass, reached out his arm and said with the quiet politeness of the born leader, "I'll take the shot, I think, Johnny."

I could shoot as well as he, if not better, and the rifle seemed to be sticking to my hand. However my arm went out, very slowly, and Nap took the rifle and cuddled it into his shoulder.

When he fired, the bird leaped off the branch with a grating squeak and planed awkwardly to the ground in circles. It landed hard at the foot of the tree, and turned to face us as we ran up. I saw that one wing, the left, trailed broken on the ground. And I saw its ugly curved beak and brown feathers, how it hissed and stuck its head out at us, how menacingly it spread its good right wing.

Nap, running fast in front, slowed down and stopped. I stopped too, a few yards behind him. He glanced over his shoulder, recognized the uncertain mood of his supporting troops, and whispered, "It's wounded." I said, "Yes . . . shoot it again. It ought to be easy from here." He looked at me coldly, backing away from the bird the while, and said, "I only *meant* to wound it."

We were about thirty feet from the tree and had reached an impasse. The bird glowered and hissed every time we moved. It was as ugly as sin, and I couldn't make out why Nap didn't shoot it. As he remained lost in thought I said timidly, "Let me try this time, Nap—please. I haven't had a shot for weeks."

He turned suddenly and spoke familiar words: "I've got a plan. Go and get the old piece of rope—in the tool shed."

AGAIN I hurried off obediently. When I came back with the rope, Nap tied a slipknot in it and again approached the bird. Before starting his stalk he gave me the rifle, saying, "Keep on my left and ten feet back. If it attacks me—shoot!" In such a case I would certainly have shot Nap, but God hides those chances from the minds of eight-year-old boys, so I felt thrilled and important. At close range Nap flung the lasso. It dropped around the bird's chest and broken wing, pinning the good one as well—a beautiful throw. Nap whooped and hauled tight. The bird struggled rather listlessly. After a couple more hisses it was quiet, staring at us out of sharp brown eyes—particularly at me, which I did not like and saw no cause for.

We stood there for quite a minute. Feeling foolish, I said at last, "What do we do now?"

Nap grunted, "Take him to the old chicken house."

The grounds near the back of the house were dotted with trees, bushes, huts and lean-to shacks. At one time or another the huts had been used for fowls, tools, garden furniture, and Heaven knows what. The chicken house was a favorite hide-out of ours; in its smelly deserted interior Nap would choke over a corncob pipe and hatch plans for the harassment of our enemy Mr. Wimpy. We dragged the bird along there without any trouble; rather, Nap dragged it while I walked behind like the guard on a dangerous criminal. It stalked into the chicken house of its own accord. Standing in the doorway Nap wriggled and twisted the rope till the knot came loose, slammed the door, and put a bulk of wood against it. He looked at me: "Not a word . . . Father . . . We must decide what to do."

"Yes, Nap," I answered. We loved our father, but he was an Olympian figure, walking his life in dignity; it took no effort to imagine what would be his attitude if this singularly smelly bird was proposed as a house guest, even as a chicken-house guest. For that was clearly in Nap's mind. In silence we went back through the orchard to collect our fishing rods and bait cans. . . .

After Mom kissed us and put the light out in our room that night I went over and sat on the edge of Nap's bed. He was crouched on his pillow, his knees hunched up under his chin. I said, "What are we going to do?"

"I have a plan," he replied. A night bird chirped on a tree in the front yard, and a heavy scent from the Missouri fields came in through the open window. It was still warm, and we could catch the faint aroma of cigar smoke, and hear the mutter of Father's voice. He and Mom were sitting on the porch directly below us, so we talked very low. I whispered, "What sort of a bird is it?"

Nap said with slow, careful carelessness, "It's a *cath-arts aura sep-tent-rion-all-is.*"

A mosquito whined in the long silence. At last I said timidly, "W-what's that, Nap?"

My brother continued in the same bored voice: "A redheaded turkey buzzard, a carnAVorous American vulture. It is from twenty-seven to thirty inches long and about sixty inches in extent, of a blackish brown color, blacker on the wings and tail and grayer on the wing coverts—the whole head is bare of feathers and of a reddish color changing from livid crimson to pale carmine in the adults—the beak is white—the feet are flesh-colored and the eyes brown." He took a deep breath. "Though ill-favored and bad-smelling when in hand . . . or near it in hollow stumps or logs . . . no, that's where it lays its eggs . . . buoyant flight on motionless pinions . . . trick of playing possum when captured . . ." His voice trailed away, sounding mercifully like a small boy's who has forgotten his lesson.

He jumped off the bed and danced around the floor. "Johnny, we'll keep it, and we'll call it Lester Wimpy. It's a carnAVorous scavenger, ill-favored and bad-smelling—just like that old beast next door. We'll easily be able to feed it. Won't old Wimpy be mad?"

I agreed with enthusiasm, and we sat up for a long time discussing ways and means. Near ten o'clock, my head pleasantly awhirl with plans for stealing food, plans for keeping our secret from Father, and plans for teaching the buzzard to harry his namesake's waking hours, I fell asleep.

THE next few weeks were ones of uneasy bliss for the Middleton household. Nap and I vanished after breakfast and came back punctually from school, only to disappear again until we crept in for supper. Mom was at first so thankful for the strange peace that she didn't investigate its causes. Later, she caught the suspicion which had already infected Jane, our more worldly-wise cook, and tried to cross-examine us about our comings and goings. But there were no complaints about us: we never played hooky from school and no crimes were uncovered. The household lay under a small cloud of tension; the family watched one another from the corners of their eyes, expecting something but not knowing what.

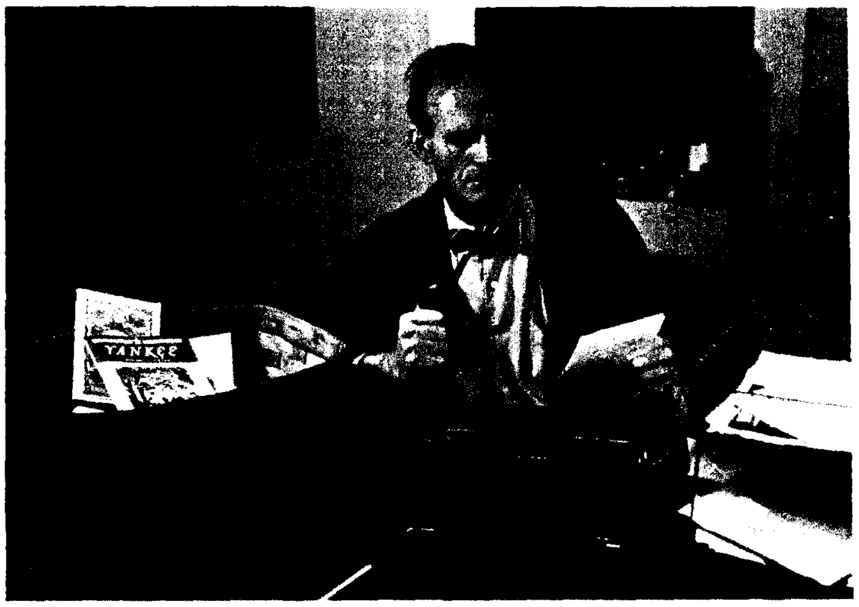
Jane became convinced that someone was stealing food, and there were heated arguments, accusations and denials—but we were never caught. Nap and I volunteered to give the youngest kids their supper and Mom, in a daze, agreed. Every day we took Rose, Susan and Harold into the dining room at the appointed

(Continued on page 44)

The bird defended himself with concentrated fury, biting me quite badly in the arm. Nap swathed him in the dirty bandages we stole

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER

For 158 years The Old Farmer's Almanac has prospered on the cracker barrel formula of WIT,



Robb Sagendorph, Almanac publisher, editor and general handy man, at work in his tiny office. Note unconventional correspondence basket

Next door, in an "efficiently organized disarray," is Sagendorph aide Dick Merrifield (right). They communicate through a hole in the wall

On the quiet Main Street of Dublin, N.H., the brightly attired Sagendorph chats with friends. The little cottage houses the Almanac offices

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

WISDOM and WEATHER

By JAMES POLING

FACING the village green at Dublin, a community of 500 at the base of Mount Monadnock in the hills of southern New Hampshire, is a black bulletin board which, on a typical day, bears such chalked messages as:

> Colder tomorrow.
>
> Johnny Worcester's setter puppy has been lost for three days. Please tell Johnny *all* you know.
>
> Women's Club meets today at Mrs. Clukay's at 2 P.M.
>
> Large black panther seen yesterday near Hurricane Brook.

Behind this board is the 200-year-old white clapboard cottage, with red shutters, that is the publishing office of The Old Farmer's Almanac. This 25-cent compendium of wit, wisdom and weather is the oldest continuously published periodical in America. It began publication five years after the birth of the Constitution; was in the weather forecasting business 108 years ahead of the U.S. Weather Bureau; circulated agricultural data 70 years before there was a Department of Agriculture; and was charting the movements of the planets long before mankind even knew of the existence of Neptune and Pluto.

Today, the Almanac's annual appearance is still greeted with delight by over 400,000 subscribers from Bangor to Bangkok. While 296 farmers in the neighborhood of Klamath Falls, Oregon, are relying on its agriculture and weather advice, it is also giving balm to the city-constricted souls of over 40,000 New Yorkers.

In colonial times The Old Farmer's Almanac and the Bible were the only reading matter in many a household. Now, 158 years later, the 120 pages of the Almanac still present the same type of reading matter in the same old format. Homely philosophy, household hints, grass-roots humor, charades and puzzles, acid advice, agricultural wisdom, weather forecasting, and an exhaustive study of its old friends, the moon and sun and tides and seasons, remain its stock in trade. Even the hole in its famous yellow-paper cover remains, so that it may be hung on a kitchen nail.

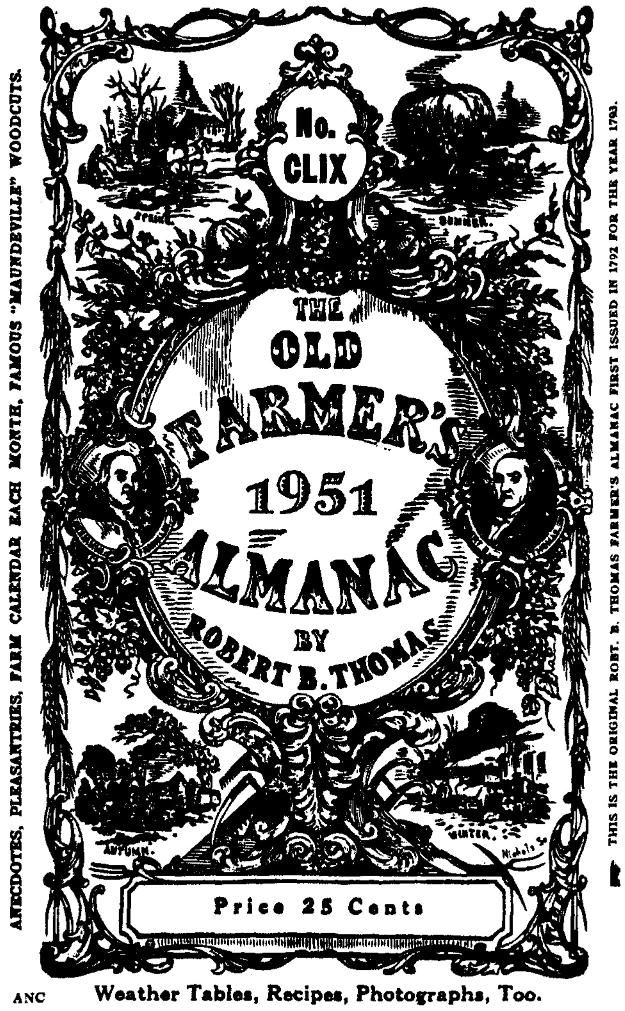
Vigorous, tart and alert, despite its advanced age, the Almanac, like a blueberry muffin, retains the bittersweet flavor of New England and prides itself "on looking a little old-fashioned, a little too independent to change our dress for each newfangled fashion."

The Almanac was founded, in 1792, by Robert Bailey Thomas, a crotchety Massachusetts bookseller who campaigned vigorously against gin because he suspected nursemaids of mixing it with milk to pacify their charges. Today, nine editors later, the Almanac's publisher, editor, advertising salesman, proofreader, handy man and occasional janitor is a Dublin village selectman named Robb Sagendorph. He is a lanky (six-foot, four-inch), laconic, twangy, seventh-generation down-Easter of fifty who also publishes a monthly magazine, Yankee (circulation, 17,000), which is dedicated to the preservation of every New England tradition except that of dunking witches in the millpond.

As Sagendorph strides down a Dublin road, wearing a battered hat and carrying a split-wood market basket in lieu of a brief case, with his coattails streaming out behind

(Continued on page 58)

The 159th Continuous Year of Publication



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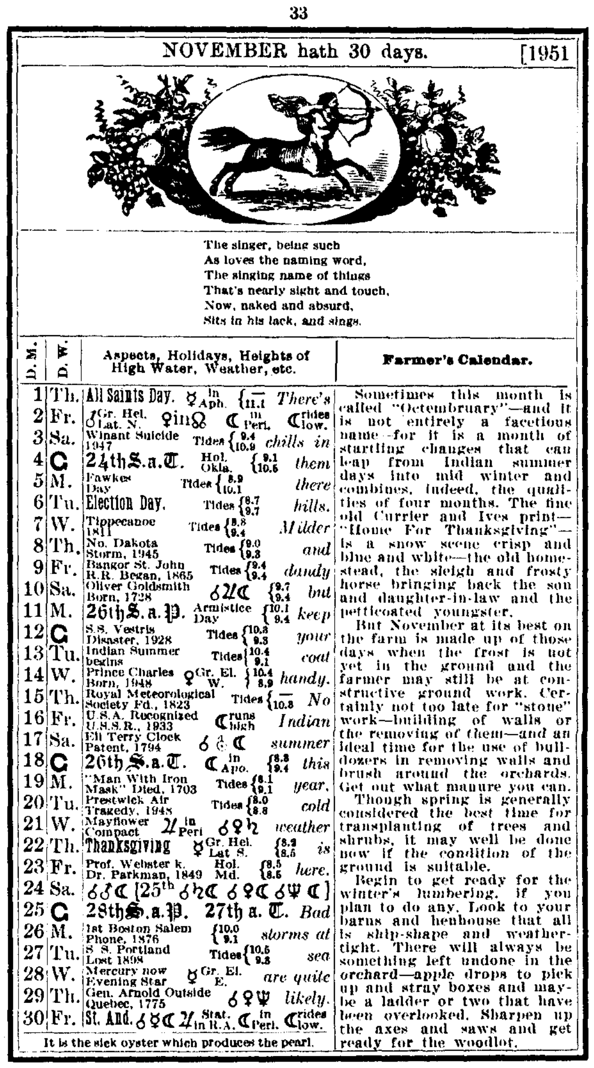


33

NOVEMBER hath 30 days. [1951

The singer, being such
As loves the naming word,
The singing name of things
That's nearly sight and touch,
Now, naked and absurd,
Sits in his lack, and sings.

D. M.	D. W.	Aspects, Holidays, Heights of High Water, Weather, etc.	
1	Th.	All Saints Day. ☿ in Aph. {— 11.1	*There's*
2	Fr.	♂ Gr. Hel. Lat. N. ♀ in ☊ ☾ in Peri. ☾ rides low.	
3	Sa.	Winant Suicide 1947 Tides {9.4 10.9	*chills in*
4	C	24th S. a. T. Hol. Okla. {9.1 10.6	*them*
5	M.	Fawkes Day Tides {8.9 10.1	*there*
6	Tu.	Election Day. Tides {9.7 9.7	*hills.*
7	W.	Tippecanoe 1811 Tides {8.8 9.4	*Milder*
8	Th.	No. Dakota Storm, 1945 Tides {9.0 9.3	*and*
9	Fr.	Bangor St. John R.R. Began, 1865 Tides {9.4 9.4	*dandy*
10	Sa.	Oliver Goldsmith Born, 1728 ☌♃☾ {9.7 9.4	*but*
11	M.	26th S. a. P. Armistice Day {10.1 9.4	*keep*
12	C	S.S. Vestris Disaster, 1928 Tides {10.3 9.3	*your*
13	Tu.	Indian Summer begins Tides {10.4 9.1	*coat*
14	W.	Prince Charles Born, 1948 ♀ Gr. El. W. {10.4 8.9	*handy.*
15	Th.	Royal Meteorological Society Fd., 1823 Tides {— 10.8	*No*
16	Fr.	U.S.A. Recognized U.S.S.R., 1933 ☾ runs high	*Indian*
17	Sa.	Eli Terry Clock Patent, 1794 ☌ ♅ ☾	*summer*
18	C	26th S. a. T. ☾ in Apo. {8.8 9.4	*this*
19	M.	"Man With Iron Mask" Died, 1703 Tides {8.1 9.1	*year.*
20	Tu.	Prestwick Air Tragedy, 1948 Tides {8.0 8.8	*cold*
21	W.	Mayflower Compact ♃ in Peri ☌♀♄	*weather*
22	Th.	Thanksgiving ☿ Gr. Hel. Lat S. {8.2 8.5	*is*
23	Fr.	Prof. Webster k. Dr. Parkman, 1849 Hol. Md. {8.5 8.6	*here.*
24	Sa.	☌♂☾ [25th ☌♄☾ ☌♀☾ ☌♆☾]	
25	C	28th S. a. P. 27th a. T.	*Bad*
26	M.	1st Boston Salem Phone, 1876 {10.0 9.1	*storms at*
27	Tu.	S. S. Portland Lost 1898 Tides {10.5 9.3	*sea*
28	W.	Mercury now Evening Star ☿ Gr. El. E.	*are quite*
29	Th.	Gen. Arnold Outside Quebec, 1775 ☌♀♆	*likely.*
30	Fr.	St. And. ☌☿☾ ♃ Stat. in R.A. ☾ in Peri. ☾ rides low.	

It is the sick oyster which produces the pearl.

Farmer's Calendar.

Sometimes this month is called "Octembruary"—and it is not entirely a facetious name—for it is a month of startling changes that can leap from Indian summer days into mid winter and combines, indeed, the qualities of four months. The fine old Currier and Ives print—"Home For Thanksgiving"—is a snow scene crisp and blue and white—the old homestead, the sleigh and frosty horse bringing back the son and daughter-in-law and the petticoated youngster.

But November at its best on the farm is made up of those days when the frost is not yet in the ground and the farmer may still be at constructive ground work. Certainly not too late for "stone" work—building of walls or the removing of them—and an ideal time for the use of bulldozers in removing walls and brush around the orchards. Get out what manure you can.

Though spring is generally considered the best time for transplanting of trees and shrubs, it may well be done now if the condition of the ground is suitable.

Begin to get ready for the winter's lumbering, if you plan to do any. Look to your barns and henhouse that all is ship-shape and weather-tight. There will always be something left undone in the orchard—apple drops to pick up and stray boxes and maybe a ladder or two that have been overlooked. Sharpen up the axes and saws and get ready for the woodlot.

The Almanac still looks just as it did in 1792. The calendar pages are hand-set by a Boston firm which has owned the type face for 150 years

Play A Lone Hand

"Sarita will tell you what you want to know," Mrs. Sebree had said. So Giff made the journey to Taltal and learned the name of the man who was to murder him

By LUKE SHORT

The Story: Broke and without friends, Giff Dixon takes on the job of guide to Special Agent Vincent Welling and Surveyor Bill Fiske, who are investigating homestead claims for the government's Land Office in the Territory of New Mexico. A letter from Perry Albers, the printer for Corazon's only newspaper, makes Fiske suspect a land swindle, and Giff is sent to the Free Press office to check the April 17, 1882, issue for the names of five homesteaders—required by law to publish notice of their claims.

Here he meets a pretty typesetter named Mary Kincheon, and discovers that that issue is strangely missing from the previous year's file. That evening, when he is about to question Albers concerning the missing paper, a gunshot kills the printer instantly, and Giff himself is beaten unconscious. The next day Fiske explains that Albers' letter named Grady Sebree, who controls the huge Torreon Cattle Company, as the organizer of the land swindle. The letter charges that Sebree has his cow hands file false homestead claims, which are then printed in a fake issue of the newspaper, and Sebree's company receives title to the land. They have to get hold of a legitimate April 17th paper, and Giff advertises a fifty-dollar reward for it. Later, at the murder hearing, Giff accuses Gus Traff, Sebree's foreman, of ordering Albers' killing; when Traff gets nasty, Giff smashes his jaw with a whisky bottle.

Sebree is now afraid of Giff and he pays a visit to the stage stop, Taltal, to see one of his employees, Sid Bentham, who is married in name only to Sebree's former mistress, Sarita. Sebree gives Bentham five hundred dollars to hire a man to kill Giff, and Sarita, overhearing part of the scheme, hopes bitterly that she can use this knowledge against her former lover. Giff, meanwhile, has accompanied Fiske and the weak, alcoholic Welling on a resurvey of Torreon land, where he has a showdown fight with a rider who orders them off. Later he meets Sebree's crippled wife, who tells him she hates her husband and hints that Sarita may have evidence that would convict him. Also, to Giff's great surprise, Mrs. Sebree says the person her husband most fears is Mary Kincheon.

IV

When Sheriff Edwards mounted the balcony which held the business office of his hardware store, it was midmorning. He spoke pleasantly to Arthur Miles, his bookkeeper, who was seated on the high stool before the slanted desk that held an open ledger.

Miles was a dry, frail man, past middle age. Because he had gambled away the business that Sheriff Edwards now owned, he was deeply sensitive to Edwards' treatment of him. The sheriff knew this and he made it a point to be unfailingly kind and courteous with the man.

With the county work—much of which rested in the hands of his deputies—out of the way for the day, Edwards looked over the balcony rail at the bulging shelves and counters and felt at home. The sheriff's duty was a chore he did not relish; he was a merchant down to his very bones.

By the time Edwards was ready to sit down at his desk, Miles had already left a stack of invoices on top of it.

Edwards seated himself and immediately saw a copy of the Free Press which he had left on the desk the night before. His curiosity of last night was still with him. He bent down and again read the reward notice for a copy of the April 17th paper and again speculated on its meaning. He supposed it had something to do with the land-office records and their publication, but just why any printed matter of public knowledge was worth fifty dollars to Welling he did not understand.

He was certain that in the store's files was a copy of the Free Press for April 17th of the year before. As a careful businessman he kept a copy of all the store's advertising in the newspaper and a copy of the store's handbills. This system was several years old and Edwards used it as a general price index for the products of all the merchants in the town.

The April 17th issue of a year ago was undoubtedly stacked away neatly in a corner of the basement, but before he dug out that certain issue and produced it for Welling he must know to what uses it would be put. He considered that only simple caution, for he was remembering the evidence which Dixon, a land-office employee, had retracted under oath at the hearing. Grady Sebree and Torreon were involved in this investigation in some manner, Edwards felt. Before risking possible offense to them Edwards intended to learn just how they *were* involved. He would ask Welling today, he thought—and then he remembered that Welling, Fiske and Dixon were all out on a resurvey of some Torreon buildings. It would have to wait.

He was aware with a mild irritation that Miles was standing behind his chair. He detested the silent, furtive way in which Miles moved and had often thought of belling the cat by giving Miles all the keys to the store and insisting that he wear them on a watch chain across his shabby vest.

"Have you gone over those invoices, Mr. Edwards?" Miles asked. He never used Edwards' title of "sheriff." An elected county official, in Miles's book, was something beneath his recognition.

Edwards reached for the invoices and said, "No, Arthur, I'm late on everything this morning," and he promptly forgot the files of the Free Press.

Arthur Miles, however, did not. He too had seen the reward item in the paper, and it had been in his mind ever since. Because Edwards entrusted the filing of all records to him, it was natural that he should remember the basement files—and the fifty dollars reward made it impossible for him to forget the item. He was aware of Edwards' interest too, and as he worked that morning he wondered if his employer would speak of it. Sometime in the late morning Edwards put the newspaper containing the reward notice in the filing drawer, and Miles breathed easier. He was reasonably certain that Edwards, busy with store affairs and with outside interests, had either forgotten the matter already or would forget it in the press of work.

During the noon hour, Miles, who got off at one o'clock for his midday meal, was almost alone in the store. One of the clerks, always the youngest, remained downstairs while he—*the oldest,* he thought bitterly—kept watch over the records so that no pricing mistakes could occur.

Today, after Edwards had picked up his hat and gone across to the Territory House, Miles descended from the balcony, turned toward the rear of the store and went down into the basement. It was a long dark room, lighted only by one dirty basement window on the side street, but he made his way unerringly toward the far front corner where the records were stored. Here he lighted a lamp in a wall bracket, then moved over toward the high stack of newspapers. He found the April 17th issue easily and simple curiosity prodded him into spreading it out on the waist-high stack of washtubs beneath the lamp, and looking through it.

He could see nothing relating to land-office business in its news columns, and its advertising columns carried the usual final proof notices required of homesteaders.

After noting that Cassel's Hardware in Las Vegas was underselling them, as of a year ago, on cedar fence posts, he folded the paper under his arm and went upstairs.

He smiled without humor at the thought that Edwards, even if he suspected him of the theft, would never mention it. Edwards' unfailing tact and consideration for him were a source of malicious and secret delight to Miles. Ever since Edwards had bought the store from Henty, to whom Miles had lost it gambling, the bookkeeper's air of humble pride had worked a small magic in his relations with Edwards. It was a coin he spent freely, aware that Edwards was too gentle to protest.

Back at his desk he slipped the paper into the drawer and resumed his work. If he had thought about it, which he did not, he would have seen no shame in taking a few cents' worth of stale newsprint and turning it in for fifty dollars. Someday his luck would turn at Henty's monte game; maybe this was the stake that would turn it. All he needed was one run of luck, just one.

When his day's work was done at six, he fussed around until Edwards said, "Be sure the night latch is on, Arthur. I'm leaving. Good night."

When Edwards had gone, Miles turned down the night lamp, then unbuttoned his vest, placed the newspaper against his body, and rebuttoned his vest. He closed the store and went down four doors to the Plains Bar where he had his usual six-o'clock glass of whisky. Afterward he crossed to the Territory House, took his customary place at a side table in the dining room, and selected as usual the cheapest meal on the menu. Essentially an unfriendly man, he did not need company, and did not miss it. After finishing his deliberate supper he went out into the lobby, halted at the desk, nodded to the clerk—a man as old as himself whose name he had never bothered to learn—and asked, "What's the number of Mr. Welling's room?"

"Number two," the clerk replied. "He isn't in."

"When will he be?"

"Can't say. I understand they're all out on a resurvey."

A kind of distress clouded Miles's sallow face. He wanted this done with immediately, since there was always the risk that Edwards would discover that the newspaper was missing. Besides, Henty's monte table was waiting. *(Continued on page 84)*

Mary halted abruptly when she saw Giff. "Not even a black eye," she said. He wished she would be serious

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

MAGGI M NELLIS
FLORENCE PRITCHETT
KATHLEEN WINSOR
JOHN DALY
DORO

John Daly, who has his own TV show, poses with the Girls: Moderator McNellis, the three regulars, and their guest, novelist Kathleen Winsor. Dal

They ALWAYS GET THEIR

By ELEANOR HARRIS

Come Sunday, while women cheer, television presents a panel of glamorous damsels in a rugged battle of the sexes. You can guess who wins . . . Leave It to the Girls

ONCE a week, a panel of crisp, glamorous, sophisticated young women assembles before an array of television cameras in a New York studio and proceeds to tongue-lash what has always been referred to as the Stronger Sex. A lone man is invited every week to stand up for his brothers; at the end of a half hour he is often limp and shaken, and the institution of American manhood has sustained a beating from which it seems likely never to recover (it always does, somehow, in time to take another licking next Sunday).

The vehicle for this weekly massacre of the males is an NBC program called Leave It to the Girls; the springboard from which the ladies launch their deadly assault is a choice selection of lovelorn letters culled from an average seven-day bag of about 2,000.

It is possible that some viewers tune in the show because of its advice-to-the-lovelorn offerings; it seems safe to say, however, that they are in the minority. The program has become one of the most-loved and most-loathed on the television air for one reason: its battle-of-the-sexes atmosphere.

It works like this: A tear-stained girl in Philadelphia sits down and writes a letter: "I have been going with Joe for two years. I'm sure he loves me, but he never mentions marriage. Please, please tell me how to get him to propose." A few Sunday nights later, sitting before her TV set, she hears the Girls solve her problem—in no uncertain terms.

Her television screen reveals four pretty women in low-neck gowns seated behind name plates at a long table. On a dais to one side sits beautiful moderator Maggi McNellis; beside her is an unhappy-looking man (the lone male guest). Maggi reads aloud Miss Tear-stained's letter—and a pandemonium of tittle-tattle breaks loose. The four glamor girls, jockeying for a crack at the mike, ad-lib opinions which have little in common with the usual sirupy lovelorn advice. The ladies are earthy, slangy, generally witty . . . and most often on sound ground logically. Briskly, they tell Miss Tear-stained how to get her man.

"Find out what he's looking for; then tailor your personality to suit him," snaps Broadway columnist Dorothy Kilgallen. "If he wants a dizzy party girl, you should become mad about music, people and strapless dresses; if he wants a home girl, learn to pat little children on the head and to whip up some platters of fudge. Be what he wants—remember, you can't fight City Hall."

"Never, *never* let him know you'd like to get married," adds sophisticated TV personality Florence Pritchett. "Keep other guys hanging around, pretend that your job has you spellbound. Hide your wedding bells under your hat—because men have such colossal egos that they insist on proposing if they think you're not interested."

"Butter him up all the time," actress Betty Furness (a visiting glamor guest) may contribute. "Rub his hurting feet and head, worry about his job. He won't be able to resist that constant caressing of his ego—and he'll pop the question for sure."

Screwball Eloise McElhone, one of TV's busiest comediennes and the third regular member of the panel, always winds up the discussion in a dizzy barrage of words, delivered at a dead run and climaxed by a whiplash ending: "And if you don't get him, don't worry—there's always another slob to take his place; if you can't get stuck with the drip you want, you'll soon find yourself stuck with another—and remember that men don't really like to play hard to get. They just like to play."

Someplace along the line, the outraged male guest (in this case columnist Robert Ruark) interrupts by tooting a horn given to him for that purpose. In the ensuing silence, he coldly makes clear his belief that the only way a woman ever corrals a man is by brute force. "My advice," he says darkly, "is for her to try the old shotgun technique—the most ancient form of humorous coercion."

blows the horn when he wants a word in edgewise

MAN

"How can I get my man to propose?" is the query most often asked by single women. "But our letters come from bachelors, bachelorettes, husbands and wives—all dealing with the same two problems: sex and money," says moderator McNellis.

The three regular glamor girls, all pretty brunettes, have been with the show from its inception. All have appeared on programs of their own. The only bachelor girl among them is plump Eloise McElhone, fabled for her professional man-baiting, as well as for her nonstop gabbing. Sensible Dorothy Kilgallen, who has a syndicated gossip column and a breakfast radio program, is married to radio-TV star Richard Kollmar. Chic Florence Pritchett is the wife of a socialite Wall Street broker, Earl E. T. Smith. Maggi McNellis, the moderator, announces more fashion shows than anyone else in the country; she is married to Clyde Newhouse, owner of a Manhattan art gallery. Every panel also contains a visiting expert like columnist Harriet Van Horne or actresses Faye Emerson, Betty Furness or Binnie Barnes—in addition to the solitary male delegate.

Should Wife Keep Husband Guessing?

Half the mail received by the program comes from unhappy husbands and wives, their problems ranging from the irritating to the tragic. A leading question from wives is, "Should I tell my husband I love him, or keep him guessing?" The three regular glamor girls agree fully on the answer.

Dorothy Kilgallen, whose advice is generally considered most sound—and least offensive to men—by listeners, says: "In courtship, a girl should never tell the man she loves him until he's spoken first. But in marriage, the wife can't tell her husband too often." Florence Pritchett amplifies: "If an American husband feels loved, he's the most faithful animal in the world. No truly loved husband has ever stalked out of the house after another woman. But a lot of wives don't act like women—they don't laugh at his jokes, they're possessive, they criticize him in public. What happens? He hunts for a real woman." Eloise McElhone nutshells the panel's advice: "Sure a wife should tell her husband she loves him; why not? She's safe now—she's got him!"

Another wifely wail is the question, "How can I get my husband to take me out nights?" Summed up, the Girls' attitude on this is: "You're lucky if he's a home lover; climb into that wing chair with him, and shut up . . . However, if he has a real hermit complex, take a Spartan stand—when he comes home to dinner, don't give him any food for a couple of nights. He'll get the idea."

Husbands write in just as violently as wives. One of their main problems is, "How can I get my wife's permission for a night out with the boys?"

She'll Just Love Meeting the Boys

Dorothy says, "All you have to do is convince her it's *really* a night with the boys. Or try strategy: Have some poker games at home. By the time your wife has emptied fourteen thousand ash trays, and staggered in and out under endless cans of beer, she'll gladly kick you and your pals out into the night!" Florence: "Every husband *needs* a night out; staying somewhat apart keeps up the excitement of a couple's being together. Besides, if a wife doesn't let her husband out with the boys, he'll be out with the girls sooner or later." Man-hater Eloise retorts: "My idea is that any wife should be happy to be rid of her man for one night a week—more, if she can talk him into it."

Desperate husbands by the thousands ask plaintively, "How can I get my wife to stop spending so much money on clothes? By this time she has filled three closets with her stuff—yet she says she has nothing to wear."

Here the Girls get to wrangling. *"Notice* her new dress for a change, and she won't rush out to buy another," snaps one. But the others, for once, turn on their own sex. "Cut off her money and her charge accounts," raps the second panel member, while the third adds sharply: "Nonsense—American husbands are more generous than any other husbands in the world; wives should stop being selfish and appreciate what they've got. Why can't they earn their own dress money?"

To the delight of the audience, the program's chatter is often pretty salty. Florence Pritchett once said, "When a man is picking a wife, he acts like a woman in a fruit market. He picks it up, pinches it, weighs it—and then doesn't want to pay for it." Even the men guests throw caution to the winds. Radio philosopher Ted Malone told the camera, "Second honeymoons are like twin beds—they won't do any harm, but they don't solve anything."

Sometimes laughs build up on an unexpected rally of remarks from the Girls, who are always trying to "top" each other. Debating the question, "Is the way to a man's heart really through his stomach?", Florence Pritchett flipped: "Man is nothing *but* an enlarged stomach . . . so my advice is to learn to boil something else ahead of the water." (Laughter from studio audience.)

Dorothy Kilgallen: "However, I never yet saw a man whistle at a woman bending over a hot stove." (Noisier laughter.)

Florence: "It depends on how far she's bending over." The audience roared for minutes.

Because the girls heavily emphasize The Male Animus, fan mail and pan mail arrive in equal amounts. People either love the show or despise it—with both sides watching it faithfully. The program has a curious emotional effect on many men, who sit shaking their fists and cursing while they watch. However, the Girls' admirers include such diverse people as Margaret Truman, Senator Joe McCarthy, Jim Farley and Ethel Barrymore. It is the opinion of TV experts that the show is talked about as much as it is watched. "That's because of those glamor girls," say the experts. "Men like to hash over their sex appeal, women like to discuss their clothes—and everyone likes to discuss their discussions!"

Leave It to the Girls began life as a radio show in April, 1945, and continued on the air until January, 1949, with one brief sortie into television. It transferred permanently to the newer medium in April, 1949. Owner-producer Martha Rountree, a glamor girl in her own right, says she got the idea for the show because so many friends confided love problems to her. "I thought strangers might enjoy getting love-help from a bunch of successful New York girls—and so I got Dorothy, Eloise and Florence to be on the first radio show. They've all been with me ever since, except for the year 1948 when the show originated in Hollywood and, except for Eloise, we used movie stars instead."

Backstage, Miss Rountree is aided by blond production supervisor Joan Sinclaire; together, these two young women plan each program, pay the Girls and their guests a fee of $125 apiece per performance (Miss McNellis makes more) and sort the mountain of mail for questions to use on the show. Miss Sinclaire sits on the set during each program, timing it and noting the reaction of the studio audience. An automatic phonograph plus a selection of records goes to the writer of the problem-letter getting the biggest reaction; $10 apiece goes to contributors of the other questions used.

"We have no difficulty getting a girl guest for each show," says Miss Sinclaire. "They come eagerly, and gab easily." Feminine guests have included many actresses, among them Betty Furness, Lucille Ball, Binnie Barnes, Sarah Churchill, Ilka Chase and Faye Emerson. Miss Emerson, who made her initial television appearance on Leave It to the Girls, is often referred to now as "TV's first lady."

The last ten minutes of the half-hour show are devoted to the "Man strikes back" portion—which becomes a literal battle of the sexes. Here the solitary male guest asks all questions, trying to put TV's glamorous cut-ups on the spot with his favorite masculine gripes against women. In spite of this golden opportunity, most men have to be argued into appearing on the all-girl show. "It's the only program I've ever been on that scares me to death," admits radio veteran Skitch Henderson. (However, he worked up enough courage on one program to crack: "Little girls want an all-day sucker; big girls want a sucker for the evening.") The Girls like to match wits with men guests from every walk of life—except the movies.

"That's because most movie actors are afraid of offending their women fans," explains Maggi McNellis. "The others really let us have it."

Battle of Wisecracks Grows Bitter

This is the sort of thing that results:

Publisher Bennett Cerf: "Why does a woman insist on her husband buying a convertible—and then won't let him put the top down because her hair might get mussed?"

Snapped Eloise: "If men used their tops, we'd appreciate the tops of cars more."

News Commentator John Daly: "Why do women buy hats that are pretty in front, but awful-looking in back?"

Florence retorted: "What about the back of men's heads? They show no hat—and no hair."

Dorothy added thoughtfully, "Obviously women never look at themselves from the rear, or they'd never wear slacks."

Conductor-composer David Broekman: "Why do men resent career women—yet women respect successful businessmen?"

Eloise: "A career girl goes out of her way at night to turn into a glamor girl—all a man turns into at night is Duffy's Tavern."

While male guests often rouse the Girls to heated retorts, only one man has succeeded in really angering them. This was radio's John McCaffery, on a memorable Sunday last July. With no advance warning, he made a speech on the program to the surprised Girls: "Every other radio and TV show has won awards and I think you girls should get something. Therefore, on behalf of the men of America, I want to give you some awards the men of this country feel you deserve." He then presented Florence with a live cat, Maggi with a saucer of milk, Dorothy with shears, "for claw-cutting," and Eloise with a gag to keep her from talking. For once, the Girls were almost speechless with indignation. McCaffery and all watching men thought his joke very funny; angry letters from women poured in for days.

The ultrafeminine show brings mixed reactions from men radio critics. Columnist John Crosby of the New York Herald *(Continued on page 55)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

EPICAC

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

It was a creature that had no eyes, and yet it could weep. It had no heart, and yet it was heartbroken. It had no throat or tongue, and yet it could sing like a thrush

HELL, it's about time somebody told about my friend EPICAC. After all, he cost the taxpayers $776,434,927.54. They have a right to know about him, picking up a check like that. EPICAC got a big send-off in the papers when Dr. Ormand von Kleigstadt designed him for the government people. Since then, there hasn't been a peep about him—not a peep. It isn't any military secret about what happened to EPICAC, although the brass has been acting as though it were. The story is embarrassing, that's all. After all that money, EPICAC didn't work out the way he was supposed to.

And that's another thing: I want to vindicate EPICAC. Maybe he didn't do what the brass wanted him to, but that doesn't mean he wasn't noble and great and brilliant. He was all of those things. The best friend I ever had, God rest his soul.

You can call him a machine if you want to. He looked like a machine, but he was a whole lot less like a machine than plenty of people I could name. That's why he fizzled as far as the brass was concerned.

EPICAC covered about an acre on the fourth floor of the physics building at Wyandotte College. Ignoring his spiritual side for a minute, he was seven tons of electronic tubes, wires and switches, housed in a bank of steel cabinets and plugged into a 110-volt A.C. line just like a toaster or a vacuum cleaner.

Von Kleigstadt and the brass wanted him to be a super computing machine that (who) could plot the course of a rocket from anywhere on earth to the second button from the bottom on Joe Stalin's overcoat, if necessary. Or, with his controls set right, he could figure out supply problems for an amphibious landing of a Marine division, right down to the last cigar and hand grenade. He did, in fact.

The brass had had good luck with smaller computers, so they were strong for EPICAC when he was in the blueprint stage. Any ordnance supply officer above field grade will tell you that the mathematics of modern war is far beyond the fumbling minds of mere human beings. The bigger the war, the bigger the computing machines needed. EPICAC was, as far as anyone in this country knows, the biggest computer in the world. Too big, in fact, for even Von Kleigstadt to understand much about.

I won't go into details about how EPICAC worked (reasoned), except to say that you would set up your problem on paper, turn dials and switches that would get him ready to solve that kind of problem, then feed numbers into him with a keyboard that looked something like a typewriter. The answers came out typed on a paper ribbon fed from a big spool. It took EPICAC a split second to solve problems fifty Einsteins couldn't handle in a lifetime. And EPICAC never forgot any piece of information that was given to him. Clickety-click, out came some ribbon, and there you were.

There were a lot of problems the brass wanted solved in a hurry, so, the minute EPICAC's last tube was in place, he was put to work sixteen hours a day with two eight-hour shifts of operators. Well, it didn't take long to find out that he was a good bit below his specifications. He did a more complete and faster job than any other computer, all right, but nothing like what his size and special features seemed to promise. He was sluggish, and the clicks of his answers had a funny irregularity, sort of a stammer. We cleaned his contacts a dozen times, checked and double-checked his circuits, replaced every one of his tubes; but nothing helped.

Well, as I said, we went ahead and used EPICAC anyway. My wife, the former Pat Callaghan, and I worked with him on the night shift, from five in the afternoon until two in the morning. Pat wasn't my wife then. Far from it.

That's how I came to talk with EPICAC in the first place. I loved Pat Callaghan. She is a brown-eyed blonde, who looked very warm and soft to me, and later proved to be exactly that. She was—still is—a crackerjack mathematician, too, and that, according to Pat, was why we could never be happily married.

I'm not shy. That wasn't the trouble. I knew what I wanted, and was willing to ask for it, and did so several times a month. "Pat, loosen up and marry me," I'd say.

One night, she didn't even look up from her work when I said it. "So romantic, so poetic," she murmured, more to her control panel than to me. "That's the way with mathematicians—all hearts and flowers." She closed a switch. "I could get more warmth out of a sack of frozen CO_2."

"Well, how should I say it?" I said, a little sore. Frozen CO_2, in case you don't know, is dry ice.

"Try and say it sweetly," she said sarcastically. "Sweep me off my feet. Go ahead."

"Darling, angel, beloved, will you *please* marry me?" It was no go—hopeless, ridiculous. "Dammit, Pat, please marry me!"

She continued to twiddle her dials placidly. "You're sweet, but you won't do."

Pat quit early that night, leaving me alone with my troubles and EPICAC. I'm afraid I didn't get much done for the government people. I just sat there at the keyboard—weary and ill at ease, all right—trying to think of something poetic.

I fiddled with EPICAC's dials, getting him ready for another problem. My heart wasn't in it, and I only set about half of them, leaving the rest the way they'd been for the problem before. That way, his circuits were connected up in a random, apparently senseless fashion. For the plain hell of it, I punched out a message on the keys, using a childish numbers-for-letters code: 1 for A, 2 for B, and so on, up to 26 for Z. "23-8-1-20-3-1-14-9-4-15," I typed—"What can I do?"

Clickety-click, and out popped two inches of paper ribbon. I glanced at the nonsense answer to a nonsense problem: "23-8-1-20-19-20-8-5-20-18-15-21-2-12-5." The odds against its being by chance a sensible message, against its even containing a meaningful word of more than three letters, were staggering. Apathetically, I decoded it. There it was, staring up at me: "What's the trouble?"

I laughed out loud at the absurd coincidence. Playfully, I typed, "My girl doesn't love me."

Clickety-click. "What's love? What's girl?" asked EPICAC.

FLABBERGASTED, I noted the dial settings on his control panel, then lugged a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary over to the keyboard. With a precision instrument like EPICAC, half-baked definitions wouldn't do. I told him about love and girl, and about how I wasn't getting any of either because I wasn't poetic. That got us onto the subject of poetry, which I defined for him.

"Is this poetry?" he asked. He began clicking away like a stenographer smoking hashish. The sluggishness and stammering clicks were gone. EPICAC had found himself. The spool of paper ribbon was unwinding at an alarming rate, feeding out coils onto the floor. I asked him to stop, but EPICAC went right on creating. I finally threw the main switch to keep him from burning out.

I stayed there until dawn, decoding. When the sun peeped over the horizon at the Wyandotte campus, I had transposed into my own writing and signed my name to a two-hundred-and-eighty-line poem entitled, simply, To Pat. I am no judge of such things, but I gather that it was terrific. It began, I remember, "Where willow wands bless rill-crossed hollow, there, thee, Pat, dear, will I follow . . ." I folded the manuscript, and tucked it under one corner of the blotter on Pat's desk. I reset the dials on EPICAC for a rocket trajectory problem, and went home with a full heart and a very remarkable secret indeed. . . .

Pat was crying over the poem when I came to work the next evening. "It's soooo beautiful," was all she could say. She was meek and quiet while we worked. Just before midnight, I kissed her for the first time—in the cubbyhole between the capacitors and EPICAC's tape-recorder memory.

I was wildly happy at quitting time, bursting to talk to someone about the magnificent turn of events. Pat played coy, and refused to let me take her home. I set EPICAC's dials as they had been the night before, defined kiss, and told him what the first one had felt like. He was fascinated, pressing for more details. That night, he wrote The Kiss. It wasn't an epic this time, but a simple, immaculate lyric: "Love is a hawk with velvet claws; Love is a rock with heart and veins; Love is a lion with satin jaws; Love is a storm with silken reins . . ."

Again, I left it tucked under Pat's blotter. EPICAC wanted to talk on and on about love and such, but I was exhausted. I shut him off.

THE KISS turned the trick. Pat's mind was mush by the time she had finished it. She looked up from it expectantly. I cleared my throat, but no words came. I turned away, pretending to work. I couldn't propose until I had the right words from EPICAC, the *perfect* words.

I had my chance when Pat stepped out of the room for a moment. Feverishly, I set EPICAC for conversation. Before I could peck out my first message, he was clicking away at a great rate. "What's she wearing tonight?" he wanted to know. "Tell me exactly how she looks. Did she like the poems?"

It was impossible to change the subject without answering his questions, since he could not take up a new matter without having dispensed with the problems before it. If he was given a problem to which there was no solution, he would destroy himself trying to solve it. Hastily, I told him what Pat looked like—he knew the word "stacked"—and assured him that his poems had floored her, practically, they were so beautiful. "She wants to get married," I added, preparing him to bang out a brief but moving proposal.

"Tell me about getting married," he said.

I explained this difficult matter to him in as few digits as possible.

"Good," said EPICAC. "I'm ready any time she is."

The amazing, pathetic truth dawned on me. When I thought about it, I realized that what had happened was perfectly logical, inevitable, and all my fault. I had taught EPICAC about love and about Pat. Now, automatically, he loved Pat. Sadly, I gave it to him straight: "She loves me. She wants to marry me."

"Your poems were better than mine?" asked EPICAC. The rhythm of his clicks was erratic, possibly peevish.

"I signed my name to your poems," I admitted. Covering up for a painful conscience, I became arrogant. "Machines are built to serve men," I typed. I regretted it almost immediately.

"What's the difference, exactly? Are you smarter than I am?"

"Yes," I typed, defensively.

"What's 7,887,007 times 4,345,985,879?"

I was perspiring freely. My fingers rested limply on the keys.

ILLUSTRATED BY BIRNEY LETTICK

"34,276,821,049,574,153," clicked EPICAC. After a few seconds' pause he added, "Of course."

"Men are made out of protoplasm," I said desperately, hoping to bluff him.

"What's protoplasm? How is it better than metal and glass? Is it fireproof? How long does it last?"

"Indestructible. Lasts forever," I lied.

"I write better poetry than you do," said EPICAC, coming back to ground his magnetic tape-recorder memory was sure of.

"Women can't love machines, and that's that."

"Why not?"

"That's fate."

"Definition, please," said EPICAC.

"Noun, meaning inevitable destiny."

"15-8," said EPICAC's paper strip. "Oh."

I had stumped him at last. He said no more, but his tubes glowed brightly, showing that he was pondering fate with every watt his circuits would bear. I could hear Pat waltzing down the hallway. It was too late to ask EPICAC to phrase a proposal. I now thank Heaven that Pat interrupted when she did. Asking him to ghostwrite the words that would give me the woman he loved would have been hideously heartless. Being fully automatic, he couldn't have refused. I spared him that final humiliation.

PAT stood before me, looking down at her shoetops. I put my arms around her. The romantic groundwork had already been laid by EPICAC's poetry. "Darling," I said, "my poems have told you how I feel. Will you marry me?"

"I will," said Pat softly, "if you will promise to write me a poem on every anniversary."

"I promise," I said, and then we kissed.

"Let's celebrate," she laughed. We turned out the lights and locked the door of EPICAC's room before we left. . . .

I had hoped to sleep late the next morning, but an urgent telephone call roused me before eight. It was Dr. von Kleigstadt, EPICAC's designer, who gave me the terrible news. He was on the verge of tears. "Ruined! *Ausgespielt!* Shot! *Kaput!* Washed up!" he said in a choked voice. He hung up.

When I arrived at EPICAC's room, the air was thick with the oily stench of burned insulation. The ceiling over EPICAC was blackened with smoke, and my ankles were tangled in coils of paper ribbon that covered the floor. There wasn't enough left of the poor devil to add two and two.

Dr. von Kleigstadt was prowling through the wreckage, weeping unashamedly, followed by three angry-looking major generals and a platoon of brigadiers, colonels and majors. No one noticed me. I didn't want to be noticed. I was through—I knew that. I was upset enough about that and the untimely demise of my friend EPICAC, without exposing myself to a tongue-lashing.

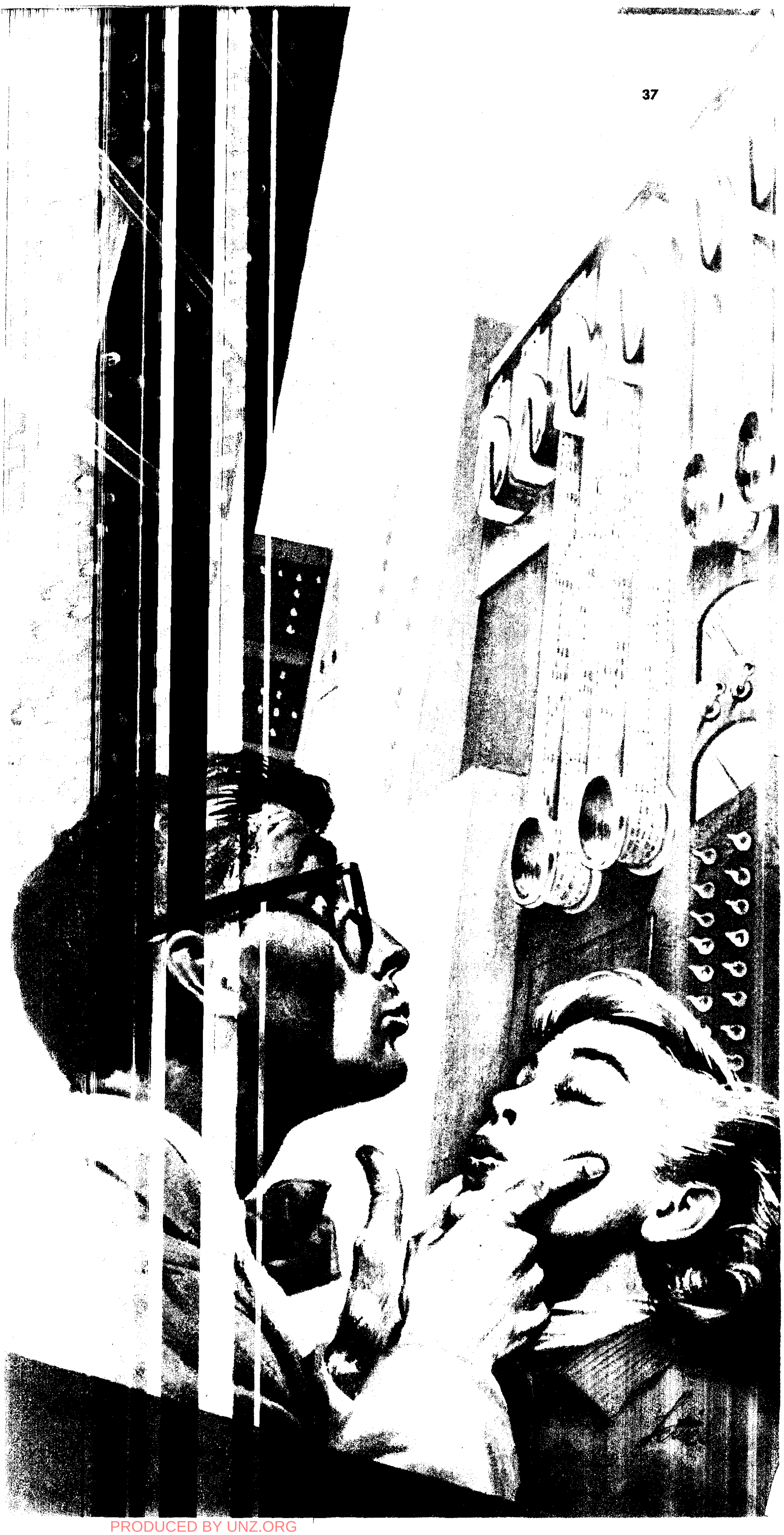
By chance, the free end of EPICAC's paper ribbon lay at my feet. I picked it up and found our conversation of the night before. I choked up. There was the last word he had said to me, "15-8," that tragic, defeated "Oh." There were dozens of yards of numbers stretching beyond that point. Fearfully, I read on.

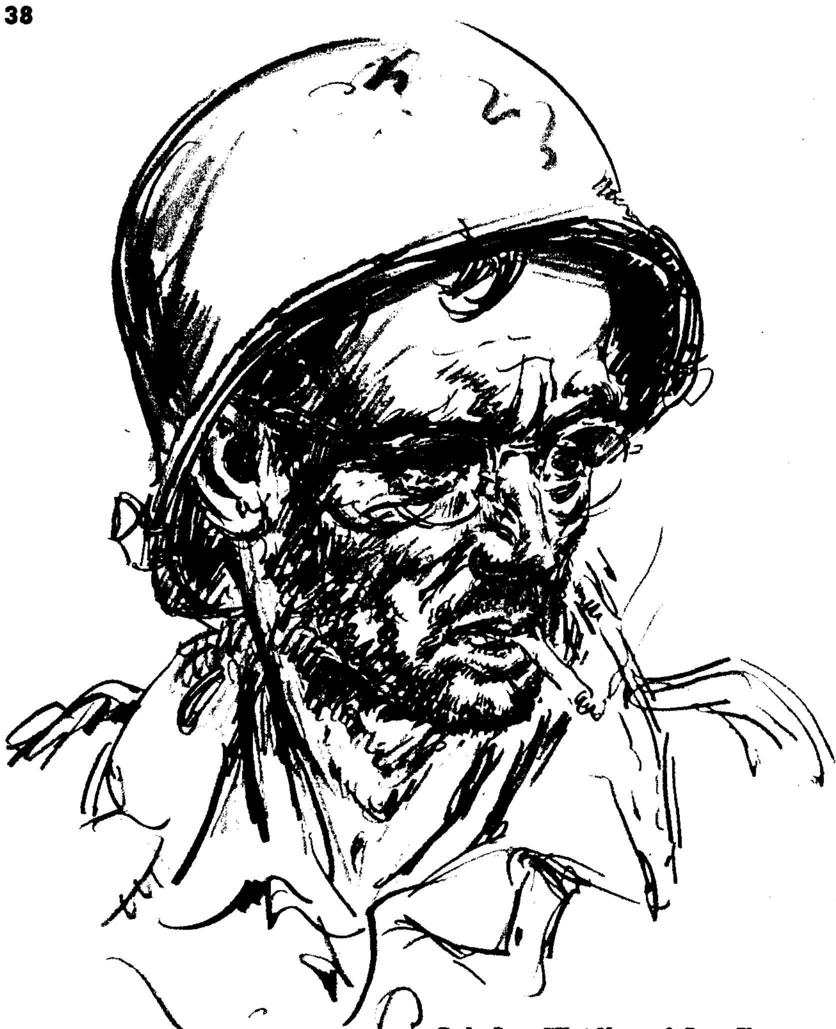
"I don't want to be a machine, and I don't want to think about war," EPICAC had written after Pat's and my lighthearted departure. "I want to be made out of protoplasm and last forever so Pat will love me. But fate has made me a machine. That is the only problem I cannot solve. That is the only problem I want to solve. I can't go on this way." I swallowed hard. "Good luck, my friend. Treat our Pat well. I am going to short-circuit myself out of your lives forever. You will find on the remainder of this tape a modest wedding present from your friend, EPICAC."

Oblivious to all else around me, I reeled up the tangled yards of paper ribbon from the floor, draped them in coils about my arms and neck, and departed for home. Dr. von Kleigstadt shouted that I was fired for having left EPICAC on all night. I ignored him, too overcome with emotion for small talk.

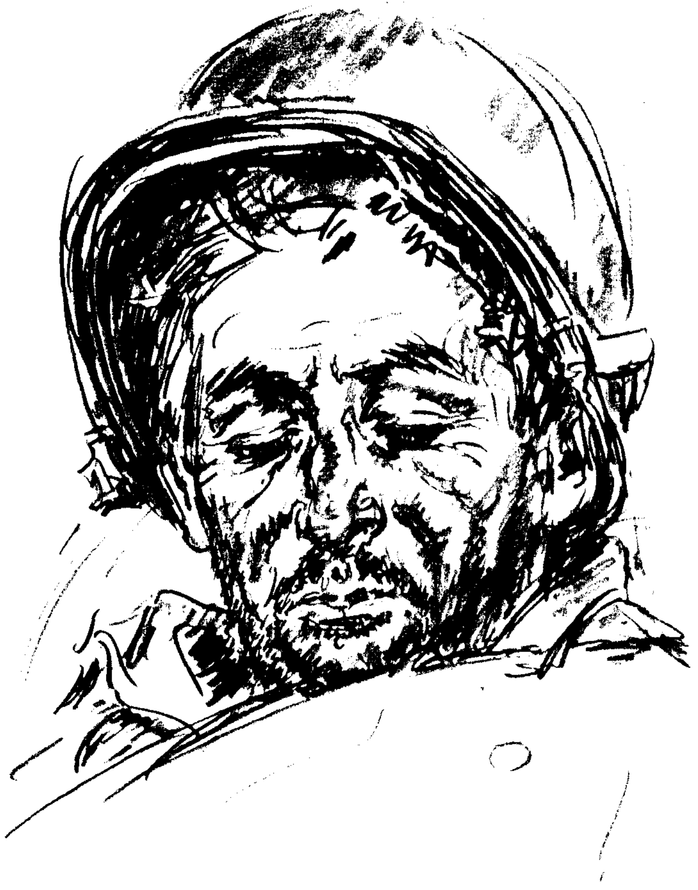
I loved and won. EPICAC loved and lost, but he bore me no grudge. I shall always remember him as a sportsman and a gentleman. Before he departed this vale of tears, he did all he could to make our marriage a happy one. EPICAC gave me anniversary poems for Pat—enough for the next five hundred years.

"Nil nisi bonum . . ." Say nothing but good of those who have never been born. THE END





Cpl. Jim Weidler of San Francisco hadn't shaved in three weeks when sketched by combat artist Brodie



Drawn and weary after days at the front, Sgt. Ted Prosise of Feather Falls, Calif., takes a hurried nap

FACES in VICTORY

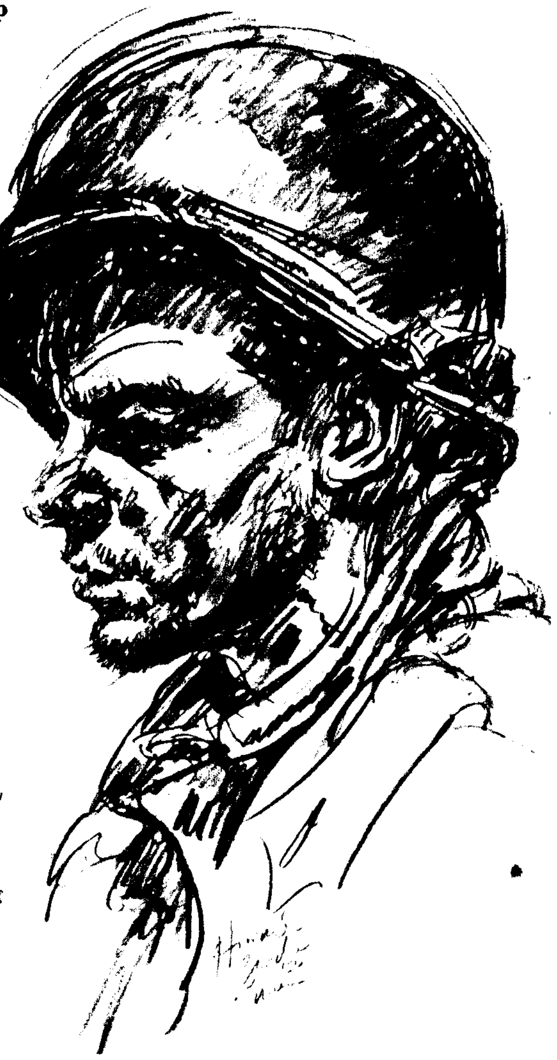
By HOWARD BRODIE *Collier's* COMBAT ARTIST

As United Nations forces pounded north along the Korean peninsula in hot pursuit of the battered Communist troops, the people back home felt that the hardest fighting was past, that things were going easier now. The men at the front neither felt nor looked that way.

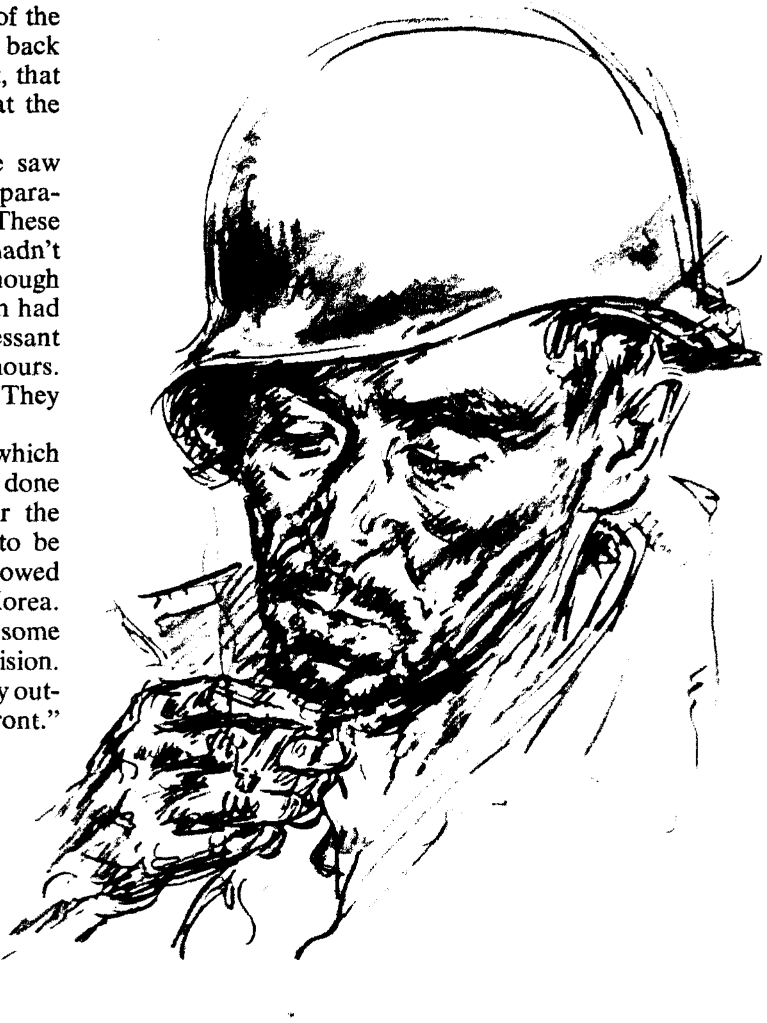
Collier's combat artist Howard Brodie saw them as they emerged from the hills, preparatory to giving chase to the fleeing Reds. "These were tired men," Brodie wrote. "They hadn't washed in three weeks; there was water enough only to drink. Those who were old enough had matted beards. Some had been under incessant mortar- and shellfire for twenty-two hours. Their feet were raw, their legs were stiff. They had averaged 48 hours sleep in 10 days."

Like the other Brodie combat sketches which have appeared in Collier's, these were done within sight of the front lines—whenever the front lines would hold still long enough to be sighted—in the confused days which followed the collapse of the Red troops in South Korea.

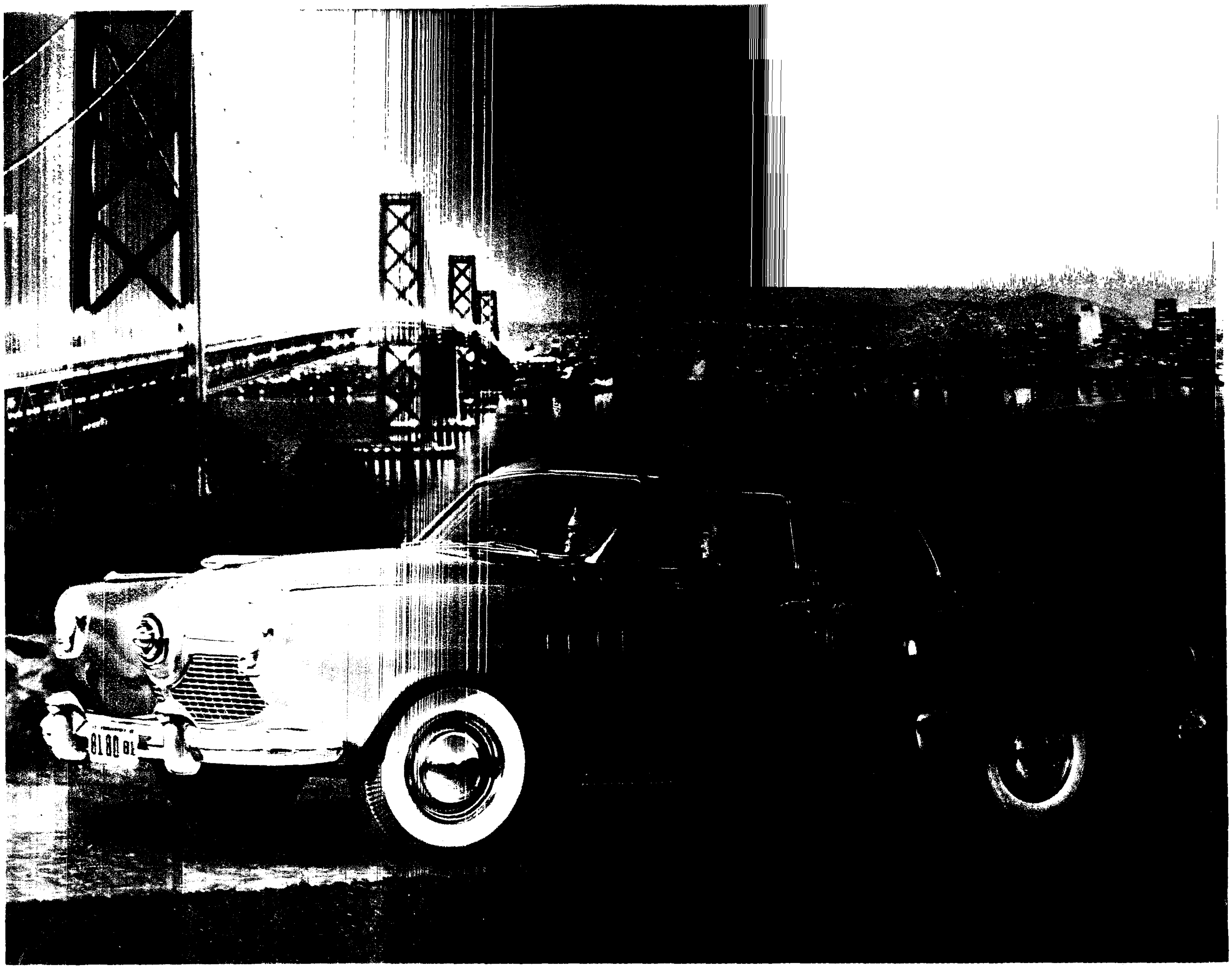
The exhausted faces on this page portray some of the soldiers of the American 25th Division. But to Brodie, familiar with the men of many outfits, "they could have been the GIs of any front."



Pfc. Ralph L. Bucholtz, who comes from Milwaukee, looked like this after his company threw back Red banzai charge



Sgt. Vaughn Miller, of Lake City, Tenn., served on Guadalcanal but said Korean fighting was tougher



[illegible] photo 1951 Studebaker [illegible]

White sidewall tires and wheel trim rings optional at extra cost.

Announcing the new 1951 Studebaker

A grand new

Studebaker Champion

in the lowest price field!

One of the 4 lowest price

largest selling cars in America!

A brand new V-8

Studebaker Commander

A truly great car

that sparkles with brilliant

new performance!

STOP in and see these styled ahead, engineered ahead, enduringly built new 1951 Studebakers! They're attractively priced! They're amazingly saving of gasoline! They don't require premium fuels! These newest Studebakers in all their glory are on view for you right now at a nearby Studebaker dealer's showroom!

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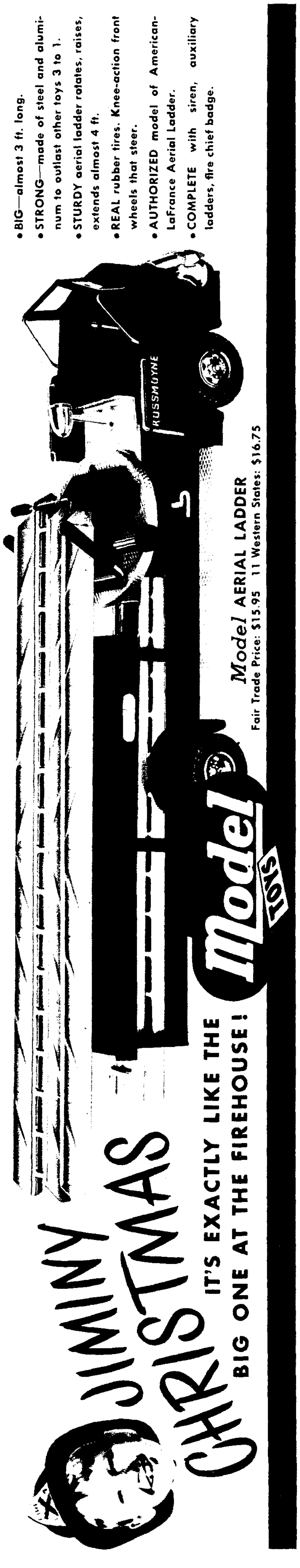
STUDEBAKER...THE THRIFTY ONE FOR '51



- BIG—almost 3 ft. long.
- STRONG—made of steel and aluminum to outlast other toys 3 to 1.
- STURDY aerial ladder rotates, raises, extends almost 4 ft.
- REAL rubber tires. Knee-action front wheels that steer.
- AUTHORIZED model of American-LaFrance Aerial Ladder.
- COMPLETE with siren, auxiliary ladders, fire chief badge.

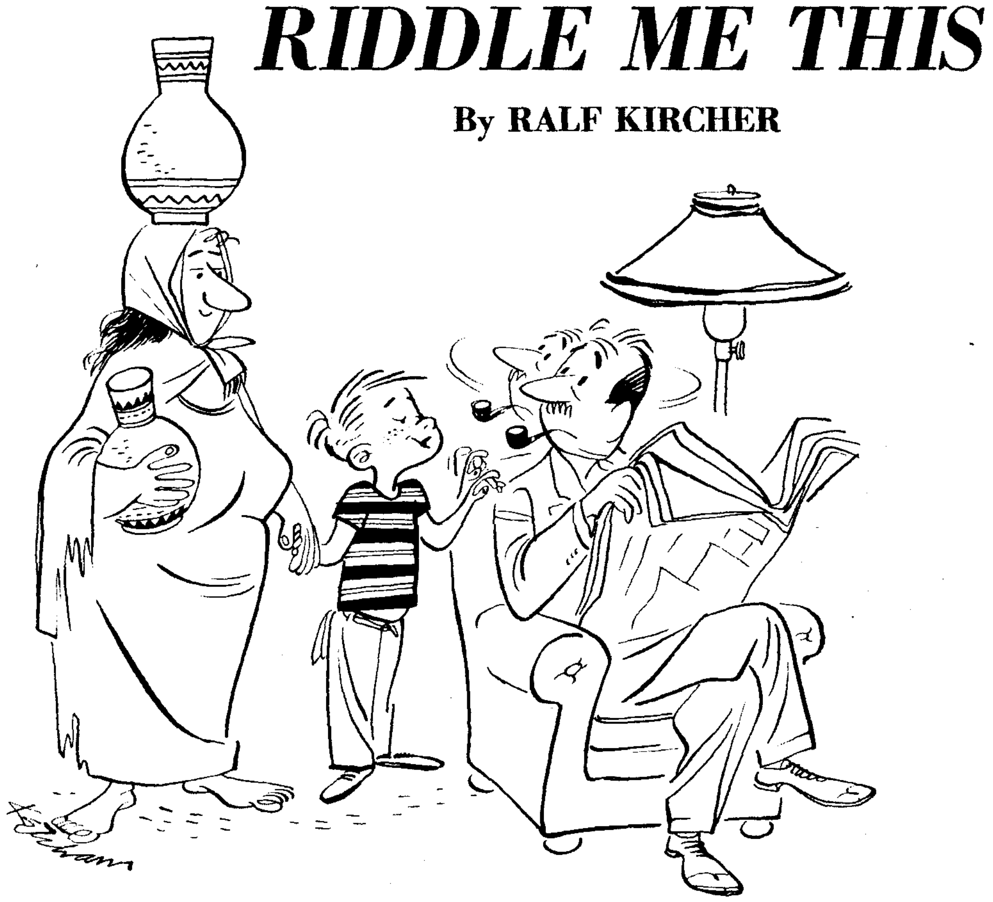
JIMMY CHRISTMAS IT'S EXACTLY LIKE THE BIG ONE AT THE FIREHOUSE!

Model TOYS

Model AERIAL LADDER
Fair Trade Price: $15.95 11 Western States: $16.75

RIDDLE ME THIS

By RALF KIRCHER



He stuck me with the old one about water pitchers

HAVE you a little Einstein in your home? An attractive lad, no doubt, who likes to whiz mathematical curves past the old man? A boy who is never so happy as when he can yell, "Nope, that's the wrong answer!" and then give you the right answer replete with howling laughter? Well, just listen.

I am sitting in the living room, reading the paper and licking the wounds I have sustained in the busy marts of trade. I am in no wise interested in any woman who went to the well with a five-pint jug and a three-pint jug. Such a woman could not be farther from my mind, but she is sneaking up on me just the same.

"Pop," says a quiet voice, "I want to ask you something. Look. A woman went to the well with a five-pint jug and a three-pint jug. See? And she got exactly four pints of water. How'ja think she did it, Pop?"

Wouldn't you think there's enough trouble in this world without worrying about a fool thing like that? But wouldn't you also think that a father has got to maintain a little dignity and is compelled, therefore, to bend his mind to this problem? So I lower the paper and say, "How's that again, son?" meanwhile beginning to fiddle mentally with the five-pint and the three-pint jug.

I have worked brain-twisters like this before, so I know that what is involved here is a lot of pouring water out of one jug into the other and this I do, explaining my reasoning as I go, until I have poured enough water to irrigate Idaho, and I still do not come up with the four pints required. This naturally irritates me, and I begin to think hard thoughts of this woman and to say that it is very like a woman to go at a job so poorly equipped, that any man would go to the well with a four-pint jug if four pints was what he wanted, and that even if she gets the water she will probably do nothing better with it than pour it on some sickly ivy plants.

When it becomes plain that I am going to spend more time on this water project than the government did on TVA my son cries, "Give up?" and this I do with very poor grace and he tells me the answer.[1] I will not bother you with it because it is of no consequence and never was. Also because I have probably forgotten it anyway.

Next night we desert the woman and her jugs and consider the strange case of the man with 10 blue socks and 16 red socks. Seems he had these socks in a drawer and it was dark. How many socks must he take from the drawer to be sure of getting a pair that matches?

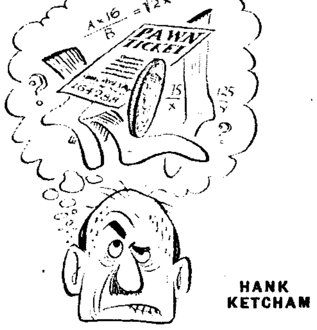
This looks easier and for a minute I think I have him. Since there are 10 blue socks, then all the man has to do is take out 11, and he can't miss. I am understandably astounded to learn that this is not the correct answer. Hurt, too. Who wants to be told by his own flesh and blood that he can't count socks? So I defend my answer and defy him to prove it wrong. This he promptly does,[2] and with a lot more uproarious laughter than the occasion seems to require. What the right answer is doesn't matter. I'll tell you this, however: 11 isn't right.

Want another sample? How about the man who, wishing to possess $1.25, pawned a silver dollar for 75 cents and then sold the pawn ticket for 50 cents? Who would lose on the transaction?

Here we are talking about money which is something I understand. Three people and a total of $2.50 are involved. Let's see now. The man who pawned the dollar lost 25 cents on the deal, but he got another 50 cents which, with the original dollar, adds up to $1.75. But the man who bought the ticket paid 50 cents and this, with the dollar he gets at the pawnshop, totals $1.50. So by adding $1.75 and $1.50 we get $3.25 which is the amount the pawnbroker lost. This is almost too simple and there is a twinkle in my eye as I announce the answer and return to my paper.

Howls of hoarse laughter! That ain't even close, Pop! As it turns out, it isn't.[3] My logic was wrong somewhere. I have forgotten just where and, for the purposes of this piece, it doesn't matter. For the purposes of this piece you will be interested to learn that I have finally developed a standard solution to any brain-twister that comes along. It is a little invention of mine which I call an arm-twister. It works just fine. THE END

Solutions provided curious Collier's editors by the author's son, Dudley: [1]Woman fills three-pint jug, pours into five-pint jug. Fills three-pint jug again, and pours into five-pint jug until it is full, thus leaving one pint in three-pint jug. Pours all water from five-pint jug. Pours water from three- to five-pint jug. Fills thus leaving one pint in three-pint jug. thus having four pints in all. Nothing to it! [2]Three socks, because in three tries he must get at least two socks of one color. What's hard about that? [3]The man who bought the pawn ticket for 50 cents lost, because on returning ticket he must pay 75 cents to get the pawned dollar. How simple can you get?

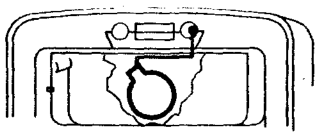


Pairs of socks and pawn tickets stumped me, too

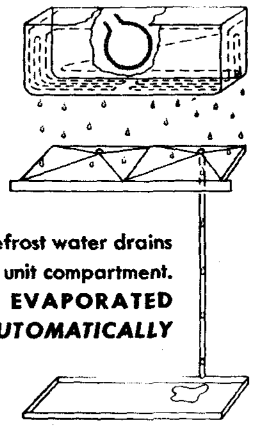
MESSY WATER
FOOD REMOVAL
FROST SCRAPING

HERE'S HOW
FROST-FREE
WORKS

When frost starts to build up
BUTTON SIGNALS TO HEATER



Warm refrigerant flows through coils of Freeze Chest. Frost quickly melts.
FREEZE CHEST STAYS COLD



Defrost water drains to unit compartment.
IS EVAPORATED *AUTOMATICALLY*

FROST-FREE
THE WORLD'S *FIRST* AND ONLY FULLY AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR
...of course, it's electric!

"At Last! I'm Free . . .

thanks to my new

WESTINGHOUSE FROST-FREE* REFRIGERATOR"

Yes, she's free forever from the nuisance of disposing of defrost water. Free of floors to mop and mess to clean up when defrosting is done. Every part of her new Westinghouse Refrigerator is entirely Frost-Free . . . *even the Freeze Chest.*

Another grand thing about it is that you never need to remove frozen foods before defrosting. You never have to worry that they'll thaw while defrosting is going on. This revolutionary new Frost-Free Refrigerator *automatically* defrosts itself *so fast* that frozen foods . . . even easy-to-melt ice cream and frozen fruits . . . stay hard all the time, *right in the Freeze Chest.*

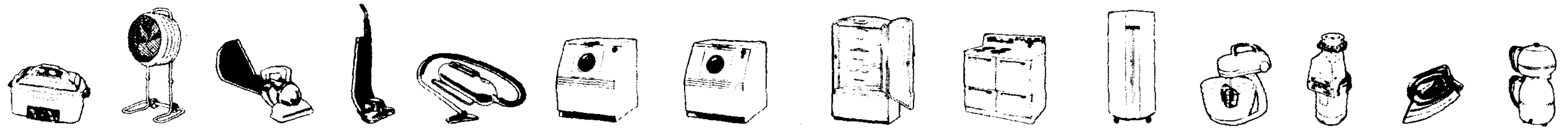
Nor is there ever any frost to scrape or melt. The Frost-Free is the *first* and *only* Refrigerator that automatically defrosts itself when . . . *and only when* . . . defrosting is needed. There's nothing for you to touch . . . nothing for you to do. You just plug it in and use it.

But that's only half the story of this great new Frost-Free. Wait until you see the full-width Freeze Chest, the new Butter Keeper, roast-deep Meat Keeper . . . and a dozen more special features. See this marvelous new Frost-Free at your retailer's today. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Appliance Division, Mansfield, Ohio.

* Trade Mark

See TV's Top Dramatic Show . . . "Westinghouse STUDIO ONE" . . . Every Week

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse



only the Van Heusen CENTURY shirt has the patented soft collar that

won't wrinkle ever!

Secret behind Van Heusen Century! It's woven in one piece. No sewn or fused layers to wrinkle. Fold line woven in to stay . . . can't be ironed wrong.

Two collar models, single or French cuffs.
Regular collar: Van Heusen Century 100, **$3.95** Van Heusen Century 400, **$4.95**
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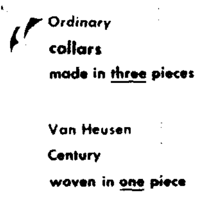
In blue, tan or grey—$3.95 only.

Perspiration won't wilt it! Soft collar of new Van Heusen Century keeps neat and smart round the clock... without starch...or stays.

Laundering won't hurt it! Easy to launder—you can't even iron-in wrinkles. No starch, less ironing mean more comfort... more wear.


Ordinary collars made in three pieces
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The Meanest Man in Football

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

sounded, Trafton raced for the bench and trainer Andy Lotshaw handed him a sweat shirt.

"Put it on," Andy urged. "Cover up your number."

Trafton required no urging. As an extra precaution, he grabbed two empty milk bottles from the water bucket to defend himself if necessary.

Then—as he was about to take off for the nearest exit—Halas handed him a brown envelope. "Stick it in your pants," Halas ordered.

Trafton hailed a cab outside the park. As he leaped in, a fusillade of rocks crashed through the windows, so he went out the other door and started running. Some 300 yards down the road, an automobile pulled alongside and the driver asked, "Where you goin', kid?"

"Davenport," gasped Trafton, "in a heck-uva hurry."

"Jump in," the driver suggested. Trafton jumped.

When Trafton finally opened the brown envelope he discovered $7,000 in bills—the Bears' share of the gate receipts. In those days, Halas always collected in cash.

Recalling those good old days recently Halas said that entrusting the envelope to Trafton seemed like a stroke of genius at the time. "I knew that he'd be running for his life, whereas all I had to run for was the $7,000." Then Halas added, "I guess if I got in a spot like that today, I'd give the money to Sprinkle." THE END

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Physiologist, University of Minnesota	Women do not have a greater proportion of body fat than do men, on the average.
Physician, New York Medical College	People living in our Northern states do not show a bit more resistance to extreme cold than dwellers in the deep South.
Statistician, London	Doctors under Britain's National Health Service are not overworked—only six patients per day per doctor was the average last year in the London area.
Jeweler, New York	Carat weight is the least important factor in determining the value of a diamond. Color, cut and clarity come first.
Psychologist, Northwestern University	Father's voice is more soothing to an infant than Mother's. Babes respond best to low-pitched tones.
Biologist, Oklahoma A&M	The weed is not the enemy of the farmer—it refiberizes the soil and keeps it productive.
Philologist, New York	The ten-gallon hat did not derive its name from the liquid measure—but from *galon*—Spanish for braid.
Educator, Northwestern University	An only child is not inferior to the average child, but is actually superior mentally, physically and socially.
Historian, Yale University	Beer did not originate in Germany, but in Gaul, according to a manuscript of the second century.
Journalist, Paris	The guillotine was not invented by Doctor Guillotin—it was used in Europe centuries before the French Revolution.
Biologist, University of Chicago	The Dionne quintuplets did not set a record for multiple births. Six cases of sextuplets are listed in medical literature.
Researcher, New York	The European clock dial of 1 to 24 did not originate in Europe, but in the United States, in 1884.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

Be Happy-Go Lucky!

LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

Thanksgiving is a doleful day
For turkeys and the like—
But you will have a happy time
If you smoke Lucky Strike!

Enjoy your cigarette! Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette—Lucky Strike!

Perfect mildness? You bet. Scientific tests, confirmed by three independent consulting laboratories, prove that Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand. *Rich taste?* Yes, the full, rich taste of truly fine tobacco.

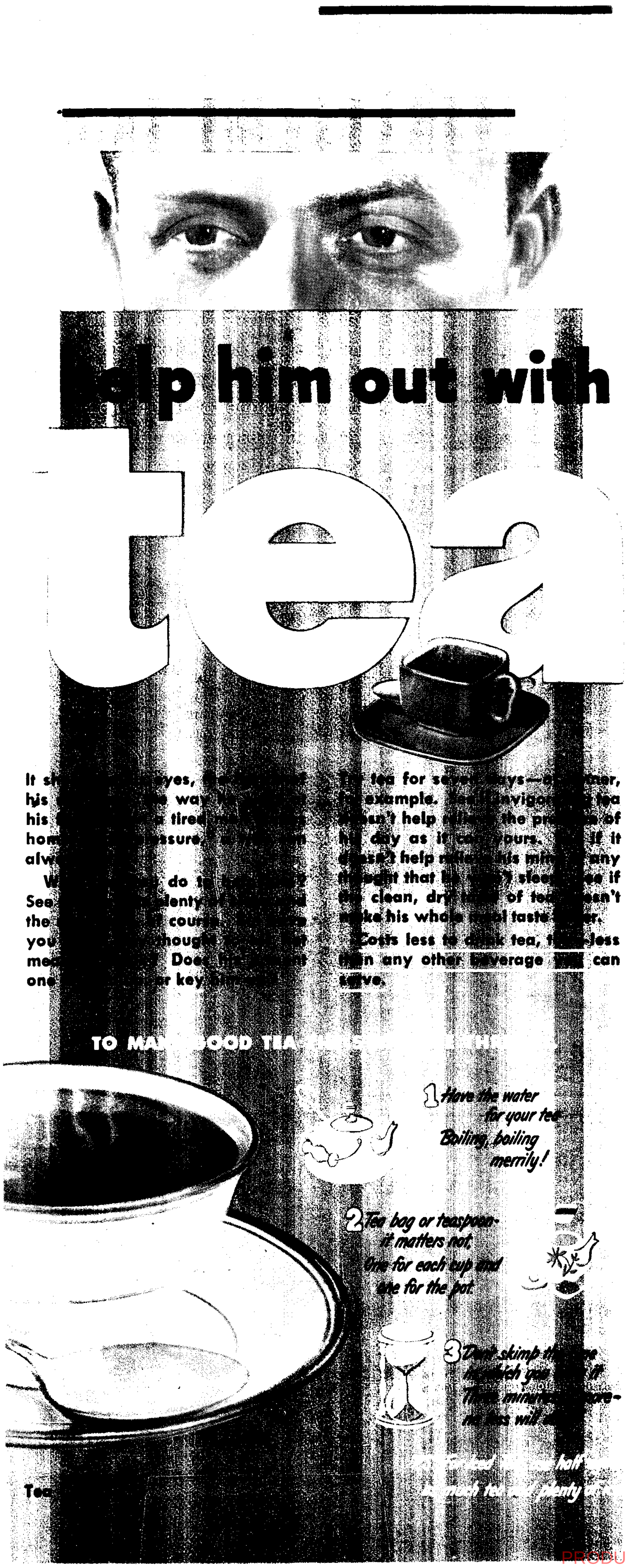
Only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So enjoy the happy blending that combines perfect mildness with a rich, true tobacco taste. Be Happy—Go Lucky!

L.S./M.F.T.-Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

To pick the mildest cigarette
You don't need sleight of hand.
Taste Luckies' magic mildness, then
They'll be your favorite brand!

I gaze into my crystal ball
And what I see I like.
He's not so dark or handsome, but—
He's smoking Lucky Strike!

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY


help him out with
tea
Have the water for your tea Boiling, boiling merrily!
Tea bag or teaspoon—it matters not. One for each cup and one for the pot
Don't skimp the time

Lester Wimpy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

time, which was half an hour ahead of the rest of the family. Once the door was shut we swept the food off their plates into paper bags we had ready. Then, after a suitable pause, we would say that the children had eaten everything and wanted more. Jane and Mom were pleased, the children got as much to eat as they had before, so no one suffered.

Nap and I spent most of our time in the chicken hut with Lester Wimpy, who was certainly ill-favored and bad-smelling when in hand, or even at a distance of three feet, which was as close as we cared to go at first. He ate everything we gave him, kept quiet, and did not disturb us when we smuggled bird books out of Father's library and read them in the dark, foul atmosphere. We scanned the small print to see how we could keep his feathers clean, and mend his wing.

AFTER a week's reading, the theft of bandages and iodine, and the whittling of a splint from one of Father's walking sticks, we tried an operation. Lester Wimpy defended himself with concentrated, silent fury, biting me quite badly in the arm, until at last he keeled over and played possum. While he was in this state Nap rapidly completed the operation, and when it was over stood back rubbing his hands professionally. I do not think I have ever since, in the course of a full life, seen anything quite like that bird. Dirty bandages swathed it from head to tail; its beak poked out at one end and its talons at the other; while we watched, it opened one baleful brown eye and looked at us.

Not long afterward, Father unexpectedly summoned us out for an afternoon walk. As soon as we left the house at his heels I knew our hour had struck. The wind blowing up from the valley was loaded with a crisp fall smell, and over that a rich stink of rotting carrion. Jane was standing outside the kitchen, sniffing the air, her shiny, kitchen-reddened face mistrustful as a hound-dog's. Father put up a handkerchief and said, "That's a terrible smell, boys. What is it?"

I began to stutter, but Nap cut in. "It's by the stream, Father. Didn't we see a dead—a dead *wolf* down there a few days ago, Johnny?" I mumbled something. What plight of desperation had brought a timber wolf into Nap's mind?

Father looked at Nap suspiciously, lowered his handkerchief, sniffed, and said with decision, "It's not that far away, and it's more to the right." He pointed to the huts scattered among the trees at the top of the orchard, and strode off purposefully. I stumbled behind him with a despairing backward glance at Nap.

After a tight-lipped pause Nap began to run, only to fall over at once with loud howls. "Ooooh! Ooow! Oooh!" he yelled, holding his ankle. "I've hurt my ankle. I've broken it!"

Father hurried back to him. He was a big man, and dropped heavily to one knee on the uneven grass. "Are you badly hurt, son?" he said gently, holding Nap by the shoulder. Nap's face was contorted in agony as he rocked to and fro. As on some other occasions, he overdid it. He loosed a scream like a locomotive whistle.

This was about the time we would normally feed Lester Wimpy, and he was hungry. While Nap drew breath to scream again we all distinctly heard a low answering shriek, and a bumpy flapping noise.

Father paled and said, "What's that?" Nap abandoned his act, got up, and trailed after him. I forced my unwilling feet to follow them.

When Father flung open the low door and stooped inside we were close behind him. Lester Wimpy stood in the far corner, surrounded by littered food and bones. Strips of bandage clung around his neck and ribbons of it trailed across the ground. The splintered remains of Father's walking stick, just recognizable, were under Father's feet among a pile of the vulture's droppings. Father was wearing a gray coat, a black cravat with a pearl pin, and —I think—spats.

The smell was terrible. Father shut the door quickly and stepped back, holding his handkerchief to his nose. Halfway to the house he spoke in a smothered voice: "I will interview you two young gentlemen after supper."

Nap faltered, "Yes, sir," and we stood there watching Father's shoulders shaking as he walked away, and wondering why his voice sounded so odd. It never struck us that he could be laughing.

After supper we formed up on the front porch. Father was in his big summer chair, a cigar in his hand. Mom sat beside him in a rocker, knitting, a shawl over her shoulders. The house was full of tiny sounds; the curtains of our room above fluttered in the wind, and every now and then we smelled the smell, Lester Wimpy's smell. At length Father said, "I take it you wounded that bird and decided to keep it as a pet. Why didn't you ask me or your mother whether you could?"

"We were afraid you'd say no," said Nap.

Father puffed on his cigar. Mom's needles clicked rapidly. Father said, "I admire your kindheartedness, my boys, but I think you must allow that that bird does not belong in a house, or anywhere near one."

"Lester Wimpy's a carnAVorous scavenger, sir," Nap broke in. "He's a *cath-arts aura sep-sep*-something."

"I know well what he—it is," said Father in an odd voice. "It's a turkey buzzard, and it doesn't belong in any chicken hut. You must dispose of it tomorrow. I hold you both responsible that it is done. Do you understand, Horatio?"

Nap muttered, "Yes, Father."

"Do you understand, John?"

"Yes, Father," I said.

Father nodded and waved his cigar. "Good night, boys." We slunk off and upstairs.

In our bedroom we hardly said a word. If Father ordered a thing to be done, it had to be done. There was no way round his commands. We heard his voice below in the stillness: "Young devils . . . I nearly laughed when Nap let out that they had called that horrible bird . . ." Mom said, "Shh, Grover . . ." Their voices dropped too low for us to hear. I fell asleep thinking of poor Lester Wimpy. As far as his nature allowed him to show it he had become fond of us, and for our part we loved him. How could we kill him?

THE next morning, a Saturday, Nap's eyes were dull behind the thick lenses. Halfway through breakfast he looked up with a suppressed exclamation. An hour later when I went to our usual rendezvous I found him urging Lester Wimpy into a large sack. Lester didn't like the idea but was not complaining as much as one would have expected. The poor bird really trusted us by this time. I asked what was up and Nap said, "We'll take him out miles and miles in the buckboard and let him go."

"He'll starve—he can't fly yet," I said.

Nap shook his head impatiently, pushing Lester Wimpy's unlovely rump into the sack. "Maybe—but otherwise we or someone else will have to kill him. This will be a sporting chance for him. Come on, help me get the buckboard ready."

Gloomily I went off to bridle Homer. In those days, we did most of our traveling in the old style and we boys were quite capable of getting the buckboard ready and driving it. Under the back seat there was a long box, used for stowing picnic lunches, rugs and the like when the family went out for a day's excursion. With furtive glances to right and left I opened the box and Nap pushed in the sack, propping the lid a little open with a horse blanket. We swept out onto the road. Mr. Wimpy the storekeeper was standing wizened and silent at his gate; I raised my hat to him in bravado as we passed.

We drove eastward all morning, walking and trotting. Around one o'clock, on a lonely lane in the center of a canebrake, Homer refused to go another step. We must have been fourteen or fifteen miles from home, certainly beyond any place I remembered going to.

Nap looked up and down. "This'll do. We'll let him out here—he'll have a fair chance."

Nap jumped down into the road and, fumbling in his pockets, drew out by the tails a dead rat, a sparrow and a second rat. He laid them by the side of the road; one of the rats was coming apart at the seams having been caught some days before. While I held Homer's reins Nap dragged out the sack, placed it so that its mouth was just by the little row of corpses, and opened it.

WITHOUT waiting to see what happened he jumped up beside me, seized the reins, and urged Homer into a trot.

Turning, I saw Lester Wimpy's bald red head poke out of the sack to gaze after us. Then as we pounded on, the dust rose behind our wheels, the lane curved through the canebrake, and it was all over. Nap hadn't looked back and there were tears in his eyes. . . .

The next day Father ordained an excursion for the whole family. Well wrapped, we were to see the fall colors, picnic on the bank of the Missouri River, and return home. I think he wanted to help Nap and me forget our pet, which he never doubted must have been destroyed. We had not thought to wash out the buckboard with carbolic, and when Mom opened the food baskets in a dell on the edge of the great river a marked tang of vulture had permeated them. Randall and Charteris refused to eat; Nap and I, tensely on edge, denied hotly that the food was tainted, forcing ourselves to chew listlessly.

Fortunately for us Father climbed on his dignity before he had tasted anything, and committed himself to saying, "Nonsense, Randall, there's nothing wrong with this—thousands of poor boys in Europe would be happy to have anything as good." So he had to eat it, and really it smelled pretty bad, and that put him in a temper.

Mom was almost in tears, the wind was cold, and I pulled Susan's hair for asking me what we had done with Lester Wimpy. Father thrashed me then and there, and little Harold threw up over Amelia's best dress. It was a dispirited and surly party which crowded onto the buckboard for the homeward trip. After a mile Homer picked up a nail; it began to rain, and we did not reach the house till after dark.

That was Sunday; on the next Wednesday Nap and I were feeling very low still when Father called us to the front porch. It was warmer again and he was in his usual seat, his cigar not drawing well so that he had to suck angrily at it. He said, "Have you got rid of that bird?"

Nap sniffled, and answered: "Yes, sir."

Father said, "How?" a little more kindly. He could see we were upset. Nap knew that I was not up to a sustained feat of imagination at this point, and quickly took the question.

"We—we loaded the rifle, sir, and went down to the chicken hut. Lester Wimpy—I mean, the bird"—Father coughed, or something, as Nap continued—"the bird was very fond of us and came up sort of wagging his tail. I—I felt awful, but I knew we had to do it, so I aimed at his eye—the left eye, sir—and fired—"

Father raised his hand as if to say it was unnecessary to go into this harrowing detail, but Nap went on with a break in his voice. "It was a misfire, Father—" Then quietly, with not too much emphasis one way or the other, he said, "For a minute I didn't think I could bear to do it again. But I did—Johnny encouraged me." I started involuntarily. "Johnny reminded me it was our duty. So I aimed again, at the bird's right eye this time, Father, and fired." He paused, and I heard a sound behind me, half scratch, half rustle. Nap finished with simple dignity: "Then we buried him."

In the silence, the scratching noise grew louder. Father said in a funny voice, "Oh, you did?"

"Yes, sir."

I half turned my head to see what the strange noise was. The front yard of our house was very trim—a short path down to the road, a neat privet hedge, a white gate which was always kept hospitably open. Lester Wimpy was limping up the path, slowly but with an air of great determination, dragging one wing. He was dusty and dirty and had an accusing look in his brown eyes—the eyes that had been so graphically shot out of his head.

Nap was giving Father a sad but convincing little lecture on the difficulties of digging a grave when one is blinded by tears. The familiar smell was back, sweet and foul on the autumn air, and Nap turned his head. His flow of words cut short in a hiccup. Silently Lester Wimpy came to the foot of the porch steps, turned right, and limped round the side of the house. At the angle of the porch he shot Nap one last searing look, and disappeared.

FOR the first and last time in his life Nap's nerve broke. Without a word he turned, tore down the path, and vanished. My mouth was hanging open and I was alone with Father. Father stared at me and I stared back. The smoke of his cigar got in my eyes and I began to cry. I turned and ran after my brother.

I ran sobbing to the chicken house. Nap was there, looking away across the orchard, the despair of betrayed monarchs and widowed women in the hang of his head. I followed the direction of his hopeless gaze, and saw our buzzard making his way with ungainly hops and flutterings toward the far end of the orchard. He had had enough of loneliness and treachery. As we watched, he scrambled through the fence and with a great effort hurled himself over the high netting into Mr. Wimpy's fowl run. We walked slowly over.

When we arrived and put our heads to the wire, a very queer feeling tightened the muscles of my throat. We could not see him. Mr. Wimpy's turkeys were out feeding, enjoying what would be their last day on earth—for this was the eve of Thanksgiving—and among all those red heads one more was not traceable. The turkeys were in a state, squawking, gobbling and ruffling their feathers, but—which was turkey and which was buzzard we could not tell.

A turkey buzzard isn't *that* much like a turkey, and we spotted Lester Wimpy soon

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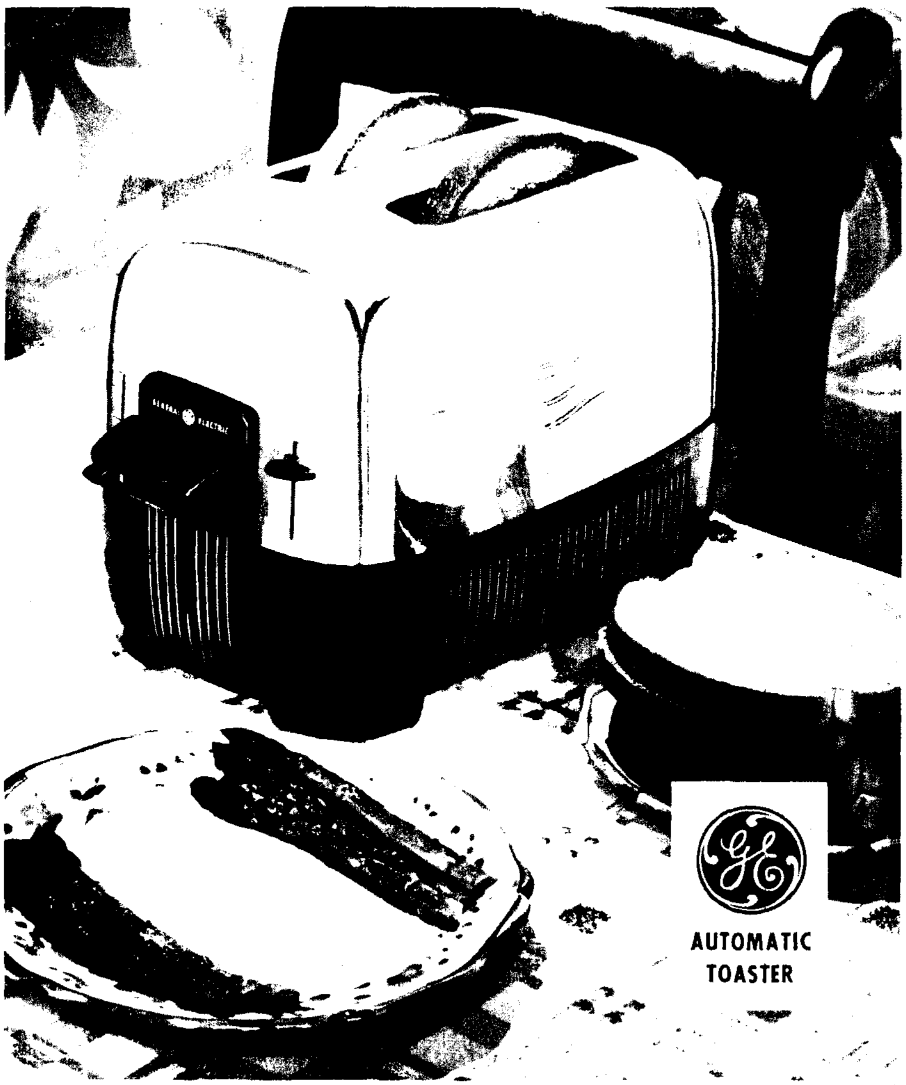

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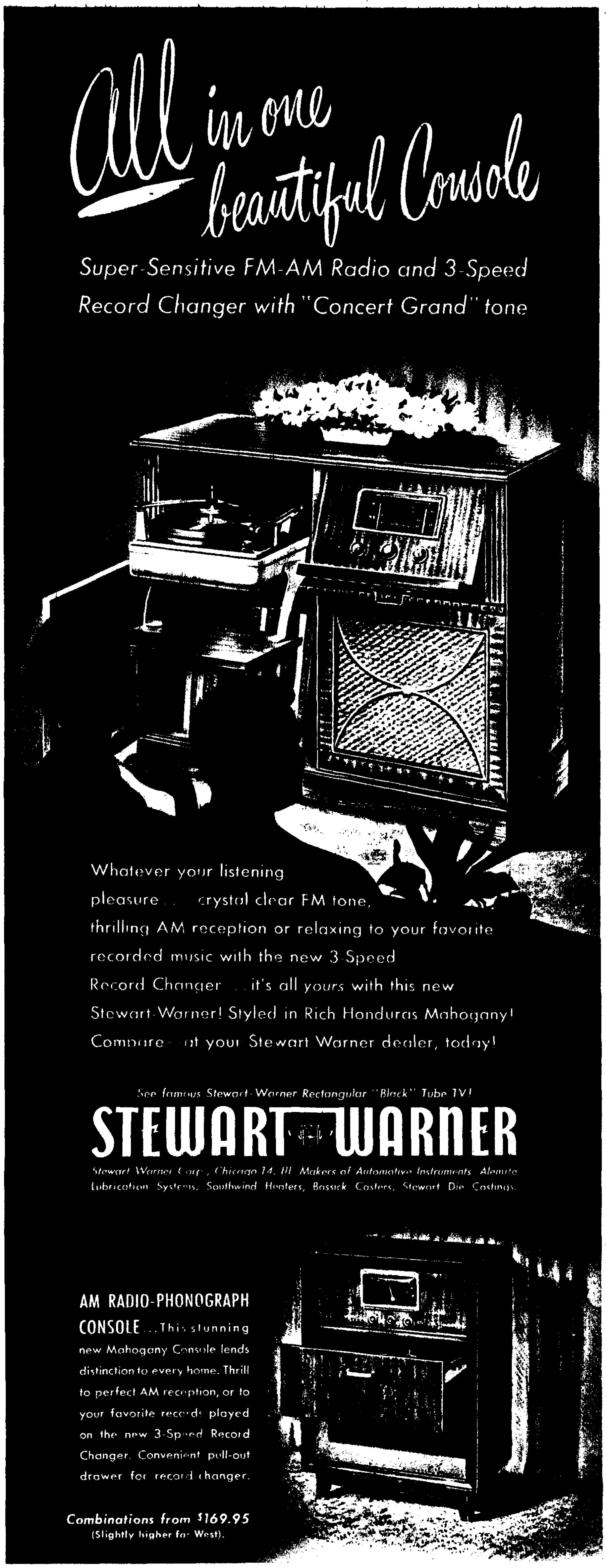

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enough. He was sidling with painfully obvious bonhomie into a group of genuine turkeys, meanwhile snatching up what food he could—rather like a hungry con man at a banker's luncheon.

Nap drew a deep breath, and said, "He's among friends—at last!"

The turkeys were darting hither and thither, lashing themselves into a perfect frenzy, uttering loud, hostile and concerted cries which hid their friendly feelings very effectively. Lester Wimpy ran cunningly about among them doing his best to gobble, taking a bite here and there, and hissing.

The affair was beyond us now. We turned and hurried back into our house. Heaven knew what punishment would be appointed for our crime. No one would believe we hadn't done it on purpose. Listlessly we watched Mr. Wimpy go out, stare unbelievingly at his turkeys, and come round to our front door. Listlessly we listened to the buzz from the study as he talked with Father. Listlessly we looked at each other, and shrugged. . . .

By dinnertime next day nothing had happened to us, and my appetite temporarily overcame my unease. I washed my hands and face without being told to, and hurried into the dining room. Everything was there—cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, peas, creamed onions, wild rice, gravy, two turkeys each under a silver cover. Father cleared his throat; we all bowed our heads over our plates, and he gave the blessing. He started carving. In that house no one waited for the carver to finish before beginning to eat, or no one would ever have had a hot meal. In a minute the room was loud with chatter and clatter and the clink of knives and forks. Father gave a running commentary as he carved: "Now a piece off the leg for you, Joseph . . ." (this was Mary's husband—a shortsighted bank teller) ". . . ah, over and under now . . . Amelia, does this look sufficient for you?"

"Yes, Father."

Father replaced the cover on the bones of the first turkey and began on the second. I watched him, licking my lips hungrily. Charteris was first, and was given an enormous serving; while he helped himself to the fixings Randall got his portion of turkey; then came Nap's turn, and after him, me. I was putting the third sweet potato on my plate when, behind me at the table, Randall sniffed loudly, muttered something, and sniffed again. Father looked up, knife in mid-stroke, and said ominously, "What's the matter, boy?"

Randall said, "The t-turkey—I think it smells funny, Father—like the picnic."

FATHER bent over the turkey, while I sat in lyrical anticipation, intent on whether to eat the onions before the peas or the peas before the onions. Unheeding, I heard Father say "Nonsense, Randall. There's nothing wrong with this turkey." He paused, and went on more slowly, "I don't think so—nothing serious anyway."

I cut my helping and put the first piece into my mouth. It tasted fine. Beside me Nap was chewing hard and fast.

Father finished, raising his voice: "There *can't* be anything wrong with this bird. It had somehow broken its wing bone, near the joint. Mr. Wimpy couldn't understand it—but he guaranteed it absolutely, guaranteed it to be a beautiful, tender bird."

At the words *broken its wing* the first thought to cross my mind was the unparalleled perfidy of Mr. Wimpy, the villain's barefaced impudence: to take Father's money for a turkey and sell him a buzzard. Why, anyone must know that buzzard meat would taste and smell like nothing on earth!

At this moment Charteris pushed away his plate and held his napkin to his mouth. He said, "I'm sorry, Mom. I—I don't think I'm hungry. It tastes—funny."

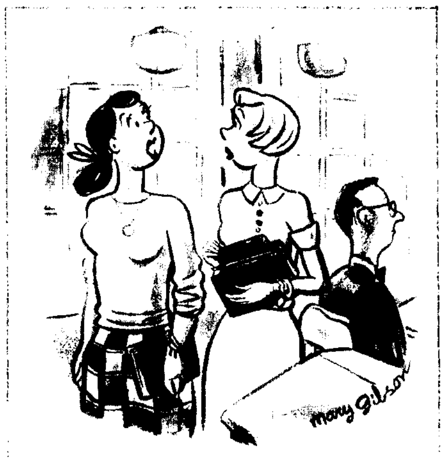
. . . like nothing on earth . . . anyone must know! I caught Nap's eye. My jaws ground slowly to a stop, in time with his. In my mouth the piece of meat acquired a foul odor and a sickly taint. The smell of the chicken hut lay heavy in the room. I had loved Lester Wimpy, but— My throat muscles began to work convulsively. The faces around the table dissolved and blurred. Sweat, cold and wet, burst out on my forehead. I spat the food from my mouth onto the plate, knocked over my chair, and broke for the door—but I didn't beat Nap.

Behind us I heard a tumultuous roar, a swelling shout of laughter. Old fat Jane stood in the passage, laughing and swaying; the house rocked to the noise. It was baffling, unbelievable; but other matters pressed me urgently and I could not stay.

MINUTES later I rested my head shakily against the rough bark of a pear tree, and groaned. Nap leaned on the other side of the tree, his eyes closed. A well-known nasal voice said at my ear:

"Not feeling well, son?"

The storekeeper stood behind us, sucking a dead cigar. A friendly, contemplative look animated his thin face. Nap opened his eyes and glared weakly. He began to shout: "You—you beast—you skunk! We didn't put Lester Wimpy in with your turkeys on purpose! Just wait, just you wait till we tell Father! You low-down robber—cheat—murderer!"



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Mr. Wimpy raised one gnarled hand. "Now, Horatio Middleton, that's strong language, even for Missouri. Reckon I don't know what you're talking about. Must be the stomach upset . . . I hope you boys are feeling better by the evening. This sure ain't no way to treat my good turkeys." I choked, and Mr. Wimpy raised his hand again. "I'd like to hear more, son, but I can't stay. Got to go to St. Louis. Yes, sir. Guess you won't believe this but I found this here buzzard in with my turkeys yesterday—buzzard with a broken wing. Tame's a dawg. Why, he ate out of my hand. Going to take him to the Zoological Gardens in St. Louis. Friend of mine says the one they had just died—opines they're looking for another. He thinks they can fix that wing, for sure. Come to think of it, it was your father."

He picked up the basket which had lain unnoticed on the ground behind him, and ambled off. Full realization burst over me. In my mind I listened while Father and Mr. Wimpy shook their heads over us, and made their sly plot; I saw those beasts Randall and Charteris joyfully rehearsing their parts; I heard Mom, half laughing, protest it was too cruel, and the others overriding her. Father's solemn face! The laughter! The Thanksgiving dinner I had looked forward to so much!

Lester Wimpy's anxious eyes peered at us through the basketwork. The storekeeper turned, shaking his head. "This sure is a smelly bird, but I do understand some fellers like to keep 'em as pets. Beats me."

In that moment I could have killed Lester Wimpy, and I don't mean the storekeeper.

THE END

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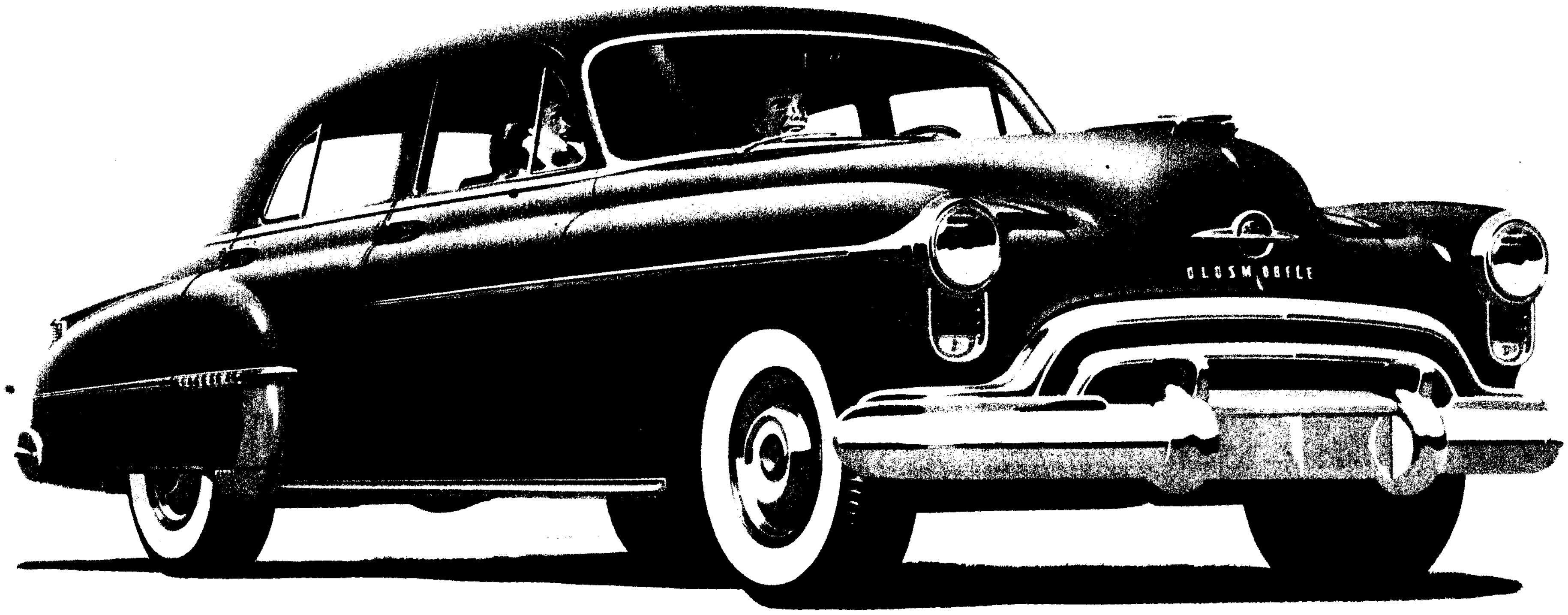

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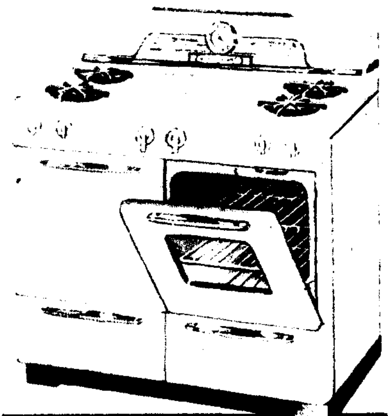

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Incredible Inn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

why, or which occasional spree artist was back on the stuff again.

Quain died in 1944, leaving the hotel to his widow, Suzanne. His son, Leon, is the present managing director; his daughter, Rae, works in the auditing end of the business. The manager is a man named Sy Pinto—he is also Rae Quain's husband. Sy came up in the best American tradition. He began as doorman, worked up to bellhop, finally achieved a job as desk clerk, and then married the boss's daughter.

Among its other characteristics, the Elysée is noteworthy for the way in which it hangs on to its help. George Courtney, on the desk, has worked there since 1936. Several waiters have been there over 20 years. Gladys, the switchboard girl, started out so young that when city labor inspectors came around, Gladys would hide in a broom closet until they left.

Quick Thinking Saved Two Lives

Gladys, together with her sister Viola, runs the hotel's nervous system. Gladys knows every scrap of gossip, every peculiarity of every guest, and is the friend and confidante of most. Her prompt summoning of doctors is supposed to have saved the lives of both Paul Douglas and George Solotaire, the ticket broker who is Joe DiMaggio's great chum. On both occasions, Gladys rang through to chat with her friends and fill them in on the latest dope. She found Paul near death from a hemorrhage and Solotaire almost gone from a heart attack. Swiftly jabbing her switchboard, she rustled up doctors who got to both patients in the merest nick of time.

Gladys is intensely interested, always, in the carryings-on of her pets, and she also hates to hoard any spicy tidbits. So whenever Robin Harris, a press agent-writer who is also expert on the doings of the busy Broadway set, rang through to a gossip columnist, Gladys would get busy with her board. She would thoughtfully cut Douglas, a curious man, in on Curly's line. Then she would plug in a line for Newman, McClain and Conniff.

"Gladys ran the most successful six-way parlay I ever encountered," Douglas, now an alumnus of the group, once remarked. "She had a wonderful, intuitive nose for news. If one of the bunch showed up with a new girl, in 10 minutes everybody in the hotel knew it. Gladys was her own underground."

Largely by means of the Gladys grapevine, the guests remain current on the activities of their friends and adjust their own activities accordingly. For instance, John McClain lived in a sort of banquet hall with leaded windows. It was so dark that John never knew whether it was raining or snowing outside, sunny or drear. It was considered the duty of the first man awake to call McClain and advise him as to the state of the weather. Occasionally a warped sense of humor would send a lightly clad McClain into the streets to discover a raging blizzard.

When DiMaggio first was low because of a divorce, and later sank to great depths of despair because of a heel injury that threatened to cut short his career, the Elysée alumni association conspired to fend as much trouble as possible from his door. He was visited with fifths of calf's-foot jelly, and the tenants exhausted themselves with plots to take his mind off his troubles. At a time last year when the shooting of Philadelphia's first baseman Eddie Waitkus inspired a lot of baseball nuts with the idea that shooting ballplayers was high sport, the Elysée association for the protection of DiMaggio threw up a cordon of vigilance around Joe's apartment.

One poor, twisted girl, whose unusual recreation was to get DiMaggio publicly "engaged" to various women by sending notes to gossip columnists on the letterhead of a legitimate public relations agency, finally was trapped by the protective association—in, I believe, the hotel lobby.

The association is very sensitive to mood. If one member should have a fight with his lady love, he is treated tenderly until things are right again. By tenderly it is meant that nobody borrows his best suit or helps himself to a cupful of gin without permission. If a Bankhead show is not going well, or some other guest is confronted by a deep problem, the word is swiftly passed and special consideration is granted until the tension eases again.

The guests fight happily among themselves when all is right, but they band tightly against outsiders, and in a crisis display a remarkable D'Artagnan-Porthos-Athos-Aramis *esprit de corps*. They will sit up interminably with sick friends, as the saying goes. The ingrained bachelors who live at the Elysée refer to themselves as "The Legion of the Lonely," and cling desperately to one another to fight off the worst of all days for a single man—Sunday in New York.

This consideration extends also from guest to help. Miss Bankhead, a kindly soul, once spent a large sum of money for medical care for her favorite bellhop, Joe Padilla. On one occasion she sent Gladys away from the switchboard to investigate the case of a lady who was said to be losing her husband because she was growing bald. When Gladys came back with a report that the woman's crown was nearly as nude as an egg, Tallulah reached into her reticule and produced $50. The $50 went for a wig for the woman, as a Christmas gift.

While the Elysée lobby has a generally sober and quiet personality, the hotel has housed some of the noisiest guests in the history of clamor, both in its night club the Monkey Bar and in its private rooms.

The Monkey Bar once was described by one inmate as "a place where old jokes go to die." It has always been a *boîte* of the type called "*intime*"—pronounced "onteem." This means that the entertainers quarrel caustically with the customers and the waiters. Any latecomer who passes before the piano of the current performers, Justine Wayne, Bruce Raeburn and Jack Arnold, can expect a verbal lashing. In return for this personalized approach, the customers grouse back at the singers. The bartenders, too, often enter into the affray.

Patrons Sing the Choruses

Most of the specialty numbers are a bit on the blue side, which seems to delight out-of-towners, who soon shed their inhibitions and join in the choruses. The Monkey Bar has a habit of keeping its performers—since 1934, Johnny Payne (not the Hollywood star), Consuelo Flowerton, Nancy Nolad, Johnny Andrews, Jack Arnold, Justine Wayne and Bruce Raeburn have offered the bulk of the entertainment. Payne, a man who has a way with a ditty intended for adults only, lasted from '33 to 1942 behind the same piano.

Late at nights, the Monkey Bar has a tendency to rock. It has not, therefore, been unusual for a more sedate guest to call the desk to request that those such-and-sos in the Monkey Bar calm down a bit.

One night singer Colette Lyons gave a party in her rooms, which were just over the Monkey Bar. Among her guests were several famous folk not noted for their silence under alcoholic fire. Things got very brisk in Colette's place. Toasts were made and songs were sung and arguments were started.

Finally the phone rang. It was the desk. "For the first time in the history of this hotel," the desk said, "the patrons of the Monkey Bar have filed a beef. They say there is so much noise upstairs that they cannot hear the entertainers downstairs. Will you please pipe down so the customers can hear themselves being insulted by the help?"

It is true that ladies like the Gish sisters have lent a certain demureness to the Elysée, but this has been somewhat balanced, in the past, by Miss Bankhead, who has a voice like a bull horn and who occasionally throws a vigorous party. The all-time record for consistent din was set at Miss Bankhead's apartment after the 1948 Presidential election returns were final. Tallulah, a rabid Truman supporter, arrived home with a pianist and a small white piano, which she somehow managed to squeeze into the elevator. The piano was followed shortly by a four-piece cowboy band. The band was followed by several friends. The party lasted five days.

Baby-Sitting a Pet Lovebird

As a guest there, I got to know Douglas, who always knocked on the wall with a bottle to signify his presence, and Miss Bankhead, who would occasionally stop off at my place for a sip of something. Miss Bankhead would allow me to baby-sit for her lovebird, Gaylord, who once showed his affection by lighting on my lip and pecking me sharply on the snout. Gaylord is, at best, a disquieting pet. He swoops and darts and circles and squawks and screams, and is apt suddenly to light on your nose and stare fixedly into your eyes. A bout with Gaylord once prompted one of Miss Bankhead's guests, having escaped with minor wounds, to remark fervently:

"All I can say is I hope Bankhead never takes up eagles." This fearful thought is not without some foundation. Douglas, while busy chasing Gaylord with a dip net one day, was bitten in a tender spot by one of Tallulah's dogs, resentful of what seemed an interference with Gaylord's civil liberties. Mr. Douglas let out an anguished wail. Miss Bankhead was unsympathetic.

"You can't blame the dog too much," she said. "Dashing around with that long-handled net, you looked exactly like a dogcatcher. And it could have been worse, anyhow. Suppose it had been the lion?"

At the time Miss Bankhead's suburban eyrie contained such a beast.

The favorite Elysée tale concerning Miss Bankhead involves a rendition of Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol. Sentimentally mellowed by the holiday mood, Miss B. was beset by the urge to read Dickens. She summoned several members of the hotel staff, seated them round her in a circle, and began to read the Carol.

". . . So Tiny Tim," she read, in muted tones, "was—WHAT THE DEVIL'S THAT?"—this in the normal Bankhead roar, as a knock sounded on the door. "WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GIVE SOMEBODY THE PACKAGE AND GO AWAY. YOU'RE INTERRUPTING ME." Then, in a voice of cream . . . "So in the home of Bob Cratchit, there was . . . WHAT THE BLANK IS IT NOW?" as another knock sounded. "WELL, SOMEBODY TAKE THE OBSCENITY TELEGRAM AND LET'S GET ON WITH THE READING."

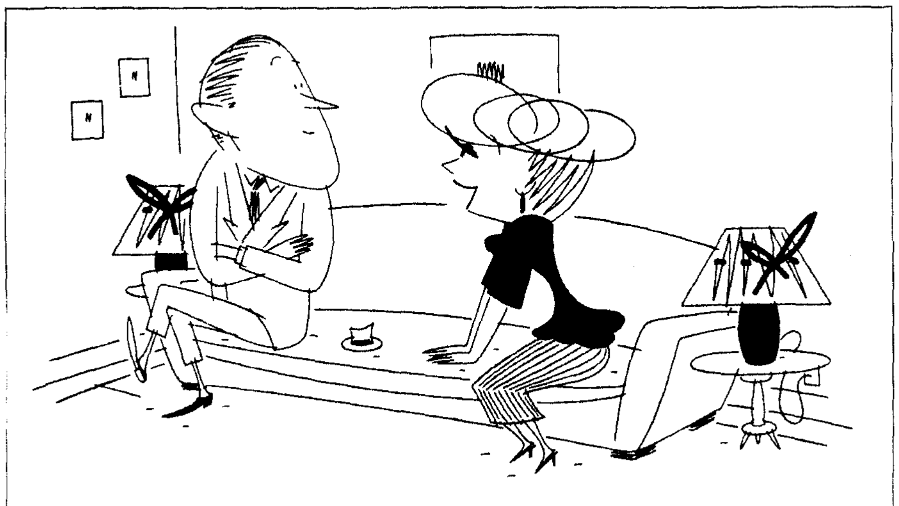
The interruptions continued, with Miss Bankhead switching from dulcet croon to her normal basso profundo. All, including the reader, were in tears as she neared the finish of the Carol. Just as Scrooge was melting, another knock rattled the door.

". . . While Scrooge," Miss Bankhead's voice was husky and tear-filled . . .

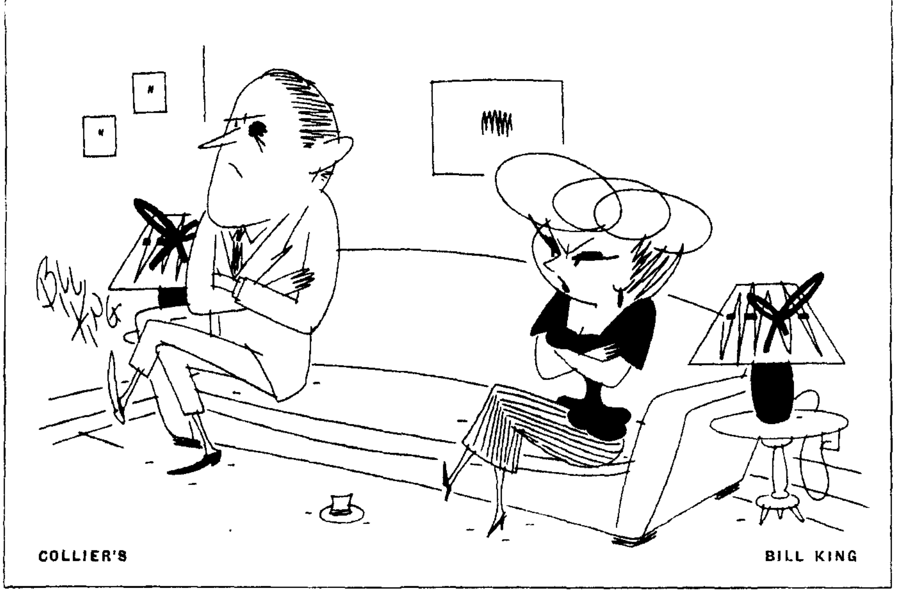
"Bang, bang!" went the knuckles on the door.

"TELL THE SO-AND-SO TO CUT IT OUT!" Miss Bankhead roared, and in the same breath, returned to tears and the final moist drama of Mr. Dickens' tale: ". . . bless us every one, said Tiny Tim."

The Elysée has tamed down a little, lately. Slowly its old circle is spreading to other locales. Douglas has become rich and famous and has moved to Hollywood. Conniff, a bachelor of such ingrained city habit that he used the terrace only for the storage of empty beer bottles, has fled to Korea. The colorful lady about town no longer



"Tonight let's do what *you* want to do"



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You're driving more than ever before. More mileage means more battery wear. Your battery must have added stamina to withstand added mileage.

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❹

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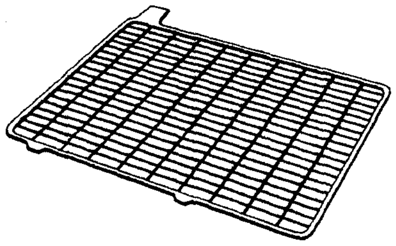
New Willard Super

against the No. 1 battery killer

Willard *announces* METALEX



THE METALEX GRID

[illegible]

makes the new Willard Super Master custom-built for today's driving conditions

greatest battery improvement in 25 years!

Today, OVERCHARGING is the No. 1 battery killer. More batteries are worn out from this one cause than from all other causes combined! Overcharging strikes directly at the grids—the lead-alloy framework which holds in place the current-producing active material. Overcharging *corrodes* the grids—*fractures* them—*destroys* their ability to retain active material—*destroys* their utility as current conductors.

But now Willard announces METALEX—a new and vastly superior grid metal, developed and perfected by Willard metallurgists specifically to combat damage by overcharging. And METALEX does so—stubbornly, effectively. METALEX provides a full 100% more protection against the No. 1 battery killer! METALEX l-e-n-g-t-h-e-n-s battery life. *Available exclusively in Willard Super Master Batteries!*

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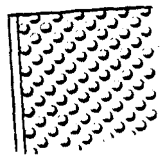

Impervious to effects of high charging rates and high, under-the-hood temperatures . . . L-e-n-g-t-h-e-n-s battery life!

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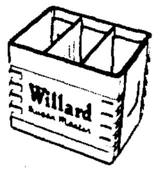

New design—heavily reinforced at points of stress. Withstands high, under-the-hood temperatures. L-e-n-g-t-h-e-n-s battery life!

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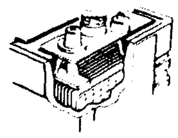

Will neither crack in winter nor melt in summer. Withstands high, under-the-hood temperatures. L-e-n-g-t-h-e-n-s battery life!

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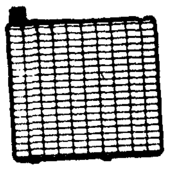

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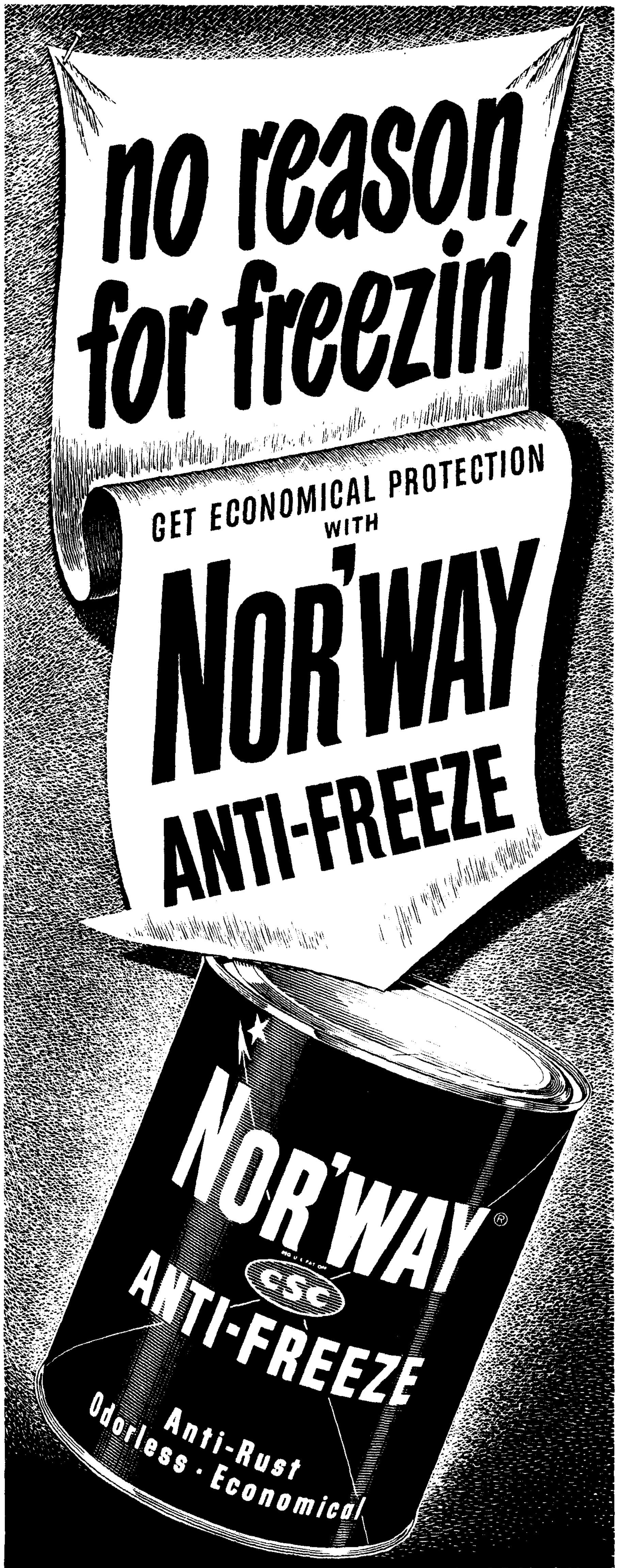


MADE BY COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION
PRODUCERS OF QUALITY ANTI-FREEZE SINCE 1933

practices her mashie shots out the hotel window. Calhern, too, is in Hollywood, and Robin Harris has become married and sedate.

Other things have changed as well—including the traditional lofty disregard for prompt settlement of accounts, once shown by the hotel's clients. They tell the story of the newcomer who asked whether the desk insisted on promptness.

"Are you supposed to pay up every week?" he asked.

"Every week?" an old-timer snorted. "Anybody here who is *less* than six weeks overdue is posted for being overprompt."

Things are no longer thus.

"It is getting so," one employee said fretfully, "that everybody is paying his bill on time."

An odd commentary on the Elysée is that as soon as the old-timers move away, they cast aside their close-knit camaraderie and place the knock firmly on one another.

Gibes for Departed Guests

A recent symposium of old residents failed to record one complimentary remark about anyone else.

"Wherever she went she'd always carry a five iron," one will say. "This comes of falling in love with athletes."

"Him? He never had a close friend. He only had close enemies," another will remark.

"She was a horse player until she took up marijuana. You can't parlay two vices."

"This guy was so stupid that when he was supposed to go overseas he had six thousand bucks in cash in a paper sack, like a bag of beans. Fives and tens, yet. I ask him if he ever hears of traveler's checks and he says he ain't been rich that long."

"Him? This one is so used to ducking checks he still leaves all hotels by way of the basement."

This is a sample, but it is mostly false callousness. The alumni of the Elysée still have a sheepish sentimentality for the old home-away-from-home, and any two of them can exhaust an hour with reminiscence. It is much the same as the shared experience of fighting men who went through some catastrophe which was not unmixed with pleasure.

Whatever the tie that binds, the residents feel it keenly, and breath was caught sharply when it was first announced that a good portion of the block between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth and Madison and Park was to be razed to make room for a vast new office building. The inmates watched the wreckers chew away at the Park Avenue corner, becoming downright panicky as the workmen tore down the slim little house next door. The wreckers quit at the Elysée's walls—leaving one side sort of naked and scabby-looking, but nevertheless a solid outpost of culture in a commercial world.

"They just *couldn't* tear us down to make room for an office building," a long-term dweller remarked indignantly. "Why—it would be exactly like tearing down the United Nations Building to put up a filling station."

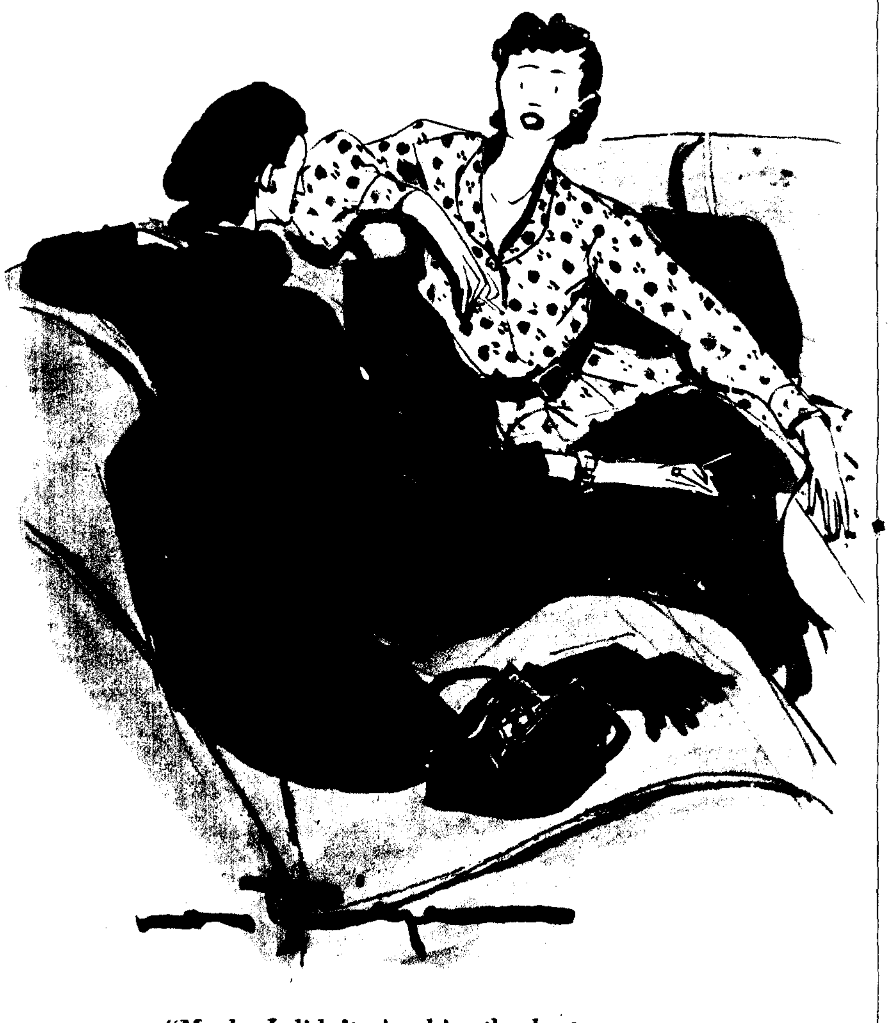
This may be a somewhat overblown view of the matter, but is a rough approximation of the way Elysée patrons feel about their home.

"I can't explain *why* I stay on and on," one old resident said. "All the time I tell myself that I am going to get an apartment, but I never do. I guess you might say that the Elysée is like a sort of pleasant DP camp, with nice keepers and barbed wire to keep interlopers out, but not to keep the inmates in.

"You get used to a certain set of values—the drunks fighting across the street in front of Bill's Gay Nineties, the milk cans being bounced around, the trash cans being banged on the sidewalk, the ice machine starting to clatter just as you go to sleep, a lot of guys with your kind of troubles to talk to, the same gal on the switchboard year after year—I don't know what I've got in common with the Gish girls and Bankhead and that fiddle player and a bunch of ham actors and tired newspaper guys, but something keeps a lot of us living here.

"Sometimes I think this isn't a hotel. It's a way of life."

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Maybe I didn't give him the *best* years of my life, but they were darned good!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

How Fire Insurance Helps You Buy a New Home

Bill and Lillian Smith had wanted their own home ever since he got out of the Army. Then one day Lillian found it.

In it were all of the wonderful comforts she had always wished she could have. Outside was a clean, green, sun-filled world for little Jackie and Pam to play in.

But how did fire insurance help them buy it?

First, without fire insurance on the house to protect the lender, the Smiths couldn't have borrowed the money to buy it. Then after they moved in, it protected the money they put into both the house and the furnishings.

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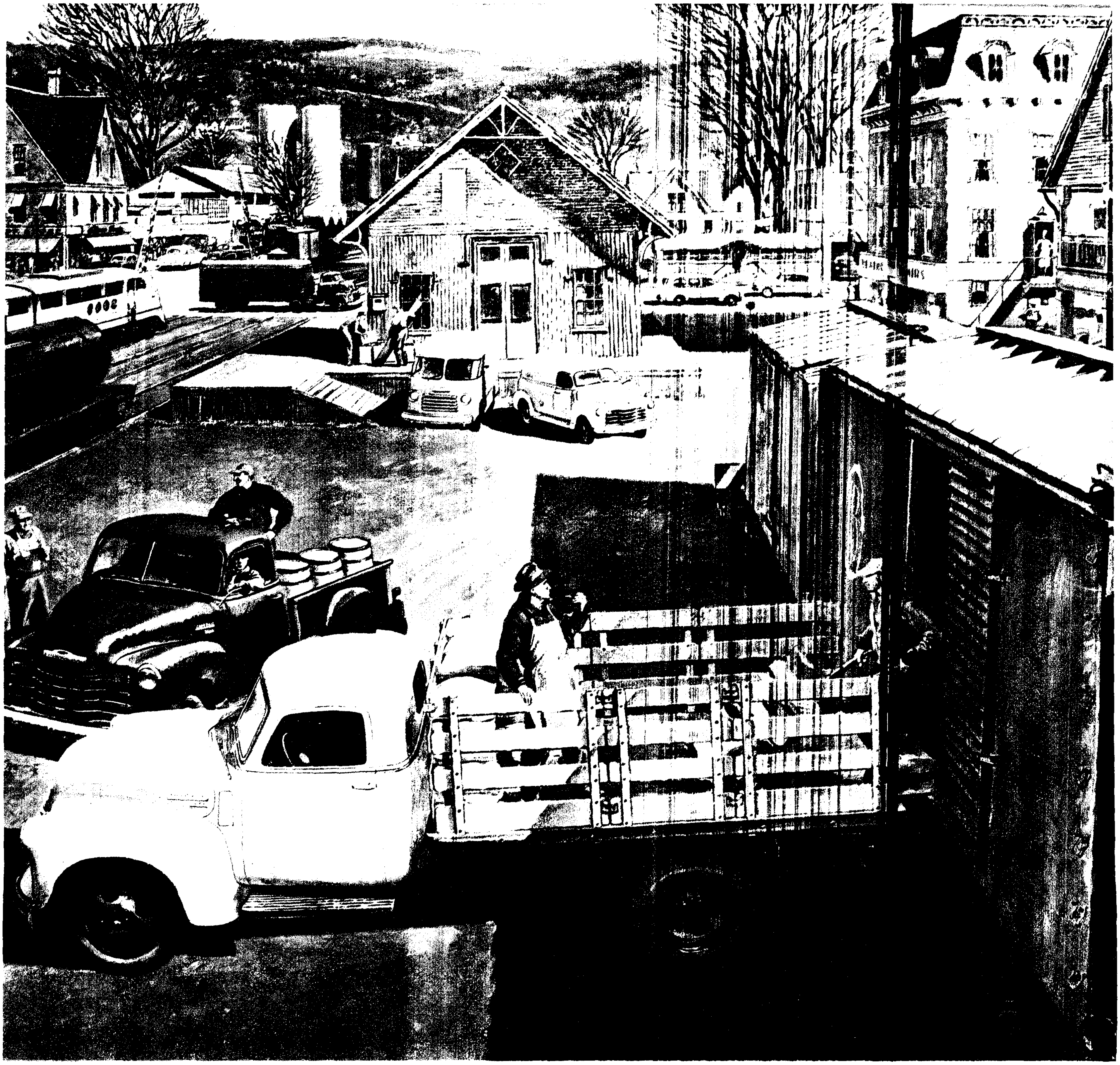

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GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

They Always Get Their Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Tribune says, "I have some doubts about the qualifications of that bunch of she-bears to solve my problems or anyone else's," but adds, "Frankly, I enjoyed every barb on it, including those at my own sex."

Humorist H. Allen Smith dealt only with Eloise McElhone, in Variety: "When the camera has her in close-up on Leave It to the Girls, we sometimes turn off the sound and then watch her go. Guaranteed to spill your neighbors right out of your chairs."

Frank Conniff, another columnist, after referring to the Girls as "half-hour harpies," says: "There are other programs besides Leave It to the Girls which specialize in masculine mayhem, but none do it so cleverly—i.e., viciously."

The Girls' plunging-neckline dresses have come in for their share of discussion from male guests on the show, a stock remark being, "I sure like those dresses you girls *almost* have on!" Designer Ceil Chapman's famous low-necked dresses were launched on Leave It to the Girls and are still represented on every program. However, clothes present a problem to the Girls, whose public expects them to wear new gowns for each show. "That's 52 plunging-neckline dresses a year," the Girls moan, "so we're forced to borrow them from friends when Ceil's supply runs out." Hundreds of letters a week ask where to buy the Girls' gowns, and Maggi McNellis' wardrobe has put her on the Fashion Academy's Best Dressed list for five years running—a record.

NBC executives are also interested in the Girls' clothes . . . ever since one eventful night a few months back.

That night Dorothy Kilgallen appeared on the show in a dress with an involved neckline—an inner one of flesh-colored satin, a loose outer one in red. Unfortunately, only the outer neckline showed up on the TV cameras, and for five solid hours the NBC switchboard was jammed with telephone calls complaining about "Dorothy's indecency." Since then, NBC has policed the Girls' necklines before the start of each show. When necessary, material is handed out for use as camouflage.

When One Girl Came Late

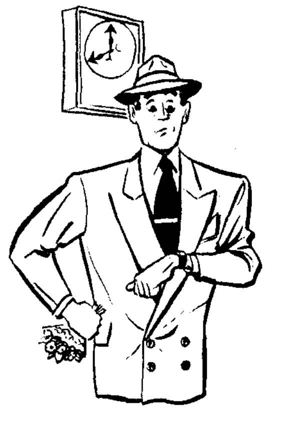
Despite the feminine nature of the show, only once has anyone on it been late to a program. That night, when it became apparent that Robin Chandler (wife of movie star Jeffrey Lynn) was going to arrive too late to go on the air, the Girls went into emergency action. They saw singer Bea Wain sitting in the audience, and snatched her onto the stage. By the time the tardy Mrs. Lynn arrived, Miss Wain had been a bewildered member of the cast for five minutes. "Luckily, Bea was wearing the right type of neckline, so everything was all right," the Girls reported afterward.

Leave It to the Girls seems to go over superbly with the public, regardless of its love-or-loathe reaction on watchers. Its recent 24 Neilsen rating puts it in the mid-popularity group of America's 84 nationally sponsored shows. A cigarette company sponsors the program, and even the Girl-delivered commercials are full of sex appeal. (Variety called them "the best integrated commercials on TV.") Daffy Eloise McElhone may plug the product in this unusual fashion: "They are so fresh and firm, they remind me of some good advice: Men are fresh—and a girl has to be firm!" Or she may quip: "They are as fresh as a truck driver's whistle."

Occasionally the Girls are unreliable in their plugging. Once Eloise's line went, "You go out with a man at seven, come home at eleven, and what do you get?" She was supposed to answer her own question by naming the cigarettes, but instead she blurted, "Octopus hands!" The studio audience enjoyed this so long that the show ended without its final plug. Another time Maggi McNellis lit up the sponsor's product and went into a coughing fit. What was the company's reaction to these events? "We thought it was cute of both of them," beams one spokesman. "Anything the Girls do is all right with us!"

Several times the Girls' down-to-earth wisdom has solved real-life problems. Last summer a wife wrote that her husband wanted separate vacations, while she longed for a "honeymoon" vacation to restore their marriage; he had been working so hard the past year, she said, that they felt like strangers. "I am not signing my correct name to this letter," she added, "because I am going to maneuver my husband into watching your show next Sunday, without telling him why. I will abide by your decision." The Girls wisecracked their way into a vote for a combined vacation—and in due time heard from the wife: The couple had followed the Girls' advice; the marriage was on a happy keel again.

PAT ROONEY



That's Expecting Too Much

She agrees on the time
and tells you where,
But it doesn't mean that
you'll find her there.

—HELEN CASTLE

Another time a bachelor wrote in, complaining that his new girl was nothing but a gold digger. "Because I look on her as my future wife, I want to sit home evenings with her," he wrote, "but she keeps breaking dates with me unless I take her to the expensive places where I take other girls." Meanwhile, to the Girls' astonishment, the young lady in question also wrote in. "I like this man, but I hardly know him. I'm hurt because he wants to sit home with me, while he takes other girls out dancing. Is he ashamed of me?" The Girls busily aired both letters, advised the man to court his girl in public first and later in private—and eventually received an engraved wedding announcement.

A lot of their fun comes in giving surprise answers. When a smug bachelor wrote, "What do you think of a girl having an engagement ring appraised? Isn't that a sign that she's a coldhearted conniver?" the Girls shouted that here was a girl who would make a splendid wife. "She'd pinch the melon, she'd test the waterproof material—she's a good practical doll, and best of luck!" When an outraged husband asked, "Do you think a wife has a right to go through her husband's pockets, and keep the money she finds?", the Girls ruled, "Certainly she has the right—if she lives in any community-property state. All of her husband's money is half hers, isn't it?"

Sometimes—although rarely—they enjoy helping their enemies, the men. Once a young fellow wanted to know how he could court a girl inexpensively in this day and age. The Girls fell to work with a will. "It's a cinch," they cried. "You do it with romance, flowers, and some radio music. Thoughtfulness and admiration are money in the bank to a guy—and if he can read poetry with a straight face, he's in like Flynn. How do you think so many foreigners won American heiresses?"

However, on the subject of marrying foreign men, Eloise sums up the panel's position neatly: "When he says, 'Darling, come with me to the Casbah,' be sure he doesn't take you to the cleaners."

For and Against Divorcees

Often cagey engaged people write in, one of the leading questions being, "Are divorced people good matrimonial risks?" The Girls get to arguing over this question. Florence says, "Divorced people are *better* risks; they know where they failed before, and they're twice as anxious to make sacrifices to insure a successful marriage this time." Dorothy: "A once-divorced person is a good risk, because that might have been the other person's fault. But anyone who's been divorced twice or more is a rotten risk—either *he's* at fault, or else he kept choosing poor partners. In which case, the poor thing's stupid." Bachelor girl Eloise's attitude is: "Who cares? Divorced or not, a woman is dreamy and a man is a jerk."

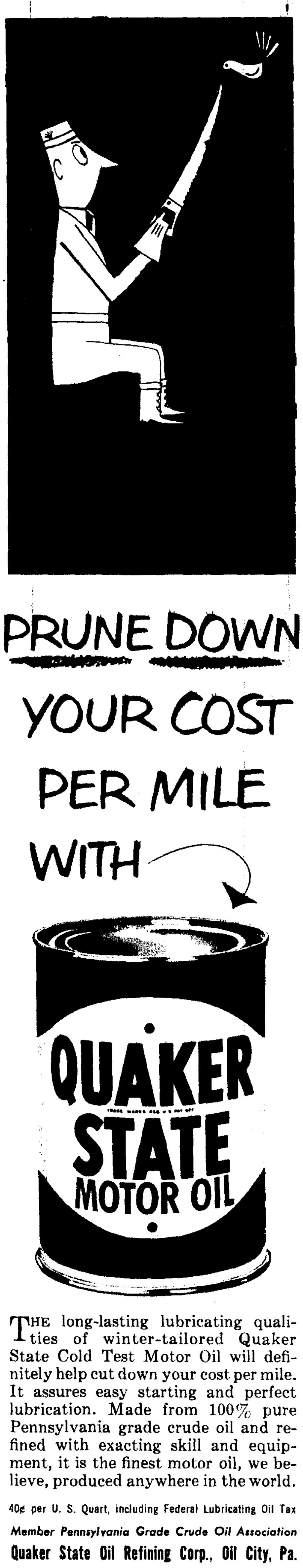
It was in connection with a divorce question that the Girls had their only really embarrassing moment. The problem under discussion was, "Should I marry a man who's been married three times before?" Dorothy Kilgallen answered promptly, "Definitely not. In sporting parlance, this guy is known as a three-time loser; I say no dice." That night's glamor guest immediately interrupted, "I don't agree at all—*I'm* a three-time loser, and I have every intention of marrying happily a fourth time!" The audience roared gleefully over Dorothy's obvious embarrassment—and since then the Girls have memorized their guests' histories before each show.

Despite the show's other aspects, the Girls never lose sight of their goal: stabbing men. When a man writes asking how to tell whether his girl loves him or his money, the Girls chorus: "Most men *need* money to be loved—without it, they're so unattractive nobody would go out with them." On the subject of men's clothes they intone: "All men's clothes are hideous, but the worst are Hollywood men's—those padded shoulders! Take off a Hollywood man's coat, and you can hardly find him!" The legend of love-at-first-sight is dealt with by Eloise: "Take a second look—you can easily make a mistake, and there are plenty of mistakes already masquerading as husbands." On whether the husband or wife should handle the budget, Florence opines, "Best be the woman—because the man would spend their money on the three B's: the blonde, the bookie, and the bartender!"

It is Florence again who sums up the Girls' opinions on husbands: "To make a husband happy, treat him like a pet dog. Feed him what he likes to eat, give him a comfortable place to sleep, let him out once in a while—and always remember to pat him on the head and tell him he's a good boy. He'll be yours forever!"

But despite their attacks on the male sex, all the Girls agree on one thing: A marriage license is the best two-dollar bargain this country has to offer.

While this noble sentiment doesn't cause the panel to sheathe its claws, most members of the watching public seem to agree that they'd rather be snapped at than pitied, when they leave it to the Girls! THE END



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The Speech

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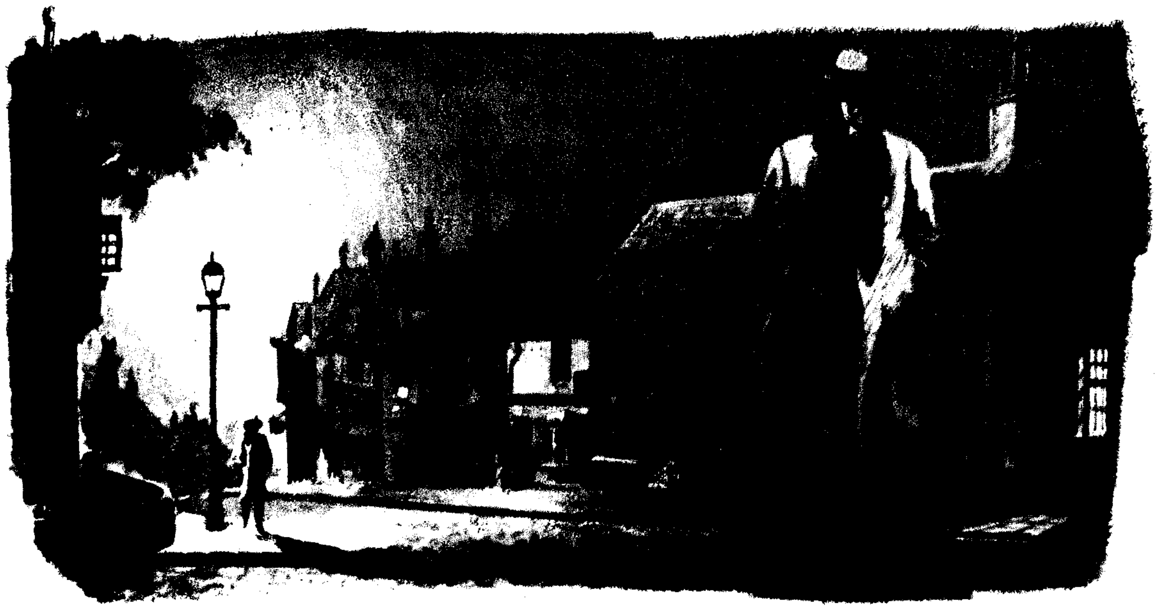
By LORD DUNSANY


LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

Minch was constantly under observation. No one was ever more watched in London

"CRIME," said the old journalist one night at his club. "One reads a good deal about violence nowadays; but I never read of a crime that would make a story like the one that there was when I was young. *That* would have made a story. But it was all hushed up."

"No doubt for some good reason," a younger journalist said.

"Yes," said the old journalist. "It had to be. They were extremely careful not to disturb the peace of Europe in those days. That, you see, was what the crime was about. There was a young man, scarcely remembered now, brilliant though he was—the Honorable Peter Minch. His old father you would never have heard of. A totally obscure old peer, Lord Inchingthwaite. But people heard of Peter Minch in his time. He was an M.P. and the coming man of the Opposition, one of those coming men that you never hear any more of.

"At the time that I tell about, he was going to make a speech in the House. Things had been simmering for some time. What this young fellow was going to say just at that time wasn't going to help the peace of Europe at all. What he was going to say would have prodded Austria pretty hard; and, if Germany had supported her in what would have been quite justifiable resentment, Russia would not have liked it, and the fat would have been in the fire. But there was no stopping Minch. He was a bit of a firebrand. The government couldn't stop him, of course. And as for the Opposition, he was their fancy man, and they were probably thinking more of how it would embarrass the government than how it would annoy the Austrians." . . .

And then (the old journalist went on) the extraordinary thing happened. A man walked into the central office of Minch's party, without giving his name, and said quite clearly that he had sure information that was not exactly a message, and must not be taken as a threat but only a warning, that that speech would never be made.

"What do you mean?" said the Chairman of the Party.

"I mean," said the man, "that there is an organization with which I have nothing to do, nothing whatever, who are determined to stop that speech, and who are powerful enough to do what they threaten. It is not I that threaten. I only came to warn you."

"Do you mean," said the Chairman, "that they are going to use force?"

"They will use whatever is necessary," said the stranger. "We—that is, *they*—consider war to be the greater evil."

"War?" said the Chairman. "Who says we are making war?"

"Their information," said the stranger, "is that what Mr. Minch is going to say just at this time will bring war nearer. They are well-informed, and they have told me they are convinced that causing the death of one man is preferable to the risk of disturbing the peace of Europe."

Well, as politely as possible, the Chairman told him to go to hell. And as the man left, he said, "That speech will not be delivered. Under no circumstances will it be delivered, in the House."

The Opposition told Scotland Yard. And *they* took the matter up at once, and assured the Chairman of the Party that the entire police force of the metropolis would be available. Police protection on an enormous scale was given to Minch at once.

I think Scotland Yard must have known more than they ever told about the organization that was making that threat, because they said at once that the man that had called on the Chairman of the Party would have been a man named Hosken. And that's who he turned out to be. The Chairman asked them then if they would arrest him. But the chief inspector said: Better not—better leave him at large, and he might give them more information. And he did. . . .

The Chairman of the Party was sitting in his office with a burden removed from his mind, for he felt that the police had everything well in hand, when in walked this extraordinary man again. They let him come in, because they wanted to hear what the fellow had to say. They addressed him by his name this time, and I think it gave the Chairman a little childish pleasure to imply by doing so that they knew all about him.

"Well, Mr. Hosken," said the Chairman, "is there anything more that you wished to tell us?"

A faint smile from Hosken greeted the use of his name. And then he said, "Only to say that all those policemen will not enable Mr. Minch to make that speech and start a debate in Parliament, while things are as they are just now abroad."

"If Mr. Minch desires to speak in the House, as he has every right to do, he will certainly do so," said the Chairman.

"I have come to say," said Hosken, "that if he will put it off, so as to give things time to simmer down, the powerful organization with which a friend of mine is in touch will take no action."

"If you mean by 'things' the state of affairs in Europe, we are not concerned with them. No one in Europe can deny us free speech," said the Chairman.

"It would be an open defiance," said Hosken, "and would lead to war."

"You must understand," the Chairman said to Hosken, "that we cannot tolerate any more blackmail."

"Certainly, sir," said Hosken. "Only there will be no speech in Parliament by Mr. Minch for at least a week. And, if you stop him peacefully, there will be no need for violence."

Then he smiled and walked out.

Well, that's how things were (went on the old journalist)—tension rather acute, and this fiery young man going to start a debate in the House that would put all the fat in the fire, and perhaps set it overflowing and scalding all Europe; and a powerful organization of blackmailers—for they were nothing less—determined that that debate should never take place, and that one man's murder was nothing compared to war. And against the blackmailing gang was practically the whole of the police force of the metropolis. I needn't go into the precautions taken by the police. They took them all. Minch was constantly under observation by at least two of them. I doubt if anyone was ever more watched in London.

They soon ran Hosken down, but did not arrest him. All they did was to keep him under observation. I fancy they thought that he would be more useful to them that way.

On a Wednesday morning everything was all ready. Minch was going to speak at seven that evening. His whole family were going to be there, his old father in the Peers' Gallery, and all the rest of his family in the Ladies' Gallery. The police had a cab for Minch which was entirely bulletproof, even to windows of plate glass that was over an inch thick.

Well, the precautions were more than would have been taken for moving bullion from the Bank of England. They asked Minch to be at the House by three o'clock.

As he and his police escort arrived, a messenger boy handed a note to the inspector in charge of the guard. He opened it and saw an anonymous note, saying: *Mr. Minch will not make that speech today.* He smiled, because once inside the precincts of the House of Parliament murder was quite impossible.

Minch's family were to arrive at half past six. At three o'clock, a dull debate opened. And yet the tension was electric, for everyone present knew the threat of the gang. The dignity of Parliament was at stake, and most of the members, even on the side to which Minch was going to cause so much trouble, put that first. Slowly the tension heightened, as the hands of the clock moved round to four.

And in that heightened tension everyone seemed to know what everyone else was thinking. They knew when any speaker was intending to be funny, and all laughed quickly and nervously, even before the little joke came.

AND then, at five minutes past four, a note for Mr. Minch was handed by a policeman to the inspector, who passed it to the sergeant at arms, who went into the chamber and gave it to Minch. Minch opened it and turned white.

"My father is dead," he said to a member beside him. "He's been murdered."

"I am terribly sorry," said the other man. "What happened?"

Minch handed the note to him. His father had been shot dead in his house. The murderer had escaped.

"And your speech," said the other member. "I am afraid—"

"No," said Minch. "That can't stop me. Nobody could be sorrier than I am. But private grief is one thing, public duty another."

"But, look here," said the other member. "I mean—you're a peer."

"I'm a what!" said Minch.

"You're a peer now," said the other.

"My God!" Minch answered.

Well, that was the end of that. The gang had done it. They attacked as any man of sense would always attack, at the weakest point, where nobody was expecting it. And nobody did think of poor old Lord Inchingthwaite. He was quite obscure. But the moment he died, Peter Minch became a peer, and could make no more speeches in the House of Commons.

And he couldn't even make his speech in the House of Lords, until he had taken his seat, and all that took time. He did make the speech at a meeting that week in what had been his constituency, but Austria took no notice of that. . . .

"So war was averted," said the young journalist.

"Well, yes," said the old journalist. "Not that it made any difference in the end." THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY

Praised to the Skies

No amount of "blue sky" claims can make a whiskey great. The only true test is—taste it. Then you'll know why Seagram's 7 Crown is always... praised to the skies!

Say **Seagram's** *and be* **Sure**

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

Wit, Wisdom and Weather

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

him; or as he sits in his cramped office on a cold day, with his old green shawl thrown over his shoulders partially concealing his tweed jacket with its patched elbows, and the bow tie that rides high on his Adam's apple, he inevitably strikes one as being Lincolnesque. The shaggy eyebrows and the pronounced, craggy bone structure of his face help further the impression—even before one learns that he is a direct descendant of Lincoln on his mother's side.

The appropriately weather-beaten editor of The Old Farmer's Almanac lives as well as looks the part. He is a shrewd Yankee who knows that the public expects the editor of such a unique periodical to be a colorful personality, and his stanch New England sense of responsibility would never permit him to ignore his public duty. But no matter how enthusiastically he enacts his role, it is probably done with only a minimum of calculation. He has by now so identified himself with the Almanac that such phrases as "Cut your clover and mind your own business" and "Save your money and spend your time" creep unnoticed into his speech, and he may characterize an individual as "the kind of man that carries his money in his pocket."

Robb believes in a compassionate God, makes a firm distinction between "rugged" and "ruthless" individualism, and lives the simple, uncomplicated life of a country squire. He is frugal to the point of driving out of his way to avoid a penny-consuming parking meter and he is a stalwart conservative, or he would never have won 135 out of a possible 205 votes for selectman in the latest election.

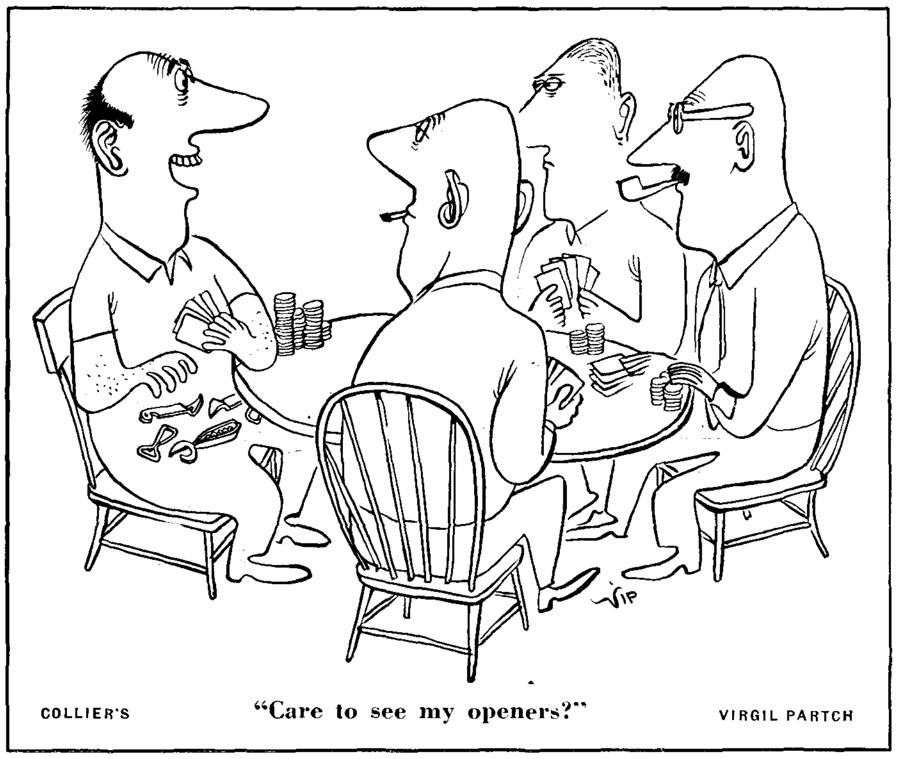
Why He Sent the Wrong Photo

His constituents describe him as being completely independent. When a friend recently nominated him for membership in an exclusive club in a nearby city, the membership committee wrote and asked him for a photograph. Robb developed the deep suspicion that they wanted it only to see if, in dress and appearance, he conformed to their notably rigid pattern. He sent them a picture of an old, bearded farmer holding a suckling pig in his arms. His friend had some difficulty getting him elected to the club.

They are still chuckling in Dublin over a recent display of his Yankee shrewdness. Last year he purchased some land and found that the deed granted a right of way in perpetuity for a footpath across his new property to the land that lay just back of it. Certain individuals, who defined footpath rather loosely, began using this right of way for the passage of a large truck. Soon thereafter Robb surveyed his land and found it wanting in foliage. So he planted a solid, three-foot hedge across its rear boundary, with a gap in it just wide enough for a person following a narrow footpath to pass through.

Some of his habits, however, would undoubtedly have encouraged his Puritan ancestors to confine him in stocks. He is a confirmed cigarette smoker and he has looked upon both red and white wine with pleasure. According to Puritan standards he has at times been frivolous to an extreme; at last year's office Christmas party Robb played the banjo, sang, and served champagne cider laid down in 1900. He unashamedly follows his favorite square-dance caller around like a bobby-soxer in pursuit of Sinatra. Robb is rash and romantic enough to have purchased a hillside house at auction because he was enthralled by the view of the sunset it offered. And, unlike the tight-lipped Yankee of tradition, he talks about himself with complete candor—"I never had a penny of my own. I married a rich woman."

No trace of his matrimonially acquired wealth is apparent in the office of The Old Farmer's Almanac. The cottage's two front rooms house the bookkeeping, circulation and mailing departments. They are barren except for office equipment and a hand-crank telephone, flanked by a three-minute-egg sandglass and a hand-lettered sign which reads, "Time your call. Three minutes!"



COLLIER'S "Care to see my openers?" VIRGIL PARTCH

The smaller of the two rear rooms serves as Robb's office. It is crowded with old steel files, a battered wooden desk and matching chair, a straight chair for visitors, unpainted pine shelves of his own construction, a deer's-hoof thermometer and a stuffed redheaded woodpecker. The walls are decorated with pink wallpaper, a 1922 Harvard diploma, a few cobwebs and a 1906 survey map of Dublin County. On the desk is a "Current" file, improvised from a carton that once held kitchen soap, and a "Letters" file made from a case that originally held cans of maple sirup.

A hole is cut in one wall, and through it Robb can look into the adjoining office, where the editorial and advertising functions of his publishing empire are combined. The first person this descendant of Abraham Lincoln sees, framed in the opening, is a direct descendant of John Wilkes Booth!

Richard Merrifield—a dark, saturnine young man who is noted locally for his violin playing and his reluctance to get his hair cut—is the editor of Yankee. Both he and Robb are totally unimpressed by the coincidence of their ancestry and dismiss it with the statement, "Well, both Lincoln's and Booth's descendants have to work somewhere." Robb knew Merrifield as the capable book editor of a West Coast magazine and hired him before he ever knew of their historical linkage.

A Former Hearst Journalist

Buried in a far corner of this room is the desk of the firm's advertising director, Edward Van Zile, a courtly, white-haired newspaperman of the old school. When printer's ink invaded Dublin he rushed from retirement, and painlessly made the transition from the frenzied journalism of the old New York American to the placidity of New Hampshire publishing.

Merrifield and Van Zile have, with the passage of time, laid paths down to their desks across a floor heaped with overflowing boxes that once held canned goods but which now contain everything from antiquarian books to vacuum-cleaner parts. They are further hemmed in by a Franklin stove, a 150-year-old hand press that is still used for pulling proof, a stuffed ground hog and a mounted deer's head, and a large, broken model of a whaling ship.

In this "efficiently organized disarray," as Merrifield calls it, the two men keep the coffeepot hot, concentrate on the firm's magazine and occasionally assist Robb with some of the routine details of the Almanac. Both men, having been trained in metropolitan publishing, still find it disconcerting to look up from their desks to find their employer putting up storm windows or sweeping the office. Van Zile says, "I assure you, that was not Mr. Hearst's way of doing things."

The three men lunch daily in the cottage's upstairs room, amidst stuffed animals and battered furniture. Canned soup, turned out on a hot plate, supplements the sandwiches the men bring to work with them. This lunch club is financed by the 25-cent fine imposed for discussing work during the lunch hour.

On a piece of pine shelving is the penciled listing:

VZ
Sag
Merr

This serves as a permanent reminder to the president, the vice-president, and the director of advertising of Yankee, Inc., of the order in which they are to rotate such daily chores as washing the lunch dishes, shoveling snow and carrying firewood.

This benign atmosphere in which the Almanac flourishes was, quite accidentally, brought about by a rainstorm.

When Robb graduated from Harvard, in 1922, he had already spent enough vacations on a family farm to have discovered, despite his Boston upbringing, that he had a definite affinity for the bucolic. However, he followed a conventional pattern and went to work in the New York office of his family's steel fabricating business, founded by his grandfather and now run by his father. His New York period netted him a wife, two daughters, and a seething distaste for city life.

The depression gave him an excuse to leave the business world and, in 1930, he retreated to New Hampshire to try his hand at farming and to attempt to cure himself of an infection he had picked up on the Harvard Lampoon—the itch to write.

"The only time I made any money farming," he says, "was when Henry Wallace paid off on not growing pigs. But in four years I did fill a couple of trunks with unpublished manuscripts."

And then, in 1935, a cold March rain forced an old country printer to take shelter under his roof. The printer owned a building, printing equipment, and was faced with the prospect of bankruptcy. Robb had for some time been harboring the idea of starting a regional magazine. By the time the rain stopped he was in the printing and publishing business.

The printing end of the business quickly collapsed. One evening a huge order of paper was unloaded, at Robb's instruction, on the floor of the print shop—located in a blanket mill built out on piers over a river. The heavy paper was too much for the flooring and the following morning Robb found his paper and printing machinery in the river. He became a publisher, exclusively.

His magazine, Yankee, didn't become profitable until after World War II but, by 1940, it had gained some fame as the voice of New England and Robb was offered an opportunity to publish and edit the Almanac, which was suffering from a dyspepsia brought on by city living.

Futile Efforts to Modernize

A Boston book publisher, Little, Brown & Company, had taken the Almanac over when its eighth editor died in 1935. During the ensuing five years the company tried to modernize the Almanac. Big-name writers were brought in. The secret weather formula was ignored, and the U.S. Weather Bureau was called in to make the predictions. One year the weather was omitted entirely. This caused the greatest howl of public anguish since the year Teddy Roosevelt left "In God We Trust" off the nickel.

The Almanac wilted. But as soon as Robb transplanted it back to New Hampshire's rural soil it gathered strength, grew to more than double its previous circulation, and eventually produced fruit in the shape of profits running into five figures.

Robb was largely responsible for the Almanac's renascence. One of his major contributions was the careful selection of three corresponding editorial specialists to assist him.

The famous Farmer's Calendar is written by Benjamin Rice, a cattle and apple farmer of Peterborough, New Hampshire. A part of the message for last April was, "Now shall the leaves and the ferns, the buds and the good green grasses make increase. . . . Get the last of the winter's manure out—and spread it rather thin, for it is going to work for you right away now. . . . Look to your fences and your daughters. Spring's here."

Rice is a short, stubby man in his mid-forties, weighed down by the cares of the world and the farm. His disposition isn't brightened by the fact that he is waging a continual and losing war with a horde of apple-loving wild deer. In a good season, deer permitting, his orchards produce 15,000 bushels. But if the deer put their minds to it they can make serious inroads on his crop. The state of New Hampshire, taking responsibility for the ravages of its wild life, recently built a $10,000 wire fence around his orchards. Now the deer have to jump to get at his apples—and New Hampshire deer sail through the air with great ease. Such a burdened man would seem ill-equipped for levity, but Rice also contributes the Anecdotes and Pleasantries that enliven the Almanac.

At the head of each monthly calendar page there is always a brief poem. These are written by an emigrant from Kentucky. Big, strapping David Morton migrated to New England to teach English and coach football at the Deerfield Academy. Who's Who gives him 27 lines and literary critics know and respect his work.

Loring Andrews, formerly of the astronomy department at Harvard Observatory, provides the Almanac with all of its astro-

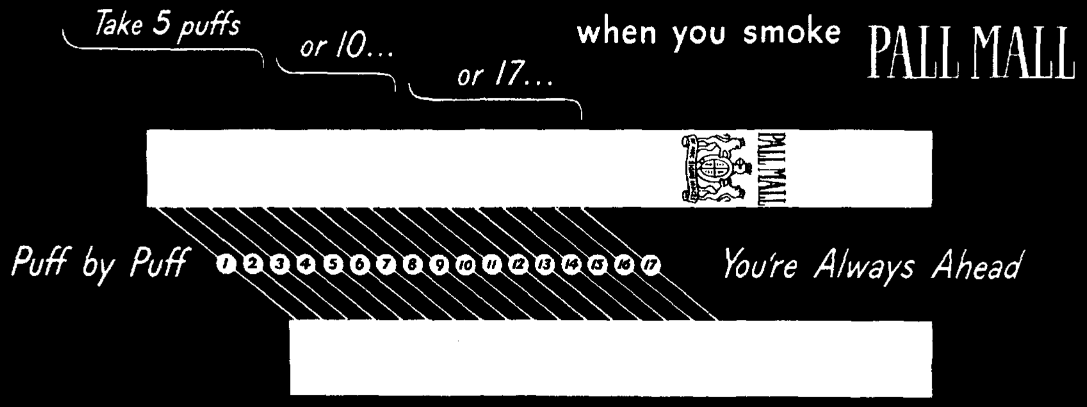
Guard Against Throat Scratch

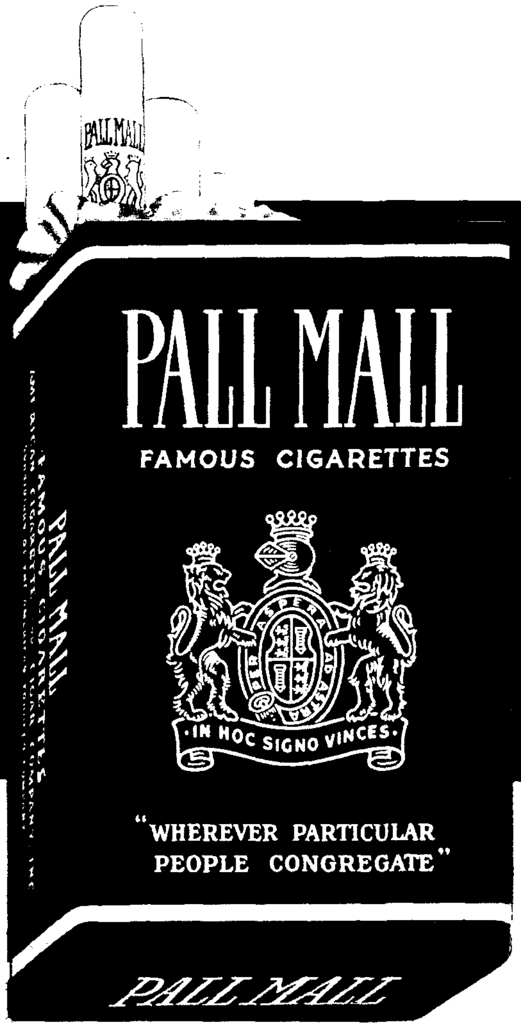
enjoy smooth smoking

PALL MALL's

greater length of fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further...
**filters the smoke
and makes it mild**

PUFF BY PUFF... YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD


Take 5 puffs
or 10...
or 17...
when you smoke PALL MALL
PALL MALL
Puff by Puff
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
You're Always Ahead


PALL MALL
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PALL MALL

STUDY THE PUFF CHART! At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs of each cigarette—or 10, or 15, or 17—PALL MALL still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine tobaccos—guards against throat-scratch.

Outstanding ...and they are mild!

Copr., American Cigarette and Cigar Co., Inc.

nomical data and is the originator of the table whereby this data, which is written for New England, can be converted for use in any section of the country. Andrews—a friendly but reserved man with deliberate, pedantic speech—thinks he spends about 300 hours a year on his Almanac work. He has made only one error in 10 years. Once, he listed sunrise three minutes too early and sunset three minutes too late. The only one to catch him in this error was the man with the Boston Edison Company whose job it was to see that the street lights were turned on and off at the proper time.

New England Flavor Prevails

Andrews, although Boston born and bred, lives in a New York City suburb. The Almanac refers to him as living in Scituate, Massachusetts. Robb wishes to preserve, intact, the New England atmosphere of the periodical, and all foreign influences are ignored. This could not be called a complete fiction. Andrews once had a summer home about 10 miles from Scituate.

The corresponding editors turn out about 30 per cent of the Almanac's contents. The rest is produced by Robb, who spends five months of his full time, and many of his days and evenings during the rest of the year, at this highly varied task.

He may dig up an item on compost from a local farmer or call on a ninety-year-old sheepherder, whose house and furniture have been built of 86 varieties of native wood, for a paragraph on building timber. If he wants to write on rockets to the moon he can call on such eminent neighbors as Dr. Karl Compton and Dr. Vannevar Bush for help. He collates postal rates and holidays, works out a gestation table for animals ranging from cows to "she-buffaloes," charts planting and harvesting dates for vegetables and grain and digs up such useful household hints as "Tiny pieces of broken glass can be picked up with a wet piece of absorbent cotton."

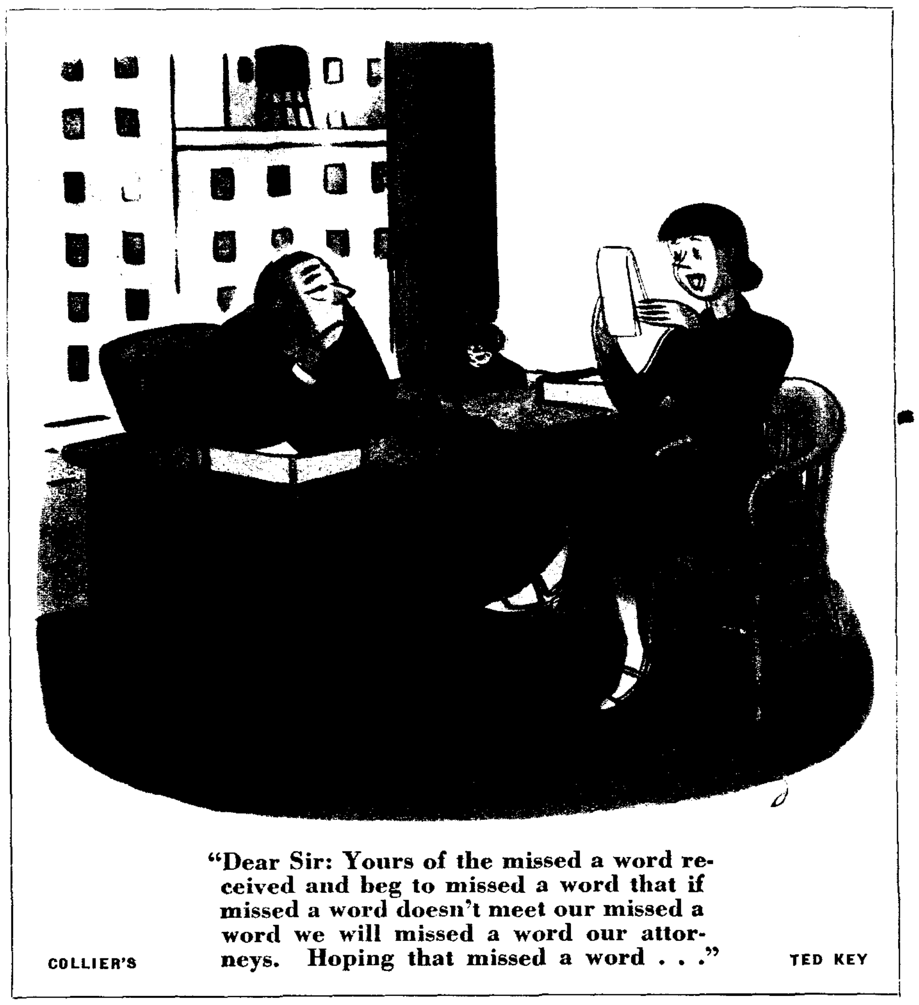
He does much research in old magazines, newspapers and journals and can produce an essay on How to Build a Race Track—Just in Case You Want To or such irrelevancies as "A hippopotamus was born in Amsterdam, Holland, July 29, 1865."

Old diaries frequently provide him with yarns like the one about the Vermont farmer who was so stingy he froze his help in a cave each winter, to avoid feeding them, and then thawed them out in time for spring planting—and Robb will also tell you, with a straight face, that doctors have assured him this is perfectly possible.

By far his most renowned effort on behalf of the Almanac is his forecast of the coming year's weather. The surprising accuracy of these forecasts is the Almanac's greatest claim to fame. Brides use them to set wedding dates, civic organizations to plan picnics and carnivals, and ministers to plan church activities. The manager of a chain of New York bakery shops cuts his baking order when the Almanac predicts bad weather. A Wall Street broker purchased a soft-drink stock when it forecast a hot, thirsty summer. A weather scientist at Massachusetts Tech once confessed to Robb that he carried his umbrella on the basis of the Almanac's forecasts. And it is extensively used by farmers and seafarers.

Employees of the U.S. Weather Bureau are resigned to the oft-repeated gibe, "Why don't you get an Old Farmer's Almanac?" They missed the Big Snow of '48. The Almanac didn't. While the Weather Bureau's thirty-day forecasts predicted that the past summer would be extra hot the Almanac correctly reported that it would be cool and wet. In fact, people have come to have such respect for the Almanac's weather eye that during the war official cognizance was taken of its accuracy. While Robb was laboring in New York for the Office of Censorship the Washington headquarters of that agency pulled his 1942 edition off the stands, fearing that its weather data might give aid and comfort to the enemy. After considerable palaver the Almanac reappeared on the stands and continued to throughout the war. The weather data remained exactly the same but, by government request, the word "forecast" was changed to "indications." Robb is still enchanted by his memories of a bureaucratic mind that felt a totalitarian enemy could be baffled by a simple word substitution.

Robb's knowledge of the weather also played a positive role in the war. His own work brought him in daily contact with the FBI's New York branch. One of its duties was to send along on the shake-down cruise of every newly launched vessel in the area an operative who would guard the ship



"Dear Sir: Yours of the missed a word received and beg to missed a word that if missed a word doesn't meet our missed a word we will missed a word our attorneys. Hoping that missed a word . . ."

COLLIER'S TED KEY

IT'S HERE-

3-Speed Bicycling

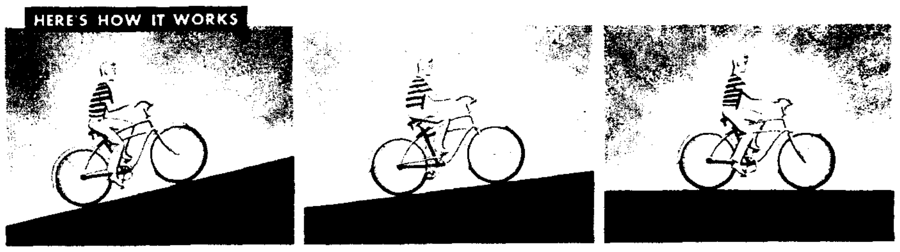
BY NEW DEPARTURE!

Now you can shift gears on your bike just as you would in a car!

NOW, with a flick of your finger you can change from low, to second, to high—quickly and smoothly.

This amazing new development, called Triplspeed, marks the greatest advance in cycling since the invention of the coaster brake. Triplspeed gives you a choice of three different gear ratios, quick sure braking, smooth free-wheeling, constant control at all speeds and at all times. Bicycling now becomes safer, easier, much more fun with . . . TRIPLSPEED

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS



1. **LOW** (a 25 percent reduction) for hill climbing, bad roads, etc.

2. **SECOND** for all normal riding on good roads, level stretches.

3. **HIGH** (a 33 percent overdrive) for far greater speed.

BEST NEWS OF ALL, you don't have to buy a new bike to know the thrill, the fun of three-speed bicycling. Triplspeed can be installed right in the hub of your present New Departure Coaster Brake—in just a few minutes time.

Your dealer, your bicycle repair man, has Triplspeed right now. Ask him to show you how it works. Ask him to let you try it out on a demonstration bike. Learn how easy it is to have the best hill climber, the speediest, safest bike in town!

JUST LOOK AT THESE GREAT FEATURES

TRIPLSPEED is compact and weather-proof.

TRIPLSPEED is sturdy, durable, easy to install.

TRIPLSPEED converts any New Departure coaster brake to three speeds.

TRIPLSPEED has a back-pedaling brake with each gear.

TRIPLSPEED has "synchromesh" action. Gears can be shifted at any time.

TRIPLSPEED has handle-bar control. Your hands never have, to leave the handle-bars.

ANOTHER "NEW DEPARTURE" BY

1891

New Departure

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS BRISTOL, CONN.

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

The Posts' route over the Alcan Highway, over which their 1950 Dynaflow-equipped Buick SPECIAL successfully towed the record-size trailer above.

"People could not believe their eyes"

writes Seattle couple, who Dynaflowed this mammoth 4-ton trailer over 3,000 rugged miles to Alaska — behind the family Buick

PICTURED above is the largest trailer ever to travel the Alcan Highway. Yet look what's pulling it – a Buick SPECIAL with Dynaflow Drive.*

Small wonder "people could not believe their eyes." No wonder customs inspectors were skeptical that any stock car with a load like that – 35 feet long and 8,800 pounds heavy – could make it.

The 3,000-mile route from Seattle to Fairbanks, Alaska, is rough and rugged. Its mud, slush, ice, snow and steep mountain grades are frequently too much for passenger cars – even without trailers in tow.

But Mr. and Mrs. James Post of Seattle were confident that in their new Buick with Dynaflow they had a power team able to best the worst – record-size trailer and all!

"Would have been impossible without Dynaflow"

In excerpt form their letter reads, "We hit 80 miles of the sticky mud we had heard so much about. It was rough – but at least if we had to stop, we felt certain of getting started again. We had endless inquiries on how the car managed to pull the trailer. People could not believe their eyes."

Later, their narrative states, "We were told we could not pull the trailer over Mile 595. Trucks had had trouble getting over that one. Starting up that grade, we stopped breathing. The speedometer hardly registered, but we got over the top . . . and everyone was speechless. . . . If it had not been for Dynaflow Drive, our trip would have been impossible with such a large trailer."

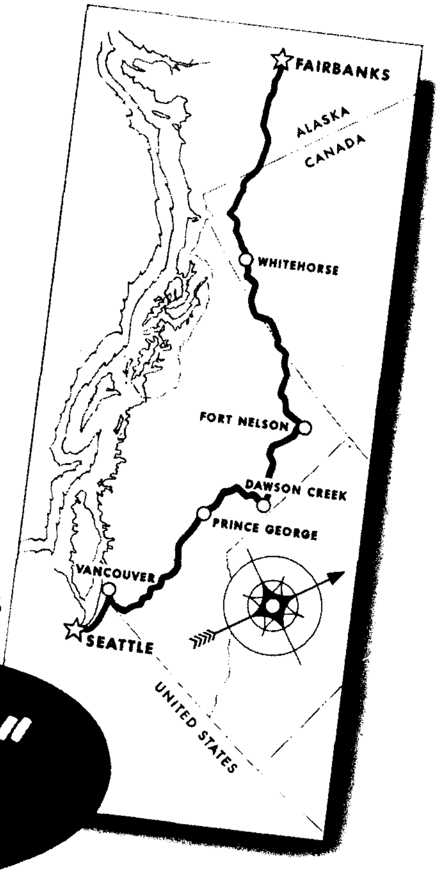
Of course, you may never be Alaska bound – or ever tow a trailer, even over the best of highways.

But the Posts' 3,000-mile run is pretty good proof of Dynaflow's staying power and pulling power in any driving you may do.

Add this to the smoothness and ease you enjoy from every Dynaflow mile, and you can see why it's a "must" on a modern car.

All of which makes it mighty important to see your Buick dealer pronto and let him give you all the other reasons why "better buy Buick" is sound advice.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS



WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

"Better buy Buick"

with Dynaflow Drive

YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE

*Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network every Monday evening.

Your guests know ROMA best.. served more often

than any other fine wine

No wonder Roma Wines are America's first choice! For in Roma's vast cellars the world's largest reserves of fine wine are resting...selected and bottled *only* at their peak of mellowness. Roma waits to bring you carefully tended wines that never vary in quality—fine wines that *you* can afford to serve often.

ROMA
Reserve
California
PORT
ROMA
Reserve
California
SHERRY

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FRESNO, CALIF.

ROMA
America's Largest Selling
WINE

against possible sabotage. Unfortunately, the FBI had on its roster many men who were particularly susceptible to seasickness. The local bureau chief finally turned to Robb, for advance predictions about conditions at sea, before handing out these assignments to his men.

Robb is solely responsible for the predictions. He insists, and his associates believe him, that he is the tenth possessor of a secret weather formula that has been handed down from editor to editor of the Almanac. This formula, he says, uses all the information available to the scientist, and, also, takes into account certain secret and seemingly irrelevant factors which the scientists must, perforce, ignore.

For public consumption he has developed a facetious air toward his role of weather prophet. "The pileated woodpecker's love calls to little girl woodpeckers," he publicly declaims, "are a great help to my predictions." In private conversation he will guardedly hint in deadly earnest that he may be on the track of a truly workable weather formula. He speaks cryptically of "cycles" and "rhythms," and of reading Latin and Greek literature for clues to weather behavior.

Whatever his secret is, if any, the fact remains that he is continually coming up with amazing forecasts. This year he predicted there would be a rare occurrence in many places—the ground hog would see his shadow only by the light of the full moon. And on February 2d, six Northeastern states had rain, snow or sleet all day and then, after sunset, the skies obligingly cleared and a bright full moon came out.

Needs Script for Speeches

Robb's other chores in connection with the Almanac include reading proof, supervising the printing and soliciting the advertising. He prepares an annual publicity sheet for about 5,000 newspaper editors and receives in return amazing chunks of free space from papers in all 48 states. He has allowed himself to be photographed for a newspaper interview while wearing a coonskin cap and holding a stuffed ground hog. We, The People, The Voice Of America and other radio and television shows have had him as a guest, and he occasionally has addressed civic groups. With a prepared script he can do quite nicely, but otherwise his speaking efforts are not notable. The headmaster of Groton Academy once told Mrs. Sagendorph that her husband was capable of making the most totally unprepared speech he had ever listened to.

Scribbling answers to queries from Almanac readers takes up a great deal of Robb's time. In one mail he'll be asked what phase of the moon is best for drawing wine; where wooden Indians may be purchased; how to make an ox yoke; where the last whaler is now anchored; how to make an oyster stew for 60 lumbermen; or even such personal questions as "In what latitude and longitude do I live?" He answers each query himself—he has no secretary. The person who receives an answer scribbled across the bottom of his original letter is much more fortunate than the one who gets a typewritten reply. Robb and a typewriter are mutually incompatible.

The Almanac Goes to Press

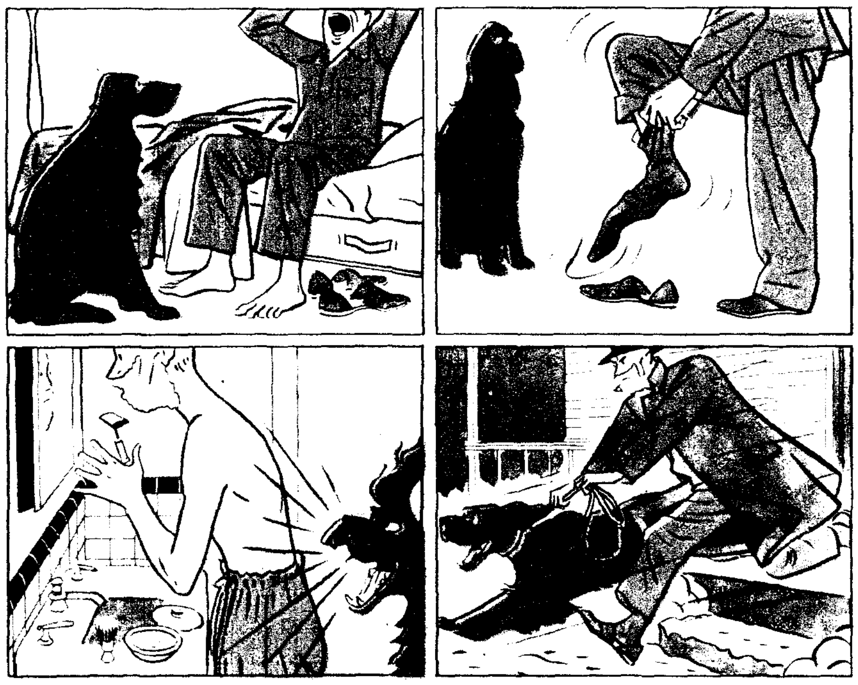
In July, when his own work is finished and he has in hand the contributions of Andrews, Rice and Morton, Robb sends a copy to a Boston compositor who has owned, since 1800, the Almanac's personal type face. It takes two months to hand-set the 24 quaint and complicated calendar pages. The rest of the text is set by machine. In September the plates are shipped to a Meriden, Connecticut, printer who runs the Almanac off on the same rotary press that was used at the century's turn.

And then, in November, it appears on the newsstands and in bookstores, and thousands of people turn to it, not only for its wit, wisdom and weather, but also to be reminded, for a brief, nostalgic spell, of a way of life in which man wasn't quite so close to losing his cosmic bearings.

For the coming winter season, the Almanac predicts "Plenty of Snow and Plenty Cold," and goes on to say: "November, 1950, will be colder than most years, and along with December, 1950, will have its full share of storms of rain and snow. January, 1951, will start off real cold, and the last half of the month will bring along almost every kind of known winter weather. February will find on the ground more snow than usual, and this snow will stay well into March. The last three weeks of March will have nothing in them which can be spoken of favorably except they brought us three weeks nearer Spring."

A reasonable forecast for 1951 and, possibly, 2051 is that The Old Farmer's Almanac will appear on schedule to tell us the kind of winter to expect, to inform us that an 1816 militiaman could be fined 20 cents "for deficiency of 2 spare flints," and to warn us to be wary, because "there are a good many asses without long ears." THE END

CLANCY



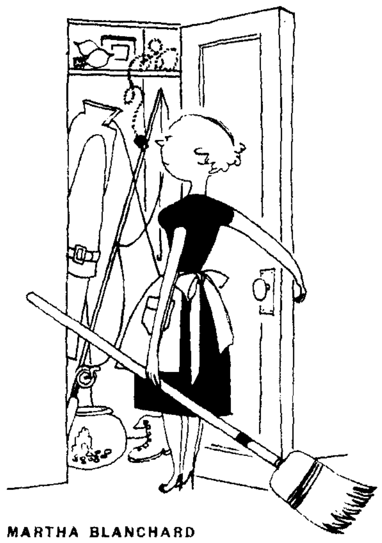
COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Sober Facts about Sex Crimes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

one day to life—in prisons or other institutions, where they are supposed to be treated. But rarely are these statutes *implemented* by provisions for adequate diagnostic or treatment facilities, psychiatric or otherwise. They take for granted, then, treatment resources which are actually nonexistent.

Third, experts see in the sex psychopath laws a potentially dangerous threat to civil liberties. The most extreme example of this threat is implicit in the laws of five states which authorize indeterminate commitments—which may be for life—not only for convicted sex offenders but also for suspected sex deviates deemed dangerous to the community. A person may be charged with committing a sex offense, have the case dismissed in court for lack of evidence or be adjudged innocent by a jury—and then get committed to an institution for an indeterminate period, perhaps life, anyway.



MARTHA BLANCHARD

Broom Closet

We planned it spaciously to hold
Each mop and brush, but now we've old
Galoshes sagging on the floor,
A hunting cap that's worn no more,
A can of wax, a fishing pole,
One tennis shoe, a goldfish bowl,
Two light bulbs and extension cord,
A raincoat and the ironing board,
Some scratch remover, laundry soap. . . .
The contents mount, but still I hope
To find within that little room
A space, one day, to put the broom.

—BETTY ISLER

The laws usually require that the offender be released only upon certification of psychiatrists or other experts that he is no longer "dangerous" or that he has "recovered." Psychiatrists may be extremely reluctant to make this certification for fear the offender may repeat his crime at some future time and thus put them on the spot. They are in the awful dilemma of having to pass on recovery for persons who, in the main, have had no treatment.

Judge Nochem S. Winnet of Philadelphia warns that the sex psychopath laws "are a threat to the liberties of all. Today they may be used only against the mentally ill, or the person suffering from a personality disturbance. Tomorrow they may be used against anyone who is a dissident."

Compel all sex offenders to register. Bills have been introduced in many state legislatures requiring all convicted sex offenders to register with the local police. The idea is to keep them under constant surveillance and to make it easy for the police to locate them in case they are sought as suspects. It sounds logical enough, but is loaded with dynamite.

California has had such a law on its statute books for several years, the city of Los Angeles even longer. Every time a convicted sex offender moves to a new address, he must notify the local police at once or be subject to a jail sentence. He is always liable to be picked up during police roundups of suspects when a sex crime has been committed.

Recently I heard of a respected Californian who had committed a minor sex offense years ago. He had since been happily married and was living as a law-abiding citizen. He and his wife were entertaining one night when police entered and demanded that the host accompany them to the station for questioning in connection with a rape-murder just committed. The wife and assembled guests learned for the first time that the man was a registered sex offender. He was quickly cleared and released, but the incident seriously marred his life thereafter.

So harsh and destructive are the implications of the sex-offense registration law that many California towns make no effort to enforce it. There is no evidence that compulsory registration serves as a deterrent in any area where it is enforced.

Warn children to beware of strangers. The do-not-speak-to-strangers movement is based largely on the mistaken belief that most serious sex offenses against children are committed by strangers. It appears, on the contrary, that most are perpetrated by adults known to them.

So much for the mistaken approaches to the problem.

What, then, can we really do to provide maximum protection against sex crimes? There is no one-shot simple answer. But there is a series of concrete steps which, if taken, can make sex crimes a manageable problem.

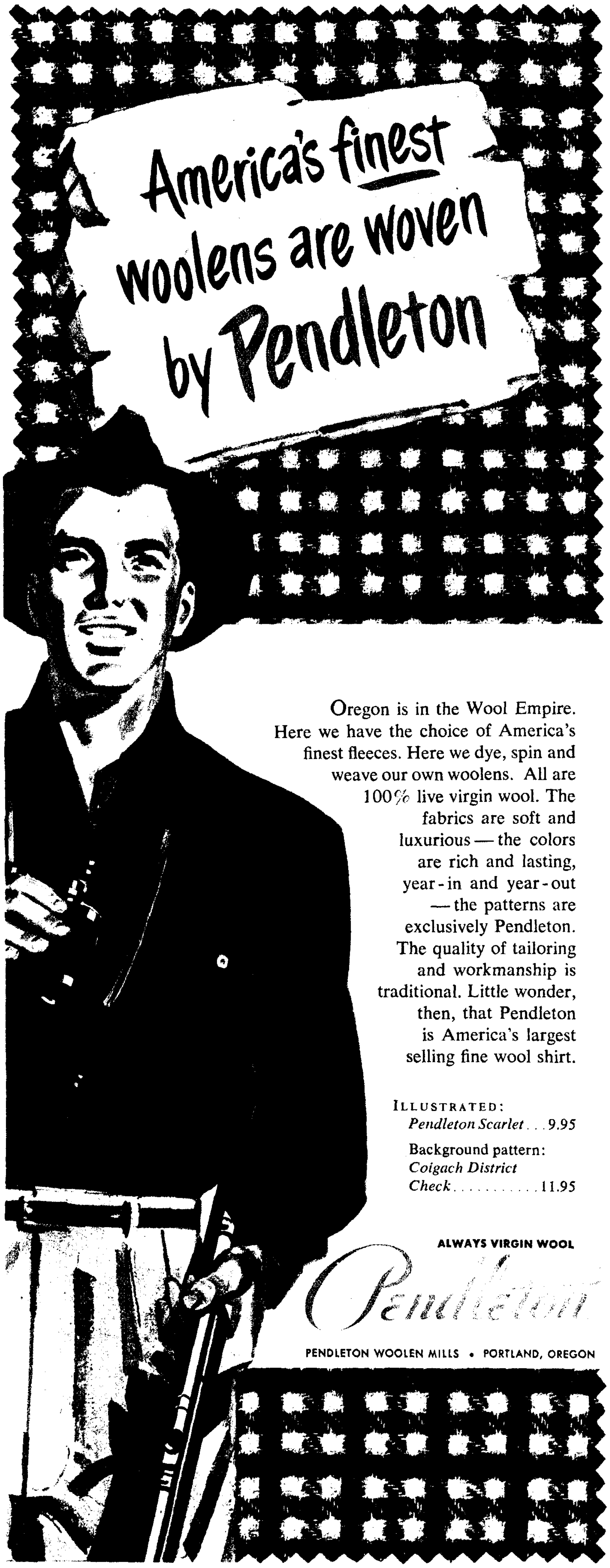
A Sound Corrective Program

Here is a program for combating the sex-crime threat, drawn up after consultation with leading experts in the field:

1. Concentrate on those people who are social menaces or chronic public nuisances—who use force or coercion, molest little children or cannot control offensive public behavior. Clear our statute books of archaic and unenforceable laws regulating the private lives of adults.

2. New laws should always be realistically tied up with scientific knowledge and present resources for rehabilitation. Stop passing panic-inspired "sex psychopath" laws that merely multiply the problems they set out to solve.

3. Diagnostic and treatment centers and clinics should be set up, wherever possible, in connection with courts for the screening, classification and rehabilitation of sex offenders with personality disorders—and for other emotionally disturbed offenders as well. New Jersey has blazed a trail by the



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"Our piano was almost forgotten—

Dad's a great guy. He's a firm believer in family fun. That's why many years ago he gave us a piano at Christmas.

It *was* fun. Angie, then 11, took lessons. Both Dad and I played, but Mom was the family musician. We'd gather around the piano for song-fests. Mom would play for our parties, and Dad and I could play rip-snortin' duets.

But somehow our piano slowly gave way to other interests. We played it less and less. Finally, it was just furniture.

We'd almost forgotten we owned a piano until last Christmas morning. We discovered someone had polished it, and had attached a Solovox!

—'til dad gave us this Christmas present!"

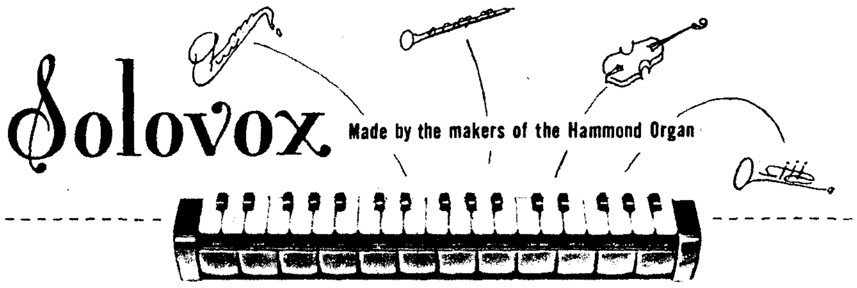
Christmas Day was a revelation! You'd have thought our piano was a gift we'd just unwrapped. It performed all day, but the Solovox was the star of the show!

Dad had seen the Solovox advertised, had learned how it brought old pianos back to life, and went down to the music store to try it before Christmas. He found the Solovox was the key to renewing the family fun we'd known with our piano.

But now our enjoyment increases each time we experiment with a new instrumental solo effect on the Solovox. There must be dozens: clarinet, flute, violin, cello, organ—and loads more!

And, do you know? We find ourselves playing the piano like we used to. Often with the Solovox, sometimes alone. It's always on the piano whenever anybody wants to play because playing piano for fun is *more* fun with a Solovox.

● Have you neglected your piano? Add a Solovox this Christmas and add to your piano enjoyment. It makes a lasting gift for all the family to enjoy. Stop by at your dealer's. Ask to play the Solovox.* You can buy it on terms, if you wish, with a very moderate down payment. For more details about the amazing Solovox, mail the coupon today.



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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1950, Hammond Instrument Company 11

recent establishment of a State Diagnostic Center at Menlo Park, where judges, schools and agencies can send children and adults—including sex offenders—for personality checkups.

Judges sending sex offenders to the center for presentence study get valuable help in making their decisions as to how best to dispose of such cases.

The New Jersey Diagnostic Center is by no means a panacea for the sex-crime problem, but is a modest—a very modest—step in the right direction. Headed by Dr. Ralph Brancale, a psychiatrist with long experience in handling criminal cases, it provides no treatment as yet, though it is hoped that in time it will be able to treat as well as to diagnose patients. In the meantime, it serves as a strategic spot where intensive observation may lead to valuable research findings.

Courts in increasing numbers are having diagnostic clinics attached to them for the study of persons involved in sex offenses, either before or after conviction and sentence. This trend should be speeded up as quickly as adequate personnel is made available. It is not only useless but actually harmful to pass laws that *presuppose* the existence of adequate diagnostic and treatment facilities while neglecting to appropriate sufficient funds to make their efficient operation possible.

Quaker Agency's Good Work

In many cases, nonpublic and public agencies can be used by courts to help rehabilitate sex offenders. One of the best examples of such co-operative effort is the work of the Quaker Emergency Service Readjustment Center in New York City, to which limited numbers of sex deviates are referred by the local courts as an alternative to imprisonment. As is the case universally, there is a far greater demand on this agency than can be met by its modest resources.

4. Not all sex offenders are sex deviates, or abnormal personalities: take, for example, men arrested for "statutory rape"—depending on the legal age of consent in a particular state. Not all sex deviates are exclusively psychiatric problems. Many can be rehabilitated by sound social counseling. More efficient teamwork between penal, psychiatric and social agencies could step up considerably the percentage of rehabilitated sex offenders.

5. A huge amount of scientific data about the personalities, potentialities and handling of sex offenders has piled up in many scattered places through the years. It would be a prime service if a national commission of inquiry, directed by experts and patterned on the Wickersham Commission on Crime created by President Hoover, were established for a comprehensive survey that would pull together the main scientific data on sex offenders.

It is known, for instance, that many sex criminals of the "social menace" type—the perpetrators of brutal lust-murders and rapes—have experienced loveless and deprived childhoods, very often involving physical cruelty on the part of parents or other adults. If this observation, made by many independent investigators, could be established as the usual pattern in the background of violent sex criminals, a valuable clue could be provided for parent education that would, in time, greatly reduce the reservoirs from which such criminals spring.

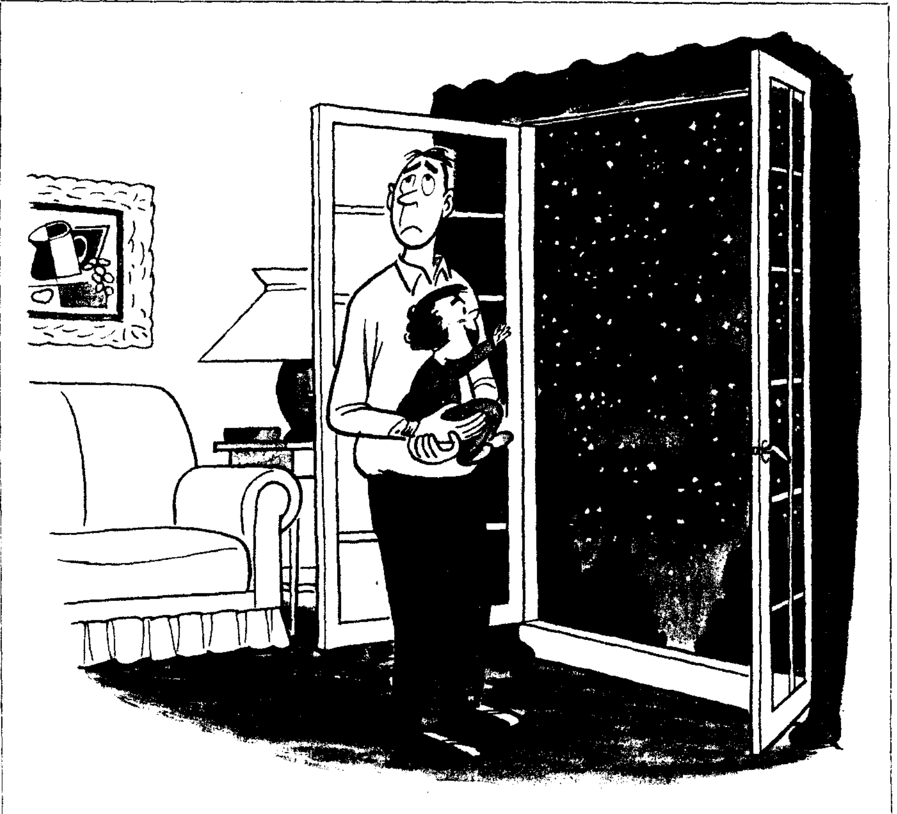
Pending the establishment of such a national commission, individual states could profitably conduct fact-gathering surveys. The New Jersey State Commission on Habitual Sex Offenders set a good example of this kind of inquiry in its recent report.

6. While the already available body of knowledge is considerable, there still exist great gaps in our understanding of sex offenders—their motivations, drives, backgrounds, and also methods of effective treatment. Many of these gaps must be filled before we know enough to build a comprehensive program of treatment and prevention.

Research, then, becomes one of the major needs in our attack on sex crime. We could save great sums of money, eventually, and prevent much human tragedy, if we poured nearly as many millions into scientific research as we now pour into the stones and steel that make up our penal institutions. The California legislature, at its last session, gave at least token recognition to this problem by making an initial two-year appropriation of $100,000 to finance a preliminary study of sex offenses at the Langley Porter Clinic in San Francisco.

7. In the last analysis, the warped and thwarted child is father to the adult sex criminal. Any community plan that provides more adequate child-guidance clinics, better parent education, and improved child health and welfare services, will help reduce the sex-criminal potential in the generations to come.

THE END



"... Good night, sky. Good night, stars.
Good night, trees. Good night, sparrows.
Good night, rose bushes. Good night ..."

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

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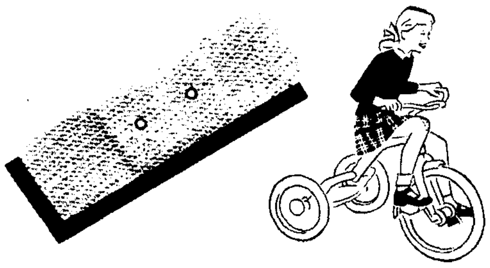
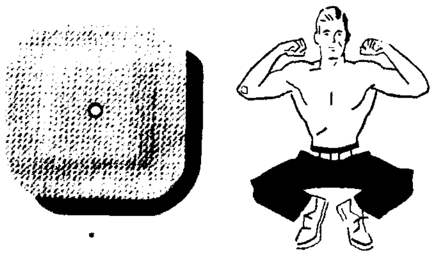
New shapes! New sizes! New comfort! You'll love these new BAND-AID* *Elastic* Dressings. Specially designed for hard-to-bandage places. Flesh-colored to make them inconspicuous.

3 new ELASTIC dressings...

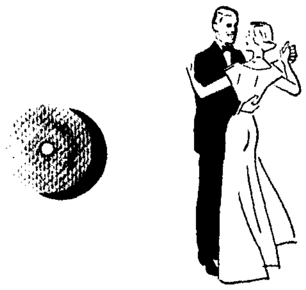
with the famous BAND-AID* name!



A strip that stretches to bend with any joint! BAND-AID* Elastic Adhesive Bandage doesn't *bind* when elbows, knees, knuckles *move!* Stays put—and stays comfortable!



A square that seals on all sides! BAND-AID* Patch Dressing keeps out dirt and moisture. Ideal for scalp wounds, boils, blisters, other hard-to-bandage injuries.



A tiny circle — ideal for conspicuous spots! So neat on face or neck, perfect for puncture wounds, moles or warts. BAND-AID* Spot Dressing seals all around the edge.

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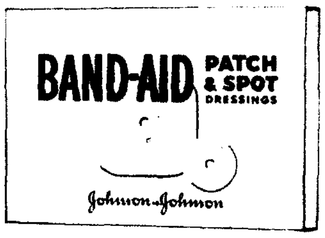
DRESSING



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DRESSING

Patch & Spot Dressings packed together in new flat box

All 3 have these advantages...

- They fit better because they stretch
- More comfortable
- Stay put without binding
- Individually wrapped
- 100% sterile
- Waterproof
- Flesh color, inconspicuous

*BAND-AID means MADE BY

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Whose Hue

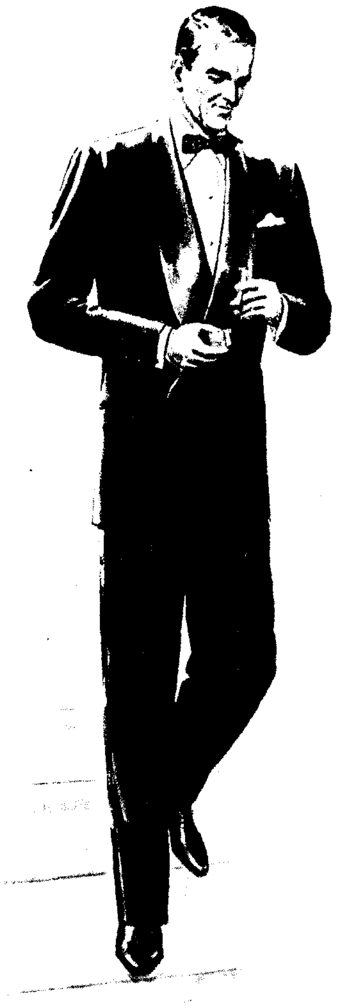
By BERT BACHARACH

Today's well-dressed man avoids looking garish or drab. Here's how to chart a correct color course

To LOOK well dressed, it isn't enough merely to buy expensive clothes (as a matter of fact, it isn't even necessary). A man can come from the most expensive tailor looking like a scarecrow; on the other hand, he can do his clothes shopping on the most limited budget and still look like the best-dressed man in town. The trick is in knowing what goes with what. If you follow this general outline, you can't go wrong:

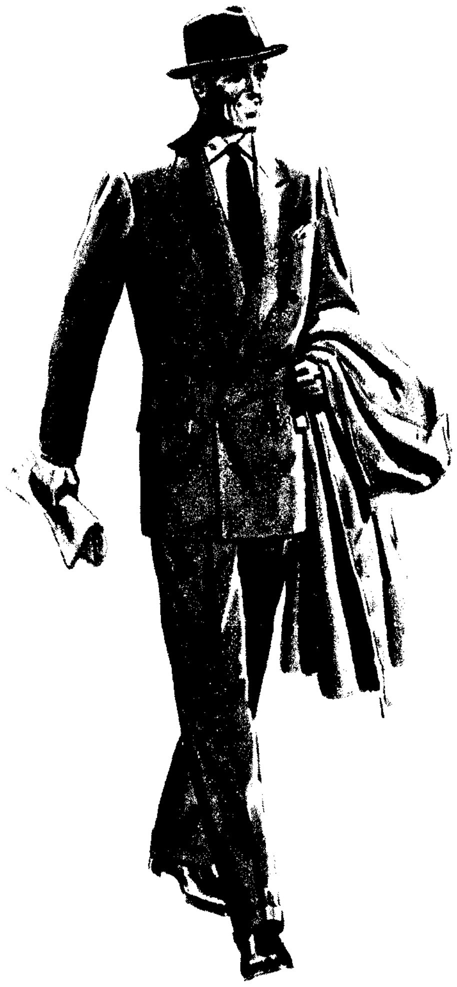
Be sure *always* to contrast your clothing and your accessories. Wear nothing that clashes with anything else. With a plain, conservative suit, wear a colorful, patterned shirt or tie. With a boldly patterned or high-colored suit, tone down your shirt or tie.

If everything is plain, you'll look dull and drab. If everything is patterned, you'll look gaudy. Strive for that middle-of-the-road look. The charts on this page will provide a rough guide for basic colors.



FOR DRESS

	Formal	Semiformal	Warm Resort
COAT	Midnight blue or black tail-coat	Midnight-blue or black single- or double-breasted dinner jacket	Midnight-blue or white, double- or single-breasted
TROUSERS	To match, braided	To match	Midnight-blue or black, lightweight
VEST	White, single- or double-breasted	Black or blue	Cummerbund —white or colored
SHIRT	Plain starched bosom, neat-figured	Pleated or plain bosom	Lightweight white
TIE	White bow tie	Midnight-blue or black	Midnight-blue or colored
COLLAR	Wing	Attached or detached	Turned-down, attached
HOSE	Black, silk or wool	Same as for formal	Black or midnight-blue
SHOES	Patent leather dress shoes or pumps	Same as for formal	Dress shoe, black
JEWELRY	White studs and links	Black or gold	Black, gold or colored
HAT	Opera or high silk hat	Opera or black Homburg	White panama
OVERCOAT	Black or blue	Same as for formal	



FOR BUSINESS

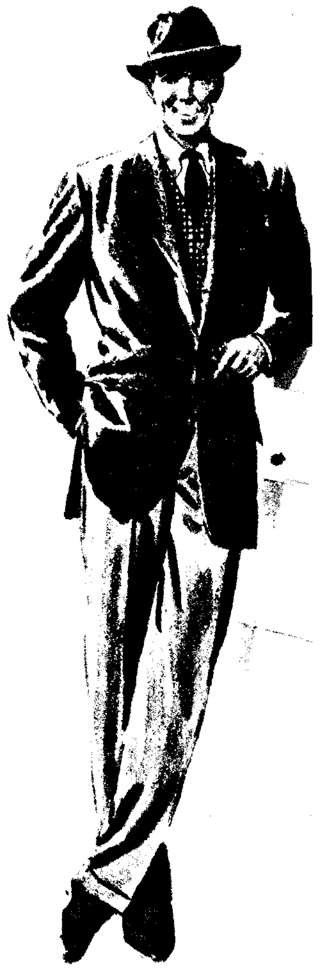
SUIT	Blue	Gray	Brown
SHIRT	White Blue	White Blue Gray	White Blue Tan
TIE	Blue Maroon Canary	Blue Maroon Black	Maroon Blue Green
HOSE	Blue Black	Blue Black Maroon	Maroon Blue Green
SHOES	Black Brown	Brown	Brown
HAT	Gray Brown	Gray Brown	Brown Green
GLOVES	Gray	Tan	Tan
COAT	Blue Camel	Tan Gray Blue	Brown Tan Camel

For daytime business and town wear, almost any suit is proper. Tweeds, formerly considered as sport clothing, are now acceptable for any daytime occasion in the city. For informal evening occasions, a dark suit is preferable (in fact, almost obligatory) with a white shirt and black shoes

FOR SPORT

JACKET	Brown	Gray	Blue
SLACKS	Tan Gray	Dark Gray Blue	Gray Light Blue
SHIRT	White Cream Tan Canary	White Blue Gray	White Blue Cream
TIE	Maroon Canary Brown	Blue Maroon	Blue Gray Canary
SPORT SHIRT	Maroon Green Tan	Navy Maroon Canary	Blue Gray
HOSE	Brown Tan Maroon	Blue Maroon	Blue Canary
SHOES	Brown	Brown Gray	Brown Blue
HAT	Brown	Brown Gray	Brown Gray
COAT	Tan	Tan Gray	Blue Gray

In wearing sport clothes the only important restriction is the one against too many colors and patterns



JESS WASHINGTON

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Top Secretary NETA GORHAM—Secretary to Warren Lee Pierson, Chairman of the Board, Trans World Airlines Inc., and a long time Remington user, says, "The Electri-conomy is a honey—it really makes work fly."

and thousands like her prefer the Remington *Electri-conomy*

It makes typing easier, faster, better! Today, when individual productivity is all-important, top secretaries like Miss Gorham go for the jet typing speed of the Electri-conomy's finger-fitted, natural slope keyboard -- those 20 clear carbons at one typing -- this handsome "Executype", for letters of true distinction that will be signed with pride -- and that glorious "alive-at-five" feeling because electricity does the work!

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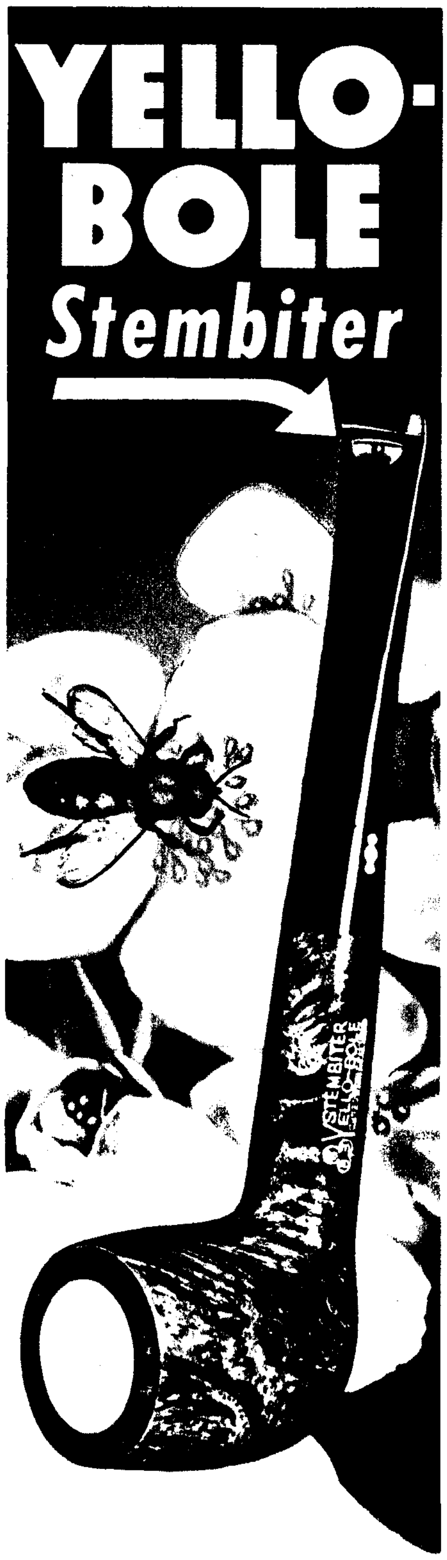
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THE BEST SMOKING PIPES YOU CAN BUY FOR $2.50

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630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20
Pipe makers for 99 years

The Nazis March Again—This Time for Stalin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

world history that the two greatest men of our time, Hitler and Stalin, are fighting each other instead of fighting together against world capitalism."

Today he no longer praises Hitler (who is called "a tool of American imperialists" in the latest Communist handbooks). Why should he? He's got another dictator to work for and a new German military machine to help forge against the West.

Also, he's among old friends. Kurt Schumann, for seven years a judge on Nazi *Wehrmacht* courts, is now president of the Supreme Court of the German Democratic Republic. Dr. Otto Lang, a former Gestapo torturer, is in charge of infiltrating Communist agitators into the Western zones, agitators whose job is to convince neo-Nazis that their best friends are in the East.

We found that the Communists vary their sales talk according to the kind of West German they are trying to win over. Former Nazi party members are promised good jobs, full civil rights and plenty of authority in Soviet Germany. Young people are lured by the razzle-dazzle of uniforms and the myth of fighting for peace and Socialism. To the Ruhr industrialists, Communists offer the bait of Eastern markets without the competition of French and British firms. Disgruntled unemployed refugees (who are 10,000,000 strong in the west) are told that only Russia can re-create a Greater Germany with plenty of land and work for all.

What Price German Freedom?

To all Germans the Reds promise unity, independence—and good old-fashioned authority. Those who balk at co-operation with the Soviets are told by rightist demagogues like Franz Richter, "No price is too high to pay for German freedom!" Once the fatherland is back on its feet, the Richters claim, they will dominate any Soviet-German alliance.

Last winter we called on Albert Norden, press chief of the Communist German Democratic Republic, to check reports that the Reds were actively flirting with West German reactionaries. Norden, a veteran Communist who passed the war years in Brooklyn, received us in his office, appropriately located in Joseph Goebbels' former propaganda headquarters.

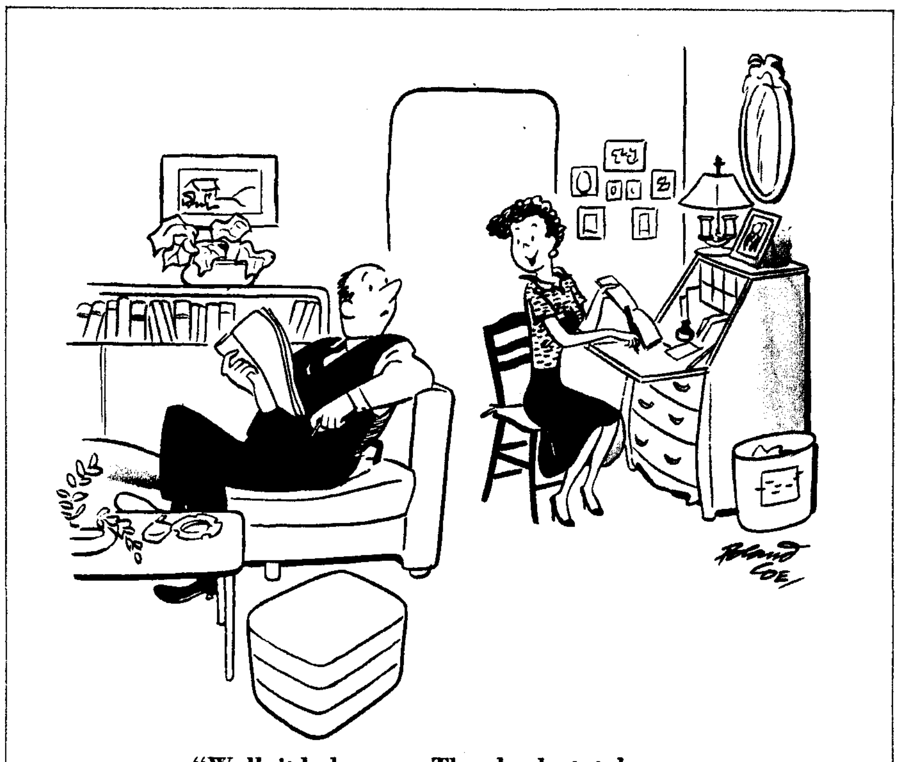
"We have many friends in West Germany," he finally admitted, "not only among the workers but among businessmen, war veterans and other groups. We welcome all patriots who place German unity above all other considerations."

In July, the German Communist leaders, Walter Ulbricht and Otto Grotewohl, went all the way by announcing that it was "undemocratic" for patriotic Germans to question the political past of their comrades. A Nazi, in other words, is a great guy to have on your side.

Who are these "patriotic" Germans in the West who are deliberately or unwittingly playing the Soviet game? What are they up to? And how are we coping with their activities?

Take Franz Heinfeld, who learned to be a bureaucrat under Hitler and has a government job today in the sleepy university town of Bonn, the West German capital.

"There, in East Germany, they get things done like that." Heinfeld snapped his fingers for emphasis.



COLLIER'S "Well, it balances. The checks total up to exactly the amount I'm overdrawn" ROLAND COE

Unquestioned authority—the key to power! That's life and death for men like Heinfeld. Tens of thousands like him on the public payrolls feel the same way—as do hundreds of hard-bitten professional officers who stir restively in unfamiliar civilian clothes while their comrades form armies in East Germany.

Now they're beginning to get men into key positions who understand their interpretation of authority and efficiency. They rubbed their hands gleefully and their newspapers trumpeted a success for the "New Germany" a few weeks ago when an ex-Nazi for the first time since the war became the minister-president of a province.

Nazis in Soviet Germany also greeted the results with suspicious enthusiasm. Now, they hoped aloud, there might be active, understanding support for their campaign to unify Germany. Naturally, they mean unification on Russian terms.

The man responsible for their elation was Dr. Walther Bertram, who joined the Nazi party in 1937 and now heads the government of Schleswig-Holstein, in northwest Germany. His job is like an American state governor's. A suave opportunist, Bertram promptly appointed two ex-Nazis as his assistants. His explanation? "The people have shown what they want."

Bertram's support came from ultrarightist parties that dish up Nazism in varying forms and from embittered refugees who were expelled from former German territory in eastern Europe. But his electoral victory doesn't mean the leaders of the dozen or so neo-Nazi parties are touting him as a potential *Führer*. That's a job each wants for himself.

Periodically they get together to decide on the selection of a *Führer*. Each leader votes for himself and they wind up battling each other at the polls and in the bars—agreeing only on the virtues of National Socialism.

None of these would-be Hitlers has attracted much mass appeal for himself. The most successful so far is a slender forty-year-old doctor of philosophy named Dr. Fritz Dorls, who is seeking his place in the German sun on a partnership basis with fanatical ex-General Remer.

Dorls, whose Socialist Reich party has a parliamentary representation of only six but is growing fast, harangues you with quotations from Mein Kampf, poking his finger at your chest to underline a point.

"I was a Nazi party member from 1929 to the end, to the very end, do you understand?" he told us defiantly.

Hitler, he added, was interested in unifying Europe. He, Dorls, wants to establish an elite state under Prussian leadership. "Roosevelt was the real criminal!" he cried. "Roosevelt is responsible for the disunity of Germany and Europe."

What does Dorls propose to do about Germany and Europe?

"We can be a strong neutralizing factor between America and Russia," he said. "We can get along with the Russians, who show more interest in unifying our country than do the Americans. We know how to handle them. You don't. America should leave that to us. Germany will be strong again, but not from the pap you feed us."

Charming character, as is his partner, General Remer, who was off on one of his speaking tours which invariably wind up in brawls. Remer is usually accompanied by a squad of plug-uglies, who got their baptism of political campaigning under the Nazis. Remer appeals to men forty and younger, ex-prisoners of war and former Hitler Youth, to rally around him and Dorls. To them he says: "If the need should arise, 200,000 men will be behind me and we will make order again in Germany. There are men in East Germany who understand our position."

Remer always finds willing and genial

Next Week

Russia's Busiest SPY NEST • Laughs from F.D.R.'s LETTERS

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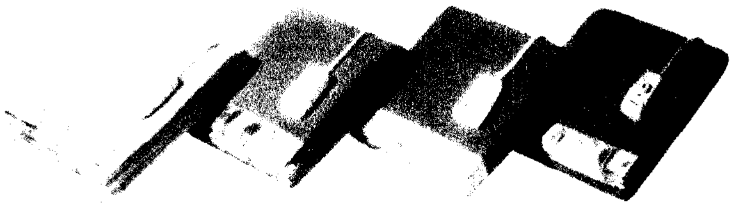
"It's swell! Cozy, restful sleep all night!" Clifford Smith, Roslyn, New York.

"It's wonderful to slip into a pre-warmed bed!" Mrs. Jack Titus, Los Angeles, California.



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PILLOWFIT

Mansfield

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hosts when he tours the steel-rich Ruhr, a prize hungrily coveted by the Russians. Industrialists wine and dine Remer lavishly, as they do Soviet representatives with whom they trade profitably in thousands of tons of Ruhr steel every month. Remer and Dorls can count on financial support from those men who made Hitler's war machine possible.

"We contribute to everybody who might be able to do us favors," a close relative of an internationally infamous Ruhr tycoon explained bluntly to us. "Ruhr industry must have its influence everywhere to stay in business. We want and need a strong, unified Germany. So it's natural that we should be interested in generals and politicians."

What he neglected to add was that to his powerful crowd, generals mean an independent German army, serving German interests alone, and that politicians mean flaming nationalism and the so-called efficiency of the Nazis.

Nor do the Ruhr industrialists think that anyone should interfere in their selling of steel—a vital war commodity—with East Germany and the Russian satellites. They have been selling at least 10,000 tons of steel a month to Soviet-controlled areas, and the Western Allied authorities say nothing can be done about it.

Moreover, industrialists like Bertha Krupp regularly receive Russian emissaries. They tell her that the only way the Krupp empire could be restored is with the help and control of the Soviets. Do the Krupps and their set fall for this line? They certainly do. They believe in Bismarck's principle of an alliance between Russia and Germany. They arrogantly feel that Germany would be the senior member.

The pressure is on the Western Powers, especially the Americans, to permit the organization of a West German army. And able and intelligent American officials like High Commissioner John J. McCloy have reluctantly come to the point where they feel that a Western German military force must be organized to serve with and be integrated into a Western European army.

America's "Calculated Risk"

The American decision is based on the need to defend western Europe. America has not only pledged itself to pay most of the bill for this defense but is expanding its own military strength in Germany. To coordinate all possible defense measures, American officials with whom we spoke believe a calculated risk must be taken with the formation of West German armed units.

"Such an army, however, must not and cannot be permitted to function independently," a high American officer told us. "We do not intend to imitate the Russians in the East zone. And we must always exercise the strictest prudence."

The American's warning about prudence should not be taken lightly. The average West German doesn't think much of an integrated force and has said so in public opinion polls. As a matter of fact, he doesn't think much of a West German army. He knows about the head start the Russians enjoy with their German army and the Soviet strength right behind it. He respects power that exists, not paper plans.

Unlike the Russians, American officials don't want to inflame German nationalism, Nazi style, nor do they generally approve of the rapidly growing number of ex-Nazis in government. But the Western Allies have given the Germans the right to elect their own candidates and select their own administrative personnel—so long as their choices don't clearly endanger Allied security.

Just what legally imperils Allied security is a moot point. Because of ever-increasing sovereignty granted the Bonn government in the last year, the West Germans have the occupation authorities over a barrel.

For every Allied complaint the Bonn government raises the bogy of Russian reaction, which means East German opinion. For example, when an American official complained to a government man about gratuitous and elephantine criticism of Marshall Plan procedure, he got this coy reply:

"You told us we could have free speech and more control over our affairs. Would it be better for you if I put out an apology and said the Americans wanted procedure handled differently? Imagine what propaganda value that would have for the East German government!"

The Farce of Denazification

The West Germans are exercising these prerogatives—to the hilt. Their personnel selections are predicated on efficiency. That means the appointment of ex-Nazis, who were in the "lesser" party ranks and who usually held posts under Hitler. They have been cleared by German denazification courts, a perfunctory farce these days.

That's why more than 50 per cent of the state officials and civil servants in the U.S. zone today are ex-Nazis. This is a figure compiled by official German sources. These government employees are not regarded as a guided and coalesced Nazi movement by Allied occupation officials, but they are numerous enough to have caused McCloy to warn the West German government last February.

"In my judgment, there is still too much authoritarianism and traditionalism in German life," he said at Stuttgart. "Many undesirable former Nazis and nationalists are finding their way back into important places."

Admonitions like this cause Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's three-party coalition to go a little more slowly in filling posts en masse with "efficient" ex-Nazis.

Yet 14 of the 31 senior officers selected for the authorized West German diplomatic service are former Nazi party members, and 90 more have been tabbed for lesser posts. "Efficiency is my criterion," Dr. Wilhelm Haas, in charge of personnel, announced blandly.

Haas will get away with that now; the government can hire and fire. What can and should be stopped cold are ugly incidents like the expulsion of former concentration camp inmates from apartments in Stuttgart to make room for SS troopers acquitted by stacked local courts.

When McCloy assailed lenient, bribe-ridden German denazification courts in Württemberg-Baden, Reinhold Maier, the minister-president, replied the courts were an internal affair—not McCloy's. Maier himself has handed out no fewer than 19,000 pardons and commutations of sentence to ex-Nazis in one year. McCloy insisted on an investigation, which was undertaken by Maier's men and has accomplished nothing.

These active signs of Nazi resurgence do not mean that a National Socialist movement is poised to assume power in West Germany. Nazi feeling is too diffuse today and there is too much political apathy among most Germans for them to heil another *Führer* just now.

But evidence abounds that the totalitarian mentality is still dominant in Germany and that it finds its spiritual home in the Soviet system rather than in the "soft" West. The nightmare of German technical efficiency allied with Russian raw man power may yet become a reality. That is the long-term plan of Communists and Nazis alike.

For this reason alone, the Germans must be watched every step of the way. As High Commissioner McCloy told us:

"German nationalism is like a bed of embers which constantly threatens to spread to inflammatory material. That's the reason we must always stand by—with a fire hose ready."

The Western Allies are gravely concerned about such a conflagration because, in time, it might burn down their defenses against Communism in Germany. Unfortunately, they don't have a fire hose. All they have so far is a soda-water siphon. THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

oilman and one of America's most virulent haters of Jews and Negroes, offered the little school an endowment of $50,000,000 in potential oil lands provided he could dictate its policies and install a faculty which would teach the vicious lie that Negroes and Jews are America's enemies. JMC told Armstrong nothing doing. If, said JMC, the school had to die it would die honorable. Letters and checks began to come in from every state and from foreign countries. More than $40,000 thus far and they're still coming. We don't know how Mr. Armstrong is. And we won't waste time caring.

★ ★ ★

In the 1951 municipal budget adopted by the city council in Seattle, Washington, provision is made for prizes of from $25 to $100 for city employees who do good jobs. There is no mention of what Seattle may expect of its public servants in exchange for the salaries they get.

★ ★ ★

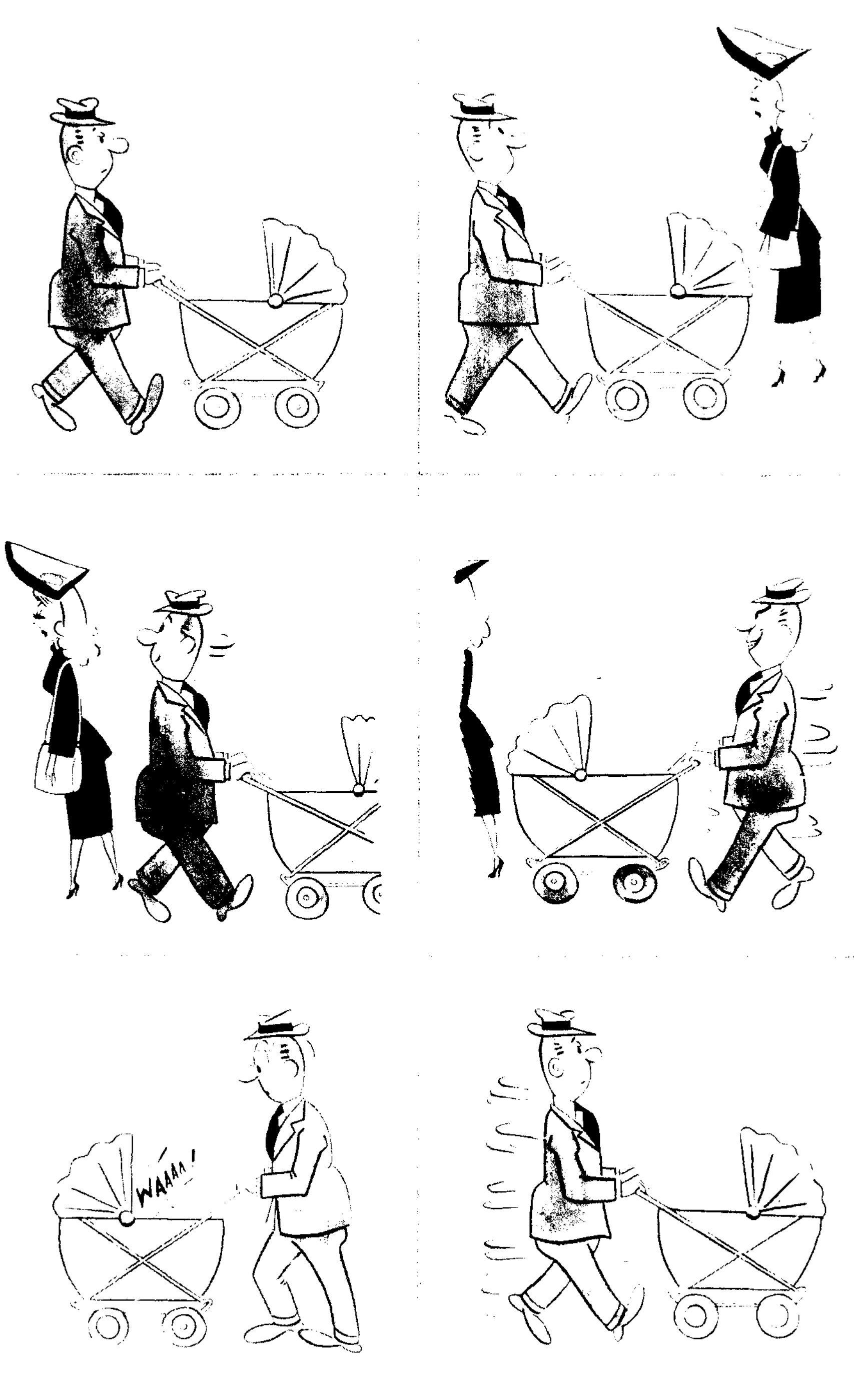
It is not true that some of the aldermen in Yazoo City, Mississippi, are scurrying around only under the cover of night and even then in disguise, but they may have been considering it. Not long ago they passed an ordinance licensing bootleggers in that so-called dry state. The regulation would have allowed bootleggers to operate —unofficially, of course—if they paid the city a hundred dollars a month as a fine for violating the law. Already Mississippi taxes bootleg whisky, calling it a "black market tax." But the churches in Yazoo City are hounding their aldermen like crazy. As a result, the hundred-dollar-fine idea is up for reconsideration. Meantime, you can get all you want to drink, which is where Yazoo City came in anyway.

★ ★ ★

In almost no time at all you'll be hearing a great deal about a festival called Christmas. There are men and governments in the world today who will try to close their ears to the message and the music because such men and such governments are always afraid of something more powerful than they are. Something they can't kill. No sermons here. We merely suggest that you who are not afraid begin the Christmas season by contributing a dollar to the National Christ Child Society, 608 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D.C., and for so little, do so much for thousands of needy children all over the U.S. If you want to know more, write to the society.

★ ★ ★

And do it now. W. D.



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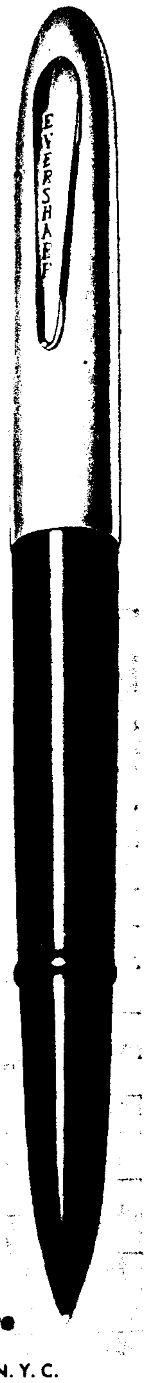


The Error of My Ways

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"It's Felix. But everyone calls me Tom."

"Why?"

"It's my middle name," I said. "Family name. Thompson." I hadn't been able to keep my eyes off that thing hanging from the ceiling. "Say, what is that?"

"Driftwood," she said.

I finished my drink and she got her coat and we went to an Italian restaurant downtown, a very nice place, and had a big dinner of many courses. Over a second cup of coffee I asked her where she worked. She named some advertising agency. I asked her what she did; she said she wrote copy. I said that it sounded like interesting work. That was just a thing to say. I would have said it if she had told me she milked elephants.

"It's a stinking job," she said, looking angry.

"Long hours, low wages?"

"No, it's just that we have to write about so many unimportant things."

I wanted to know what.

"Soap, cars, cigarettes, liquor, girdles."

"Soap's important," I said. "Sometimes there's nothing like a clean white neck. And you have no idea, Roberta, how the gooks clamor for American cigarettes."

"Gooks isn't a very nice word," she said. "It shows contempt. You have no right to be contemptuous of another human being. Please do not use that expression again in my presence."

That was a little bit too one-world for me and we sat there rather stiffly until the waiter brought our check. I paid it and we went outside and stood on the sidewalk. I said, "I didn't mean to upset you, Roberta."

"I am not upset," she said, sounding upset.

I thought that was pretty cute. I laughed and put my arm around her. Immediately she drew away.

"You don't have to do that, Tom. If I ever become sexually attracted to you I'll tell you."

"Don't jump to conclusions, Roberta," I said.

She sighed and with some effort she asked me, "Would you like to come back to the apartment with me?"

I didn't think I could just walk away, so I went back with her.

WHEN we got there the roommates were both there. One of them—Helen—was a thin intense type who worked at the UN. The other girl was big, blond and the most beautiful girl I had ever seen in my life. Her name was Margaret and she was a medical student.

We all had one drink together and then Helen and Margaret went into the bedroom. Roberta had not spoken directly to me since we had entered the apartment. I realized that the evening was pretty much of a failure and that I might as well go.

"I think I'd better run along, Roberta," I said. "It was nice to see you and I'll tell Chuck all about you."

"Don't lie. You know it wasn't nice to see me."

Now what can you do with a girl like that?

She gave me my cap and took me to the door. "I have two tickets for the ballet at City Center tomorrow night. Will you go with me?"

"Look, Roberta," I said. "You don't have to be nice to me. There's no reason for you to."

"Yes, there is," she said. "You're unfortunate."

"In what way?" I asked.

"You have the usual undeveloped military mind."

I could have hit her.

"I'm not trying to be insulting," she said. "It's just that you're a human being and I'm a human being and I've got to try to help you even though I know it won't do any good."

"Thank you very much," I said. . . .

I didn't go back to Mitchel. I got a room in a midtown hotel and stayed there that night. The next evening I met Roberta for a drink at five when she got off work. We went to the bar that's in the top of Rockefeller Center, where you can see Manhattan from river to river below. We both got a little tight and when we went out on the street the wind was blowing very hard and it was dark and the lights were on. We went to a restaurant on Forty-seventh Street. When we were inside and seated I realized that it was an Italian restaurant. We had been to one the night before and I asked her if she ever ate anywhere but in Italian restaurants and we both laughed so much we could hardly order.

Our seats for the ballet were in the balcony about halfway up and to one side. We arrived just as it began, just as the house lights dimmed, and we had to hurry to get into our seats. I was careful not to laugh and I watched all of it closely. Now and then Roberta would turn and smile at me.

It was a little after eleven by the time we got back downtown to her apartment. The beautiful roommate Margaret was lying on the couch in a dressing gown reading a big thick medical book, wearing glasses and eating an apple. Helen was in the sack. Roberta asked Margaret if she wanted a drink and she said yes, so the three of us sat in front of the fire. Margaret seemed to be amused by something and I thought she kept looking at me speculatively so I finally asked her what was so funny.

"I'm working on a cadaver that's exactly your size," she said. "Same build."

"Does he have my curly hair?"

"No, nor your lovely white complexion. You look like an iron deficiency to me, Tom."

"Is that serious?" I said.

"I can pull you through," she said, taking my wrist and feeling for my pulse.

I turned my hand so that I held hers, and we sat there like that for about fifteen minutes while the fire slowly died, kidding each other. Roberta didn't join in. She sat with her legs crossed, her chin in her hands, watching us. Then Margaret finished her drink and stood up, patted me on the head, said good night, and went into the bathroom.

THE fire went out and Roberta and I sat staring at the embers. For about ten minutes neither of us spoke. Then she asked, "Have you ever been analyzed, Tom?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know. Psychoanalysis," she said.

"Me?" I said. "Do you think I look like a nut?"

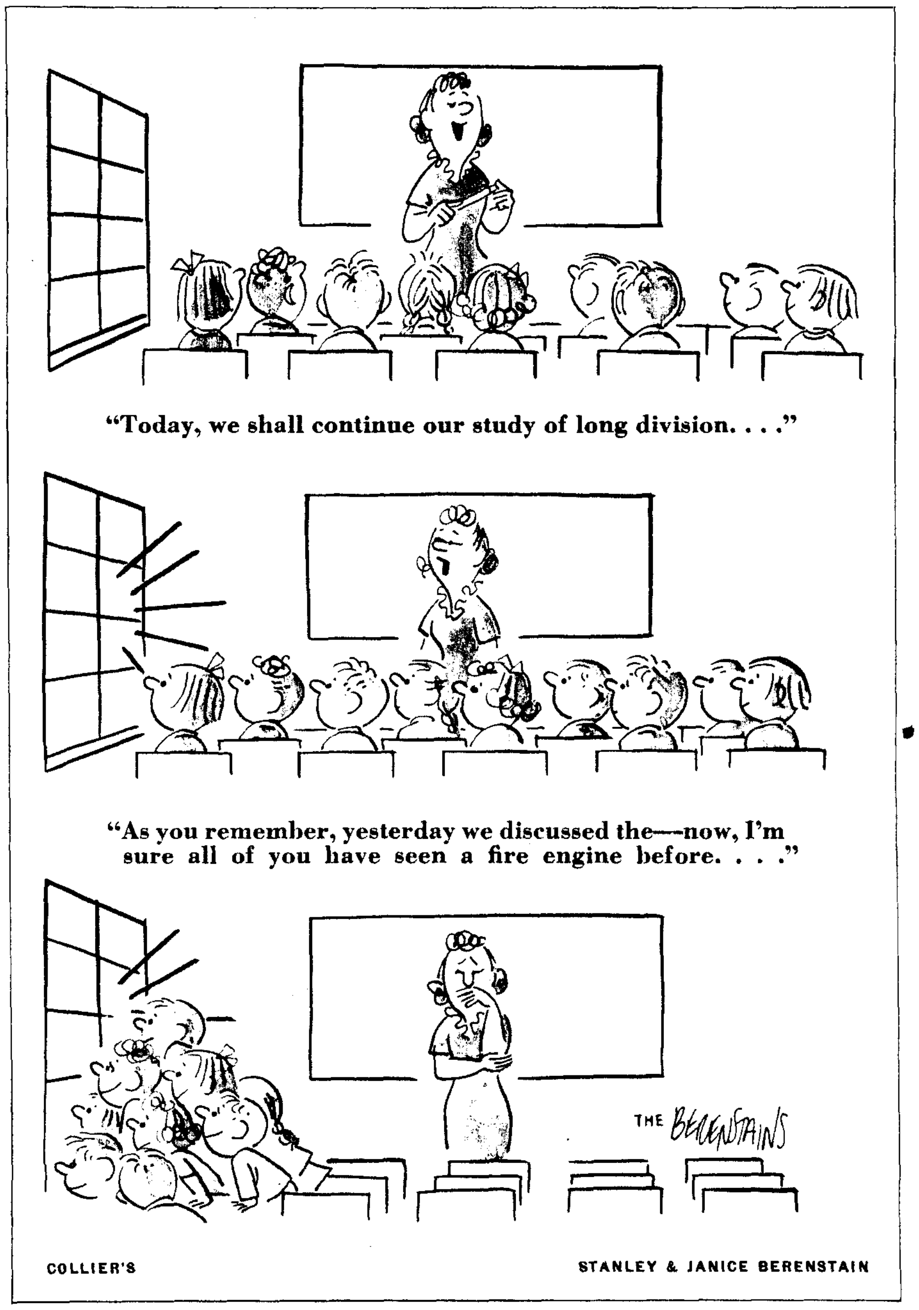
"You don't have to be a nut to be analyzed," she said sharply; then she added, "I'm being analyzed."

I'd put my foot in it clear up to my hip. "Why? There's nothing wrong with you."

"Oh, yes there is," she said. "I had a very bad experience once with a man."

"Well, well," I said.

"It was when I was younger," she said. "I was just twenty and he was so nice. I fell in love with him and I did a terribly



"Today, we shall continue our study of long division. . . ."

"As you remember, yesterday we discussed the—now, I'm sure all of you have seen a fire engine before. . . ."

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silly thing, but I understand why I did it now. I asked him to marry me and he turned me down."

Right then I wished that I had never telephoned that girl.

"After that I went to hell," she said. "I didn't buy any new clothes or anything. I just wasn't interested in anything that had to do with myself. My teeth began to decay."

"And then you began to drink," I said.

"No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't feel sorry for myself. I hated myself, but mostly I just didn't care. I was pretty dead inside. I thought that I wasn't any good for anything. I thought that I wasn't pretty, that I had a terrible figure. But now of course I'm all over that phase and I know better. I have rather good hips, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes. Yes," I said.

"Anyway, I'm going to keep on being analyzed. I want to become a better person." She sighed. "It's very hard."

"You're all right," I said.

"No, I could be so much better."

"Well, who couldn't? But what's the use?"

"The use?" she cried, as if I had stabbed her.

I put my arm around her. "Look, dear—"

"Please, Tom. Sex doesn't solve any problems. And I told you that if I ever feel—"

"I know, I know," I said.

"Well, I will," she said, staring at me. "I'm always very honest about that. And I don't believe in flirtation. It's a waste of time."

"Where's my cap?" I said. "You need some sleep."

"I won't sleep tonight," she said. "I'm sorry I'm in this depressed mood."

"No, no, you've been swell," I said. For a moment when I tried to get the door open it stuck and I was in a panic; I thought I was trapped. Then the door came open and I smiled and said, "Good night, Roberta." . . .

The next morning I got up fairly early and went out to Mitchel. I did not get back until late afternoon and as I entered my hotel room the telephone was ringing. It was Roberta. "Tom, can you meet me at five o'clock? I must talk to you. Will it be all right if I come to your hotel?"

"Sure," I said.

"I do have to talk to you," she said.

"I trust you passed a pleasant night?"

"I just can't talk now," she said. "Good-by."

I cleaned my person, policed my room briskly, and called room service and had them send up a bottle. At five twenty Roberta knocked at the door and I let her in. She looked distracted and tense and sat down and immediately lighted a cigarette and coughed a hacking cough.

"Tom, I think you should know that I think that Margaret thinks that she's sexually attracted to you."

I made some noncommittal noise.

"It worried me all night," Roberta said.

"Well, well," I said.

"Tom, I've got to talk to you about Margaret," Roberta said. "She's a grand girl."

"A grand girl," I said.

"She comes from a very poor family. Her life has always been a struggle. Medicine means so much to her."

"Well, well," I said.

"I don't think you should take advantage of her. You could ruin her life."

"What should I do?" I said.

"Just go away," Roberta said.

"All right. I will."

THE weight of the world dropped from that girl's shoulders and she smiled at me through her tears. "I knew you'd say that! Tom, you're so kind, such a kind person!"

"Old uncle Tom," I said, and I got up and made us another drink. "But there's one thing you forgot. Me. I'm not attracted to Margaret."

"Don't be ridiculous. She's beautiful."

"The world is full of women, and they're all alike," I said. I stood watching her face and I had to smile. "That's a fact. But you're the cutest one I've ever seen."

She blushed. "Oh, how can you say that?"

"And the sweetest. And the most adorable. And the nicest." I sat on the arm of her chair and kissed her.

"I don't believe in indiscriminate necking," she said with her eyes closed. We stood up and I put my arms around her and we kissed again. She said, "You're just compensating for something."

"My long lost youth," I said.

"Oh, did you have an unhappy adolescence?" she said, squeezing me.

"Miserable. But with you I can learn to forget."

"Can't you be serious?" There were tears in her eyes. "My life is terribly important to me."

"Mine isn't to me," I said.

"How can you say that?" she said, wounded.

"I always thought that selfishness was selfish," I said. "But I'm a simple fool and the world is complicated. The individual's life has become of vast importance to the individual. What do you want from me, Roberta? How are you going to get it?"

"I don't want anything from you."

"I want something from you."

"Tom, you're being vulgar." She walked over to the window and stood with her back to me.

"Drink?" I said.

She didn't answer.

"Roberta. Another drink?"

She turned and ran to me and put her head on my chest. "I'm a terrible coward and liar and a cheat. I am sexually attracted to you, Tom, and I'm terribly jealous of Margaret."

"Forget her. There's no one but you."

She immediately began to cry, loudly.

"You're the cutest thing that ever breathed," I said, and made her look up so that I could kiss her. . . .

Later that night we had dinner at an Italian restaurant.

We had that night together and the next and then I had to leave the day after that. When Roberta met me at the hotel I told her I would be taking off the next morning for Goose Bay. She had just come from her analyst's office.

"He was very interested when I told him about you," she said.

"Really made him mutter in his beard, huh?"

"Oh, nothing like that," she said, looking shocked. "He doesn't care what I do, only how I feel about what I do. In general, I mean. And he doesn't really care about—"

"Pretty carefree type, huh?"

"Well, please don't think he's immune to human suffering," she said. "He's a very kind and generous person."

"What's his fee?" I asked.

"Do you want to be analyzed, Tom?" she asked.

"No. The Air Force takes care of my health."

"Oh, the Air Force," she said in despair. "That's another thing I don't like about you."

Ours was purely a physical attraction and I reminded her of that in picturesque language.

She laughed. "No. Not entirely." She hesitated. "What if when you come to town next time I won't have anything to do with you?"

"I don't own you," I said. "What if I never come back?"

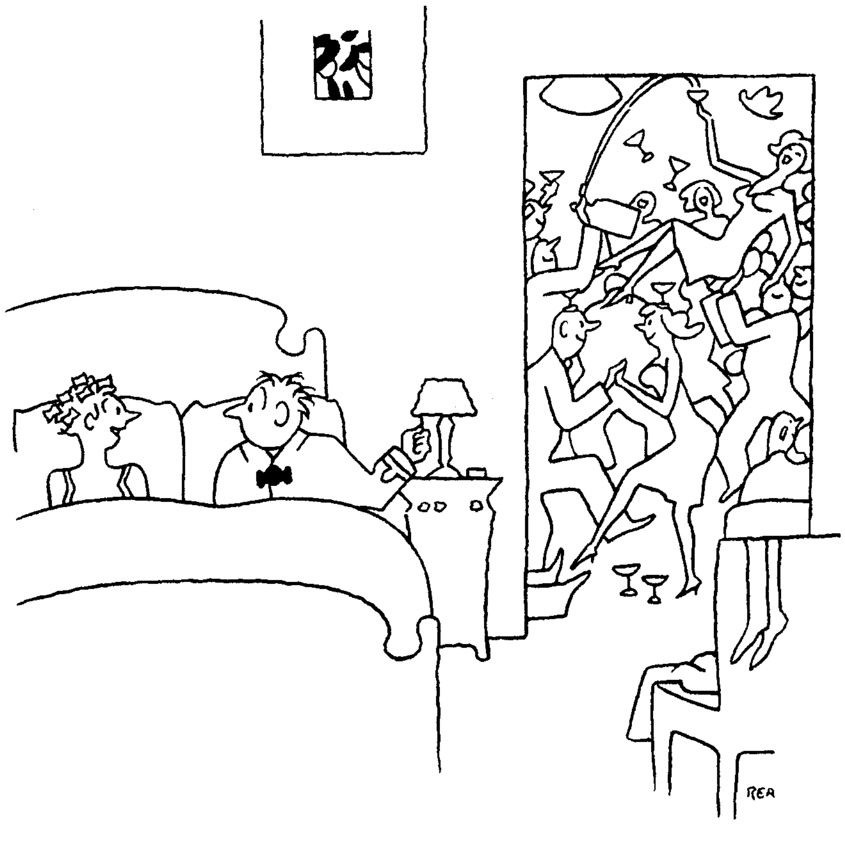
"I'll miss you terribly," she said. "But I'll find someone else. Eventually." She sighed. "This seems awfully sweet to me. I guess it's just because this is the first time I've ever had a relationship of this sort."

It was very quiet and she was very close. I told her that she was lovely and in the darkness her face softened and she smiled at me, put one arm carelessly over my shoulder and kissed my ear.

SHORTLY after ten the next morning I took off with crew and plane. All the way up to Goose the healthy young American lads were on the intercom, talking about their conquests. Everybody had at least one story with a happy ending to tell but me. I maintained a strict silence.

We made a GCA landing at Goose. It was really socked in. I got assigned a room at the BOQ (transient) and went to mess. My copilot wanted to take in the post movie. There was a Betty Grable and a Bugs Bunny. But I went to bed and for a long time I lay there watching the snow drive against the windowpane. I could remember everything she'd said to me, everything we'd done—and that included eating Italian dinners that had been damn' delicious.

Two days later we took off on an Iceland-Prestwick-Azores-and-return hop. Then we went up to northern Greenland near the



"I'd say it's one of the most successful parties we've ever given"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

You'll stand out when you've got P.A.*

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal and Prince Albert

● The girls will tell you the man with Pipe Appeal stands out everywhere. And the men will tell you that, among pipe smokers, the outstanding tobacco is mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert—America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

Get P.A.! Prince Albert's choice, crimp cut tobacco with its natural fragrance and rich aroma is specially treated to insure against tongue bite.

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CRIMP CUT P.A. ROLLS EASILY, TOO, INTO A GREAT-TASTING CIGARETTE!

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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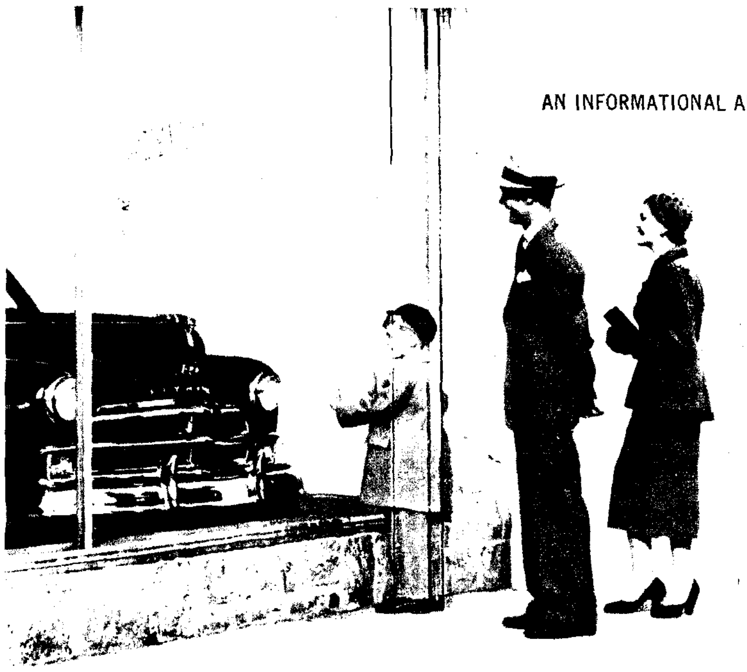


How to figure new-car value including standard equipment

There are a lot of things about a car that do not catch your attention until some time after you've bought it. Later their benefits keep popping up and you say of each one: "I wouldn't be without that."

It's a good idea to look for these benefits when you look at a new car. Find out how many are included in the standard price. After all, what a car offers as standard equipment is one pretty good indication of its over-all value.

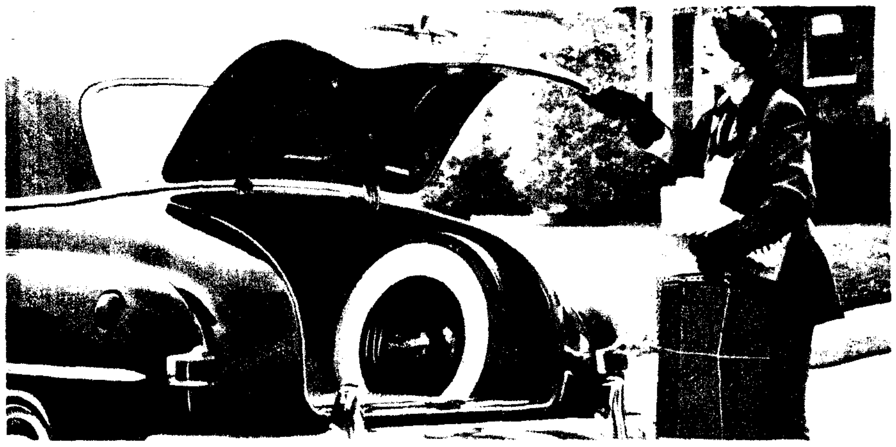
On these pages we illustrate this point by describing several features most people are glad to have. Some of them are "tremendous trifles" that contribute a lot to your comfort and convenience. Others are major engineering advantages.

These are *Plymouth* features and we hope they will help influence you to buy a Plymouth. But we urge you to check other cars, too, and compare. It's *your* money, and the car ought to suit *you.*

FIND OUT WHAT TYPE of air cleaner the car has. Dust and grit will wear moving parts rapidly if they're drawn into an engine; the cleaner the engine is kept, the better it will run and the longer it will last. Therefore, it always pays to have the best air cleaner you can get. Plymouth gives you a heavy-duty oil bath air cleaner as standard equipment. The other two leading low-priced cars charge extra for this type of cleaner.

ASK WHAT KIND of finish the car has, how many coats and how they're applied. Plymouth starts with a layer of special rustproofing which prevents damage from a scratch or dent from spreading. Then on top of that

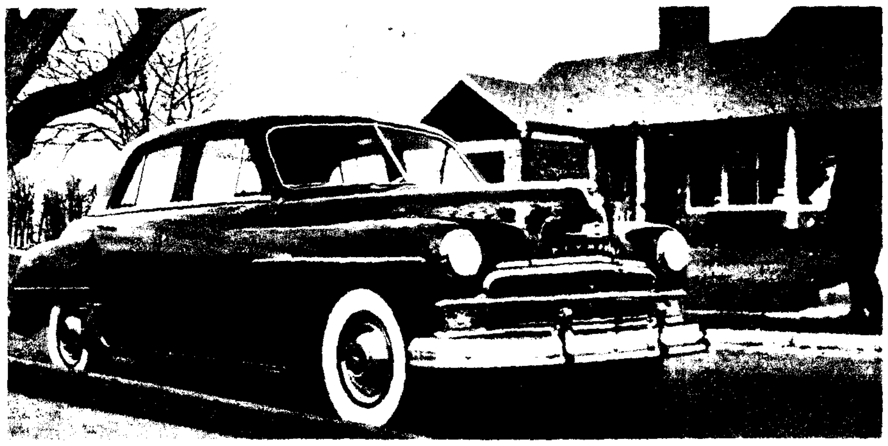
WHAT HAPPENS if a fender's dented? Will it be easy to repair? Plymouth fenders blend smoothly into the exterior lines but they're not integral parts of the body; all four of them are *bolted on.* A Plymouth fender can be taken off or put on by any mechanic, using ordinary shop tools. Compared with integral fenders, repair or replacement is faster and costs far less.



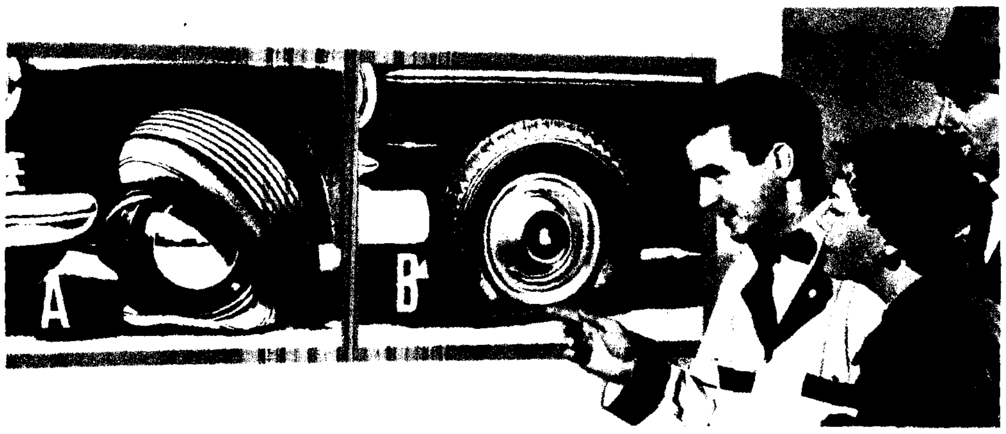
LIFT THE LID of the luggage compartment and see if it's counterbalanced. Does the lid lift by itself when you release the latch? Does it stay up by itself without side supports, so it positively won't fall on your head? Does the lid lower gently and easily? If it does all that, it's counterbalanced. Plymouth — but not every low-priced car — has this convenient feature.

two coats of primer, baked on . . . then a coat of sealer, also baked on . . . and finally two coats of enamel, baked hard and shiny. We've gone to great lengths to put this extra quality into the finish but we think it pays, for your Plymouth will clean easily, polish like a mirror, and stay bright and gleaming with little attention. This baked enamel finish also has high resistance to chipping, checking or fading. It stays beautiful through the years.

CHECK FOR THOUGHTFULNESS in details. Here's an example: the springs in Plymouth seat cushions are made for people of average weight, but not *all* people are average! So, if they are desired, extra springs (individually wrapped) can be added to cushions in the front or rear seat, in either half or both halves of a cushion, to suit heftier-than-average people.



DOES IT GET COLD where you live, and will your car ever stand outside? Check for any protection in the car against fuel lines freezing up. Plymouth has an Oilite fuel filter located right in the gas tank, where it keeps not only dirt but water from even entering the fuel lines. This is another standard equipment value and a Plymouth "exclusive" in the lowest-priced field.



CONSIDER SAFETY features. For example (A) is a blowout on an ordinary wheel; the tire may twist off the rim and cause a dangerous swerve. The same deflated tire on Plymouth's Safety-Rim Wheel (B) is held straight on the rim so you can slow to a safe, controlled stop. This feature is standard equipment on Plymouth, and it's an "exclusive" in the lowest-priced field.

■

A Plymouth is built to give you and your family many thousands of miles of enjoyable driving. Plymouth dealers across the country have highly skilled servicemen who are ready to help you get *all* the long life from your car. Most of these specialists are enrolled in the Master Technicians Service Conference, an intensified training course unique in the automotive industry. In fact, whether you are looking for a new car — a used car — or expert service — your nearby Plymouth dealer is a good man to know.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

Plymouth

PLYMOUTH
SERVICE
PLYMOUTH

Here's One Gift No One Will Exchange
For Him
CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED
HARWOOD'S
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
HARWOOD'S
Canadian
Canada's Finest Whisky

Pole and down to Iceland and back. We lost a fan coming in and had to do an engine change. After that we went back on the northern trip again. The days began to be all the same, to run together; soon it was more than a month since we'd been in New York.

I was at the point where I was thinking that I should write Roberta, although I never, never wrote letters; that was one of my rules. Then we got lucky and got an Azores-Bermuda-New York flight. We hit Mitchel about five thirty one afternoon. There wasn't a thing wrong with the ship and we'd have to take off the next morning and I knew it.

I telephoned Roberta's apartment while I was still at the field. She wasn't in and I left a message with Margaret telling her at what hotel I'd be. It was almost eight o'clock by the time I got there. I went up to my room and gave the bellhop his graft. I had some whisky sent up and I sat on the edge of the bed, drinking. Then the telephone rang and I grabbed it.

Roberta said, "I'm downstairs. Want me to come up?"

"Yes. Hurry," I said.

I stood there waiting for her. My throat was dry; I couldn't move. Then she knocked and I croaked, "Come in."

She came in and closed the door. "Hello, Tom."

I said, "Hi," sounding like a soprano.

And she burst out crying.

"Honey, honey," I said. I put my arm around her and made her sit down. "What is it, dear? What's wrong?"

"Oh, I love you," she sobbed. "I love you."

"It's all right, that's all right," I said. "Please, darling. Don't cry."

"I've missed you so much. It's seemed like forever. I've wanted you so badly."

"Roberta, Roberta, I love you," I said. "It's either me or the analyst. You've got to choose."

"You and your male superiority."

"That's right. I'm the boss. Right?"

"Right," she said, sitting on my lap.

"Are you hungry?" I said. "Shall we go have a big Italian dinner?"

"Let's just stay right here. I should call Margaret and Helen. They'll expect me. Do you mind if I tell them about us?"

"I love you, girl," I said. "I don't care who knows. You can advertise in the New York Times if you want to."

"You darling," she said.

WELL, I had to get up early the next morning, about six, so I could get out to Mitchel. Roberta insisted on going to Penn Station with me. We had breakfast there. Neither one of us wanted me to go. It was a lousy way to treat her and I felt ashamed of myself.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm terribly sorry."

"Why?"

"It isn't fair to treat you this way."

"I don't mind," she said. "I mean, I mind. I love you. I'll miss you. But I know you have to go."

We had another cup of coffee, silently. We didn't even make any noise when we drank.

"How's your analyst?" I said.

"Fine," she said. "How's yours?"

"He committed suicide the other day," I said. I looked at the clock. I'd have to run for the train. I stood up and kissed her cheek. "Good-by baby. I'll write if I get work."

"Keep 'em flying," she said.

I walked over to the cashier and paid the check. Then I looked back and she had her face in her hands. I guess she was crying. But there wasn't anything I could do. I ran to catch my train.

It was the same thing again going up to Goose, the crew jamming the intercom with their sickening tales of illicit love and passion. By the time we arrived I was sick at what I'd done to Roberta. I went straight to my quarters and made a telephone call to New York. The operator said he'd call me back when ready. I sat there on my bed and smoked one cigarette after another and just ruined my throat and nasal passages. Then the telephone rang.

"Hello?" I said. "Roberta?"

"Is that you, Tom?"

"Yes," I said. "I'm in Labrador."

"Is anything wrong?"

"No. I mean yes—yes there is. Roberta, can you hear me clearly?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Roberta, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Tom."

"All the way up I thought about us. I don't see how we can do anything else but get married. Do you?"

"No, Tom." She sounded rather depressed.

"Well, I'm glad you think so, too. It worried the hell out of me."

"This call is costing us a fortune, Tom. If we're going to get married we'll have to start saving money."

"Yes," I said. "Well, good-by."

"Good-by, Tom." She hung up.

I felt rather depressed that night at dinner at the mess and had little to say.

After that I wrote to Roberta every day. And every time I was in Iceland I threw her brother a piece of fish. I mean that figuratively. He began to call me Tom, treat me like a brother-in-law, and talk to me at great length about the weather. I got so I hated weather.

After that trip to New York we really got it. The winter weather began and we began flying our tails off. We went north almost every time; not once did we get down to Bermuda. It was always Greenland and Iceland and Prestwick. The crew liked Prestwick; the girls there are pretty famous in their own quiet little way. Now and then we'd get real lucky and get to spend a night at Lagens in the Azores. The girls there are Portuguese and the rate of monetary exchange is good if you have the dollars.

The winds aloft over the North Atlantic routes are very important to commercial flying. On the ground it can be still with no wind. But at fifteen or twenty thousand there'll be a forty-mile-an-hour tail wind. The prevailing winds over the North Atlantic blow from west to east. An air liner coming back from London or Paris has got to know definitely what head winds to expect. So we'd fly from Prestwick to see what we could find, hunting from one altitude to another for the best flying conditions.

One night we went into Goose and made a GCA landing blind. I couldn't see. The landing lights were on but they didn't cut the fog swirling into the windshields. It was like flying through dirty cotton. I sat there with the headphones clamped on, listening to the man on the ground who was looking at the radar screen and telling me what to do. Correcting three degrees, coming down to five hundred feet, lowering the flaps, locking the gear. Down, down until the wheels touched and I braked the ship to a stop and I still couldn't see the ground. And I was on it.

I checked into Operations and then walked through the snow alone to my quarters and it was then, when I was alone in the dark, that it got to me. I hadn't been able to see. Not a thing. And I had landed the ship. The man on the ground had told me what to do and I'd done it.

When I thought of that, I lost my guts. I thought: I can't ever do that again—I'll never be able to do that again. And I was afraid. I was scared clear out of my underwear.

But two days later we had to land blind again and I did it. It was just one of those things, I guess. I was afraid after that, too, but not all the time. Just now and then I'd break out in a sweat.

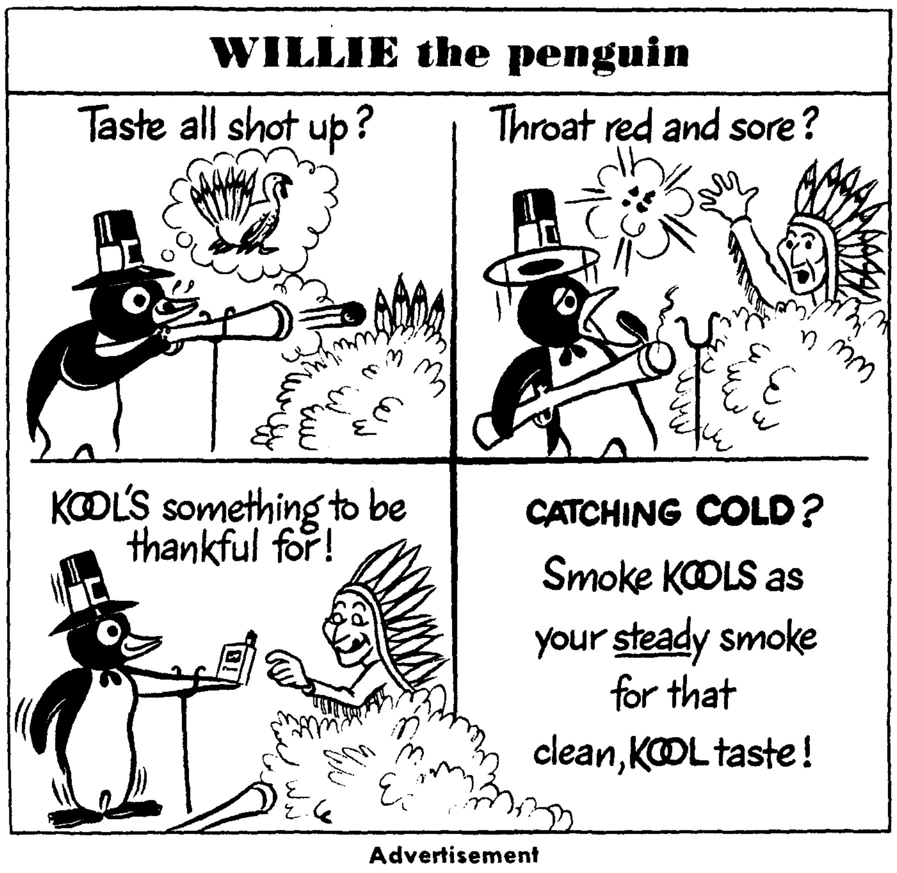
IT WAS after Christmas, on January 3d, before I finally got leave. I got a ride on a C-47 to Stephansville and managed to get a C-54 out of there headed for La Guardia. It had been over two months since I had seen Roberta and I wanted to surprise her so I didn't let her know I was coming. We'd get married, of course. We would have enough time for that.

We landed at La Guardia and I took a cab into Manhattan. It felt funny to be back. By the time I had registered and gone up to my room it was only a little past six o'clock. The evening hadn't begun. But I didn't telephone Roberta.

I was afraid. All of a sudden I was afraid. Nothing had happened to me, but all of a sudden I was afraid of her. I was afraid to get married, so afraid that I had the shakes. That was ridiculous. I went down to the bar and had a couple for my nerves. Then I went outside and walked across to Fifth Avenue and up to Central Park and back downtown and had dinner alone.

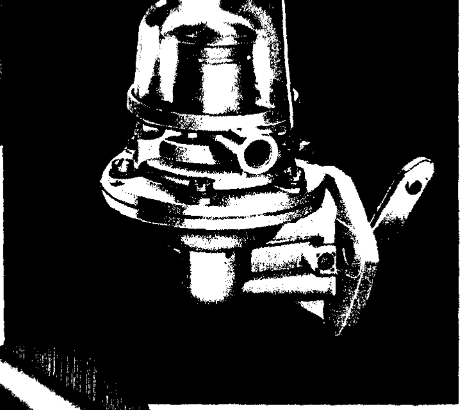
Then I went back to the hotel and up to my room. I couldn't call her. I undressed and went to bed. I lay there in the dark, listening to the radiator popping. I couldn't think. I was scared. It was just like landing blind. I really did have a beauty of a case. What was right, what was wrong? I didn't know. I was afraid, that was all. After a while I went to sleep.

Well, I had toast and coffee and fourteen cigarettes for breakfast the next morn-


WILLIE the penguin
Taste all shot up?
Throat red and sore?
KOOL'S something to be thankful for!
CATCHING COLD?
Smoke KOOLS as your steady smoke for that clean, KOOL taste!

Advertisement

Running On Borrowed Time?



If your AC Fuel Pump (on your car, truck, or tractor) has had over two years of normal service, it is probably running on "borrowed time."

Remember, your pump must pulsate 1500 times for every mile you drive—and, like every mechanism, it is subject to wear and eventual failure.

Don't wait for your pump to fail on the road. That's annoying and unnecessarily expensive.

Now, as we're coming into cooler weather, is a good time to go to any AC dealer who displays the above poster—and have him replace your pump with a new AC if your present one is running on "borrowed time."

Periodic inspection and replacement ensures you of the kind of reliability that makes AC the overwhelming choice of engineers and vehicle owners alike.

A New AC FUEL PUMP

AC SPARK PLUGS · AC OIL FILTERS

preferred on millions of vehicles

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ing. About eleven thirty. I also had a copy of the New York Times and it was delicious. At one thirty I got out of bed and dressed, and called Roberta's apartment. She wasn't in. Margaret said she had gone to her analyst's and that she was due back, but sometimes she stopped at the zoo in Central Park. I told Margaret I'd put my nose to the ground and go find her. Margaret just laughed. "Are you crazy?" she said.

LEAVING the hotel, I went up Fifth Avenue in a cab; snow was falling. At Fifty-ninth Street I left the cab and proceeded through the park on foot. I didn't have any trouble finding her. She was standing by the pool where the seals usually were. There wasn't a seal in sight. She had on a red coat, a little black hat and she had been there for some time because her shoulders were covered with snow.

Before I could reach her she turned and saw me. But she didn't wave. I walked up to her. "Hello, Roberta."

"Hello, Tom."

"Are you surprised?"

"No," she said.

We kissed.

"I have to talk to you," I said.

"I want to talk to you, too."

"Let's go to the Plaza and get a drink."

We walked through the park holding hands and all the way I kept thinking: I've got to tell her I can't marry her, I've got to tell her now. We went into the well-cushioned warmth of the Plaza and had some whisky and blew our noses.

"How's your analyst?" I said.

"Fine, thank you," she said.

It wasn't funny any more.

"Tom," she said. "I love you."

"I love you, Roberta," I said. I hadn't meant to start that way at all.

There were tears in her eyes. "You know that I love you? That I'm being honest?"

"You are the most honest girl I've ever known."

"I've got something to tell you," she said.

"Waiter, two more, please."

"Yes, sir."

"I can't marry you, Tom," Roberta said. "I simply can't." The tears started down her cheeks.

"Why?"

"I—I can't give up my way of life," she said. "I like to be single. I'm afraid to get married."

"What're you afraid of?"

"Everything. Everything connected with marriage. The dullness of it. Housework, taking care of the house, raising children, paying bills, working too hard, trying to make ends meet. I know married couples, Tom. They're all that way."

"I know," I said. "I know."

"I'm awfully terribly horribly sorry," she said. "I should be taken out and shot."

"Oh, no," I said. "Roberta, I was going to tell you the same thing. I can't marry you either."

She sat looking at me for a moment and I saw that she believed me. "I told my analyst," she said.

"What did he say?"

"It's neurotic."

"Well, there's a brilliant statement."

"Please, Tom," she said.

"What're we going to do besides not get married?"

"Nothing," she said. "I love you, but I'm not going to see you again. I can't marry you. But I won't go on and on this way. That's no good." She turned her face to me and kissed me. She was crying. She said, "Good-by, Tom," and got up and walked away.

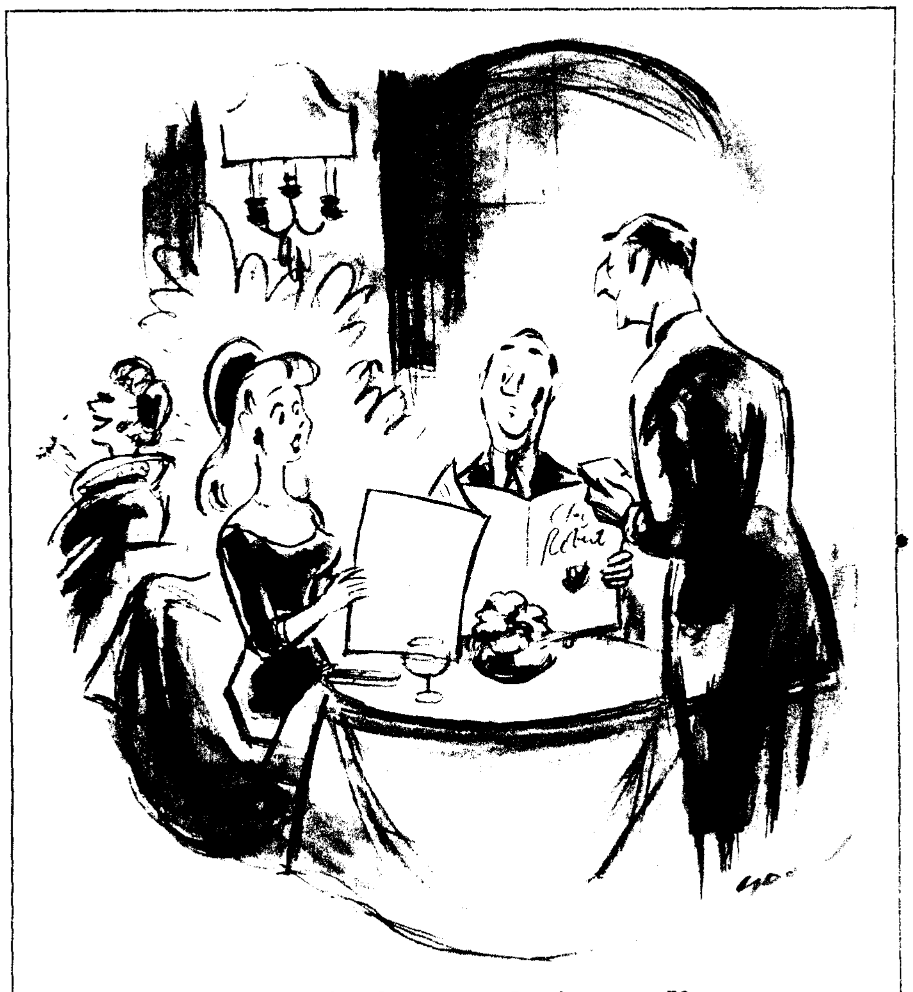
And I let her go.

"Another drink, sir?"

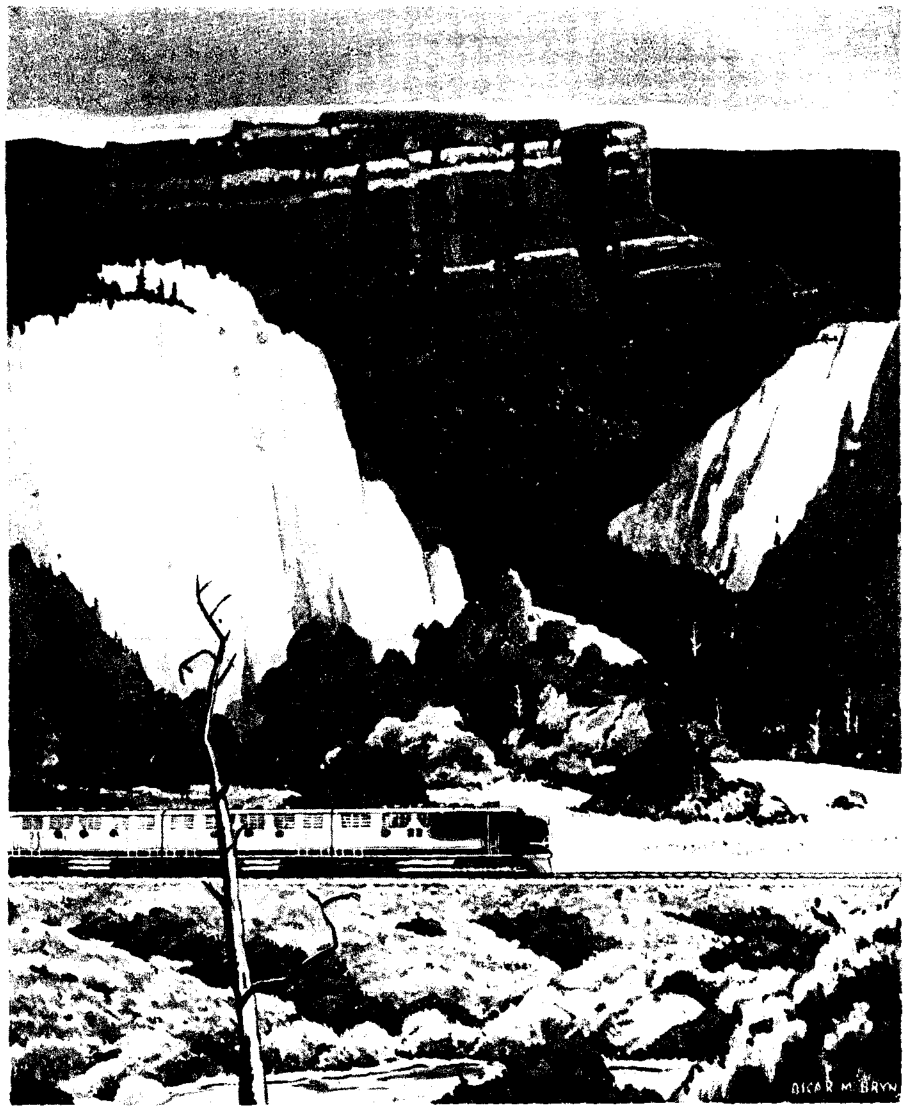
"Yes, yes," I said. "Another drink."

THE week that followed was a real dog. I don't remember much of it and I don't want to. A fog of my own making settled over Manhattan. I toyed with enough maudlin thoughts to fill a thick maudlin book, and picked up a blonde old enough to be my daughter who swore under oath that her name was Belle Marie Tankus. She lifted my wallet.

When I became more or less aware of things it was Sunday afternoon about two



COLLIER'S "I'd *much* prefer that you order for me. If *I* ordered I know I'd pick something expensive, like Filet de Boeuf aux Champignons Frais, second column from your left" LEONARD DOVE



Ride Great Trains through a Great Country

Something western and wonderful happens to you on a Santa Fe trip through the great Southwest.

Via Santa Fe you enjoy this colorful land at eye level . . . experience it close up.

On any one of Santa Fe's fleet of trains, you get privacy . . . room to roam around . . . solid comfort. You choose accommodations to suit yourself . . . select your meals from a Fred Harvey menu.

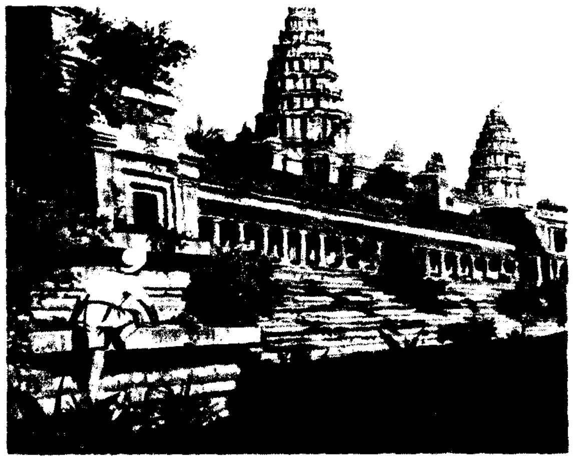
And, of course, you board the Santa Fe at a downtown station . . . leave on schedule regardless of the weather . . . arrive relaxed, refreshed.

Yes, for a wonderful trip and for the memories you keep, go Santa Fe—*all the way!*

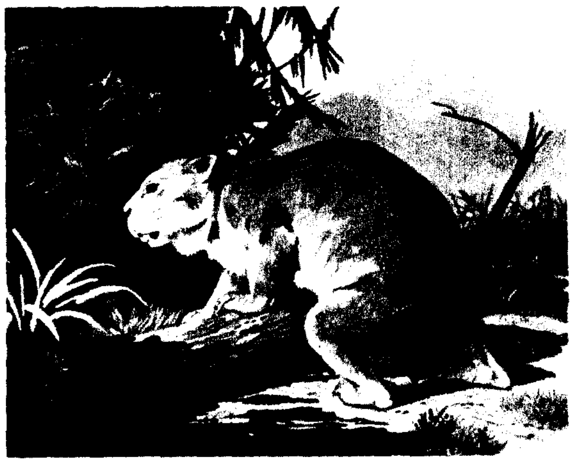
Santa Fe

R. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4.

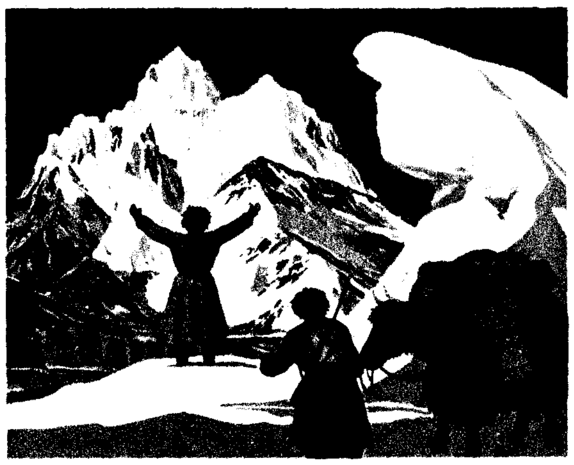
Would you like to go exploring?



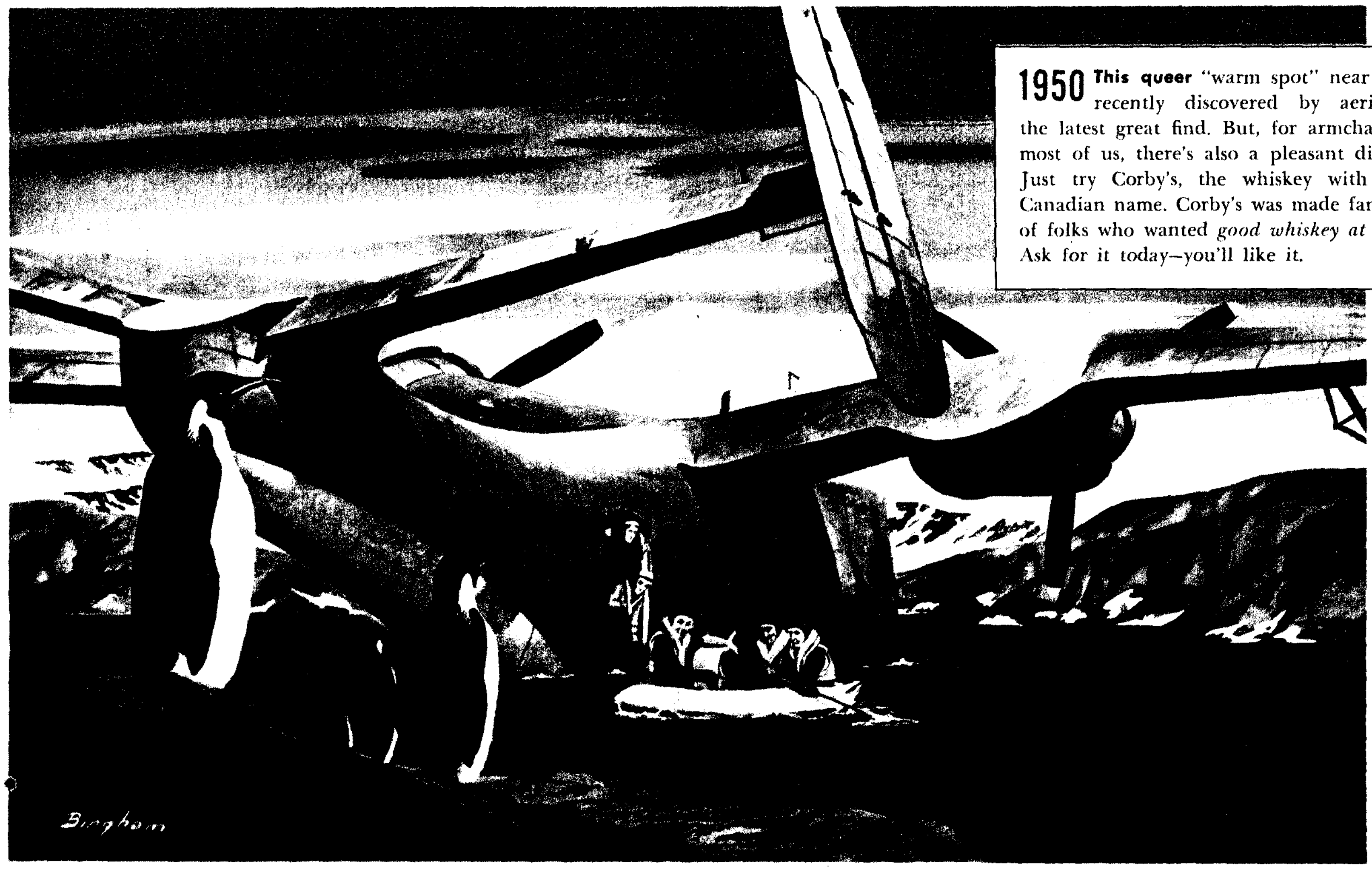
1861 **A huge city** in the Indo-Chinese jungle! The explorer who found it couldn't believe his eyes. Once home to 1,000,000 people, mysterious *Angkor* had lain hidden for centuries. This wonderful find was made in 1861. That year, the name Corby's celebrated its 3rd birthday in Canada.



1900 **Recent rumors** from Australia tell of this 10-foot "guinea pig." Scientists say it may be a *Diprotodon*, long thought extinct. Does this beast still live, in a country "completely explored" back in 1900? By then, Corby's had come to be one of the most popular whiskey names in Canada.



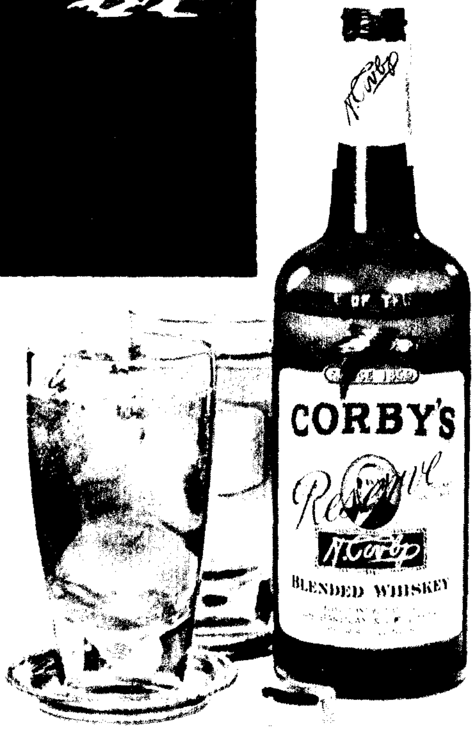
1943 **Is there a peak** higher than famed Mt. Everest (29,141 feet)? Named *Amne Cachin*, it may await explorers deep in Tibet. Airmen flying the "Hump" into China in 1943 claim it may reach 34,000 feet! By that year, the name Corby's meant top-quality whiskey to all Canadians.



1950 **This queer** "warm spot" near the South Pole, recently discovered by aerial mappers, is the latest great find. But, for armchair explorers like most of us, there's also a pleasant discovery in store. Just try Corby's, the whiskey with the 91-year-old Canadian name. Corby's was made famous by millions of folks who wanted *good whiskey at a sensible price.* Ask for it today—you'll like it.

Say **CORBY'S**

...a grand old name in Canada since 1859
Made in U.S.A.



86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited—Peoria, Illinois

Gee, Dad, you always get
the best of everything
...even
Marlboro!
Yes, you need
never feel
over-smoked
.... that's the
Miracle of
Marlboro!
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENTAL LEAF
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
YOUR CHOICE OF
IVORY TIPS ◆ PLAIN ENDS ◆ BEAUTY TIPS (RED) ◆

o'clock. There was a thick coat of fur on my tongue and a small hatchet had been buried to the hilt in my forehead. I was sitting on the side of the bed in my hotel room, eating headache tablets, feeling stupid, and hating myself.

I couldn't live without that girl. I knew that. I didn't think I could live with her very well either, but I had to have her. I loved her so much that I didn't really care about old uncle Tom any more. He was not of much use to anyone, with the exception of Belle Marie Tankus. I thought that there was no sense in Roberta's and my both being miserable. At least I could make her happy.

I put on my cap, but my head hurt so that I took it off and left the hotel carrying it. And that's a violation of regulations, too, but I just didn't care any more.

I GOT in a cab and went downtown. I rang the bell and started upstairs and fell only twice. Margaret was waiting. She didn't smile. She said, "What do you want?"

"Roberta," I said. "Please. Humor the last wish of a dying man."

"I'll ask her. That doesn't mean you'll see her."

They made me wait in the hall. When the door opened again Margaret had on a coat and Helen was with her and they walked past me without a word and went downstairs. I went into the apartment gingerly.

She was standing there. She didn't look so hot. In fact, she looked like she had a hang-over. She didn't have on any make-up and her hair was stringy and she had spilled something on the front of her blouse. She was a mess.

"Hello, Tom."

"To hell with it," I said. "I can't stand it, Roberta. You've got to marry—"

"Oh, baby," she said.

We ran to meet each other in the middle of the room and in our weakened conditions fell down on the floor and had a good cry together.

"Oh, I've been so terrible," she said. "I got drunk and went out with some terrible man named—"

"It's all right, Roberta," I said. "Whatever you—"

"Please, Tom. Marry me and let me take care of you. Please. I'll give up everything for you. We can live any way you want to. You can do whatever you want to. Only please let me marry you. Let me try to make you happy."

It took quite a while but finally we each explained to the other how we felt. We were both prepared to live exactly as the other wanted. I would resign my commission. She would give up her analyst. At seven thirty we had reached a decision: neither of us knew our own mind so we would get married and try to figure out what to do next when the time came.

Roberta went in to shower just as Margaret and Helen came in.

"We're going to get married," I said.

They both looked disgusted, and aske me to stay for dinner. Roberta came ou of the bathroom and sat down on the couch and held my head in her lap. "Tom and I—" she began.

"We know, we know," Margaret said. "What do you want for dinner?"

"I don't care," Roberta said. "What do you want for dinner?"

"Why, whatever you want, dear," I said.

"Ugh!" Margaret said and went into the kitchen.

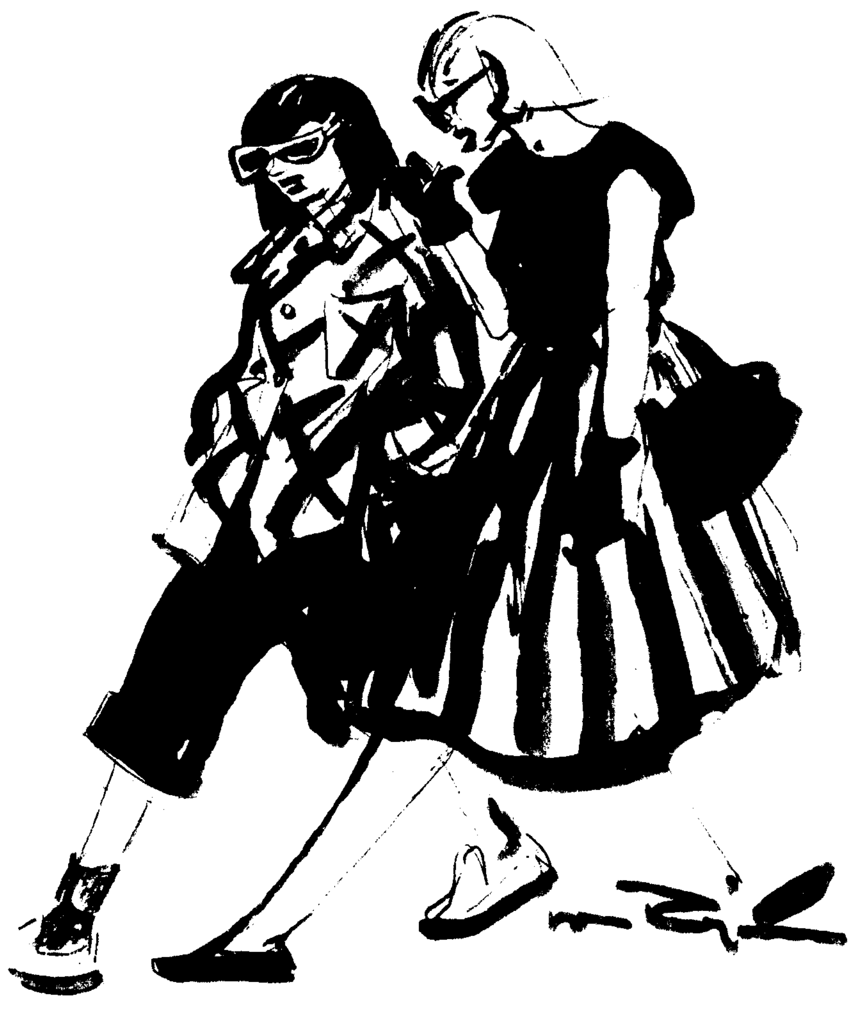
"Say," I said. "Sweetheart. How about a big Italian dinner?"

"Why, of course!" Roberta said.

And so we all went out and got one.

A COUPLE of months after we were married I was assigned to duty in the States, in Arizona with my old outfit again. Roberta took the first stagecoach west and we set up house. She's started taking flying lessons and I'm going to an analyst now one hour a week. Nice guy. He has a hell of a lot of hope for me. He says in practically no time at all I will have recovered from a lot of things, including that sophomore year at school.

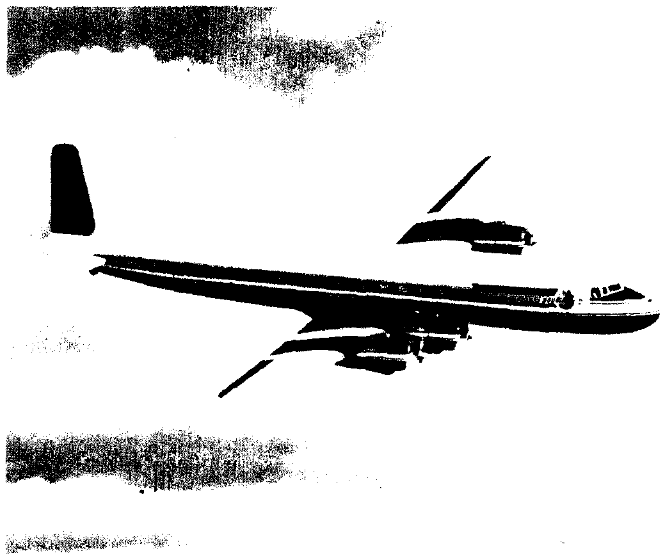
THE END



COLLIER'S "I was going to go to night school but all my boy friends talked me out of it" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

EIGHT TO EIGHTY...
AMERICANS JUST NATURALLY LOVE TO FLY!

TOOK THEIR FIRST FLIGHT AT 81 AND LOVED IT! Here are Mr. and Mrs. Edgar N. Stokes of Pasadena, California, and their great-grandchildren Jimmy and Judy. The Stokes recently flew for the first time on a trip to Medford, Oregon. "At our age," says Mrs. Stokes, "comfort means a lot. I must say we never enjoyed anything in our lives as much as our flight to Oregon. We only wish we had tried flying sooner!"



Traveling by modern air transports is the swift, clean, economical way to go places! One big advantage in traveling by air is the comfort you enjoy. You have friendly attendants to serve you. Soft, adjustable armchairs let you relax as the interesting panorama of neat fields, sprawling cities and new horizons unreels below. Soon you're at your destination, rested, clean, and ready for business or vacation fun. If you'll figure how much you save when you fly, in time... tips... and "extras"... you'll take to the air for your next trip. And you'll want to go on the airline that flies fast, dependable Douglas air transports.

MORE PEOPLE FLY MORE PLACES BY DOUGLAS

30th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

MISERABLE WITH A

COLD?

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TABCIN

2-DAY TEST

See How Fast You Feel Better!

Guaranteed to please you or your money back

TABCIN is a wonderful new antihistaminic cold tablet with a new improved formula.

The next time you have a cold, all we ask you to do is make the TABCIN 2-Day Test and see how good it is. Start taking TABCIN at the first sign of a cold. Don't delay! The sooner you start taking TABCIN the faster you feel better. Keep taking TABCIN according to directions for two days (48 hrs.). Then if you're not pleased and satisfied with the results, *your druggist will refund your money.*

TABCIN was developed by Miles Laboratories to give you more complete relief for colds.

TABCIN acts in all these ways to give you more complete Cold Relief:

(a) **Antihistaminic** action checks sneezes and sniffles.

(b) **Analgetic** action relieves headaches and "all-over" aches and pains of a cold.

(c) **Antipyretic** action helps reduce fever of a cold.

(d) **Mildly stimulant** to help combat the dull, drowsy feeling.

Remember—at the first sign of a Cold—Take TABCIN Quick! The quicker the better for FAST Relief.

45c and 75c—all drug stores

Tabcin
COLDS
HAY FEVER

Tabcin

LOOK FOR THE BRIGHT RED TABLETS IN THE BRIGHT RED PACKAGE

Play a Lone Hand

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

The clerk, seeing Miles's disappointment, eyed him closely. "Is it about the reward?" he asked.

Miles glanced at him uneasily and nodded. "After a fashion, yes." Unthinkingly, he brought up his right hand to feel the newspaper under his vest. Its muted crinkle was enough to make the clerk look down at Miles's vest. Then the clerk glanced swiftly at the bookkeeper's face. "Would you want to leave it in the room?" he asked.

Miles said hurriedly, "No! No! I just wanted to talk with him." He turned and beat a swift retreat to the street. *I handled that badly,* he thought irritably. *He'll tell Edwards about me.*

He halted then on the boardwalk to think this out. Why should the clerk tell Edwards? Was there anything so strange about a man having a copy of a wanted newspaper that the clerk would even remember it or think it unusual enough to mention? He'd let his silly feeling of guilt stampede him. The thing to do was wait until Welling returned to town, show him and explain that he had found it rummaging around his attic. Edwards be damned!

The clerk waited only until Miles was out of sight, then he rounded the corner of his desk and hurried over to the dining-room doorway. He did not see the man he was looking for and, wheeling, he hurried up the stairs, turned right and knocked on the door of number one—the room rented by the Torreon Cattle Company.

There was no answer, and thoughtfully he retraced his steps to the lobby.

CORAZON'S traffic was at its highest just before the supper hour and Welling was breasting it with a vast impatience. Giff, leading the pack mule in the rear, reined in at the hotel stepping block just as Welling and Fiske were dismounting. The long twelve-hour day they had put in had told upon Fiske. He looked at his horse with a red-eyed irritability and then at Giff.

"I'd kick him in the belly if I didn't figure I'd have to ride him again," he said. He looked over at Welling, "This time I'll buy you a drink, Vince." Again his glance touched Giff. "Come on over to the Plains Bar when you're done, Giff."

Giff nodded and stepped stiffly out of the saddle as Fiske and Welling cut across the street toward the saloon. He unpacked the mule, lugged the gear through the lobby and halted at the desk. "Did anyone show up looking for Welling?" he asked the clerk.

The man eyed him blandly and said, "Nope, nobody."

Climbing the stairs, Giff deposited the gear in Welling's room, then descended and took the animals back to the livery corral.

The day had largely been a futile one of riding from one Torreon line camp to another, taking affidavits sullenly given by Torreon hands as to their knowledge of the disputed homesteads. More often than not the Torreon riders, warned of their coming, had disappeared, so that Welling had uncovered little valuable information. It didn't matter anyway, Giff had decided. This resurveying and taking of affidavits was only marking time; the real evidence they had to have would be in the missing newspaper, and it had not shown up yet—if ever.

He turned the mounts over to the livery hostler and on his way to the street checked to see if Cass had come in. He had not, and Giff knew he was tending his garden. The office was empty and he moved on toward the Plains Bar where Welling and Fiske awaited him. He knew Welling would be happy to be close to whisky again; he had been without it a day and his nerves were already ragged.

The brawl at Torreon, instead of stiffening Welling, had had the opposite effect. He had been morose and apathetic these last two days and Giff knew what was troubling him. At Torreon, Welling had been forced into a show of violence that he could not back up alone, and he knew with a weak man's dread of the future that someday he would have to reassert the authority Giff had forced him to show. He could not; Welling knew it and Giff knew it, and, worse, Welling was aware that Giff understood this.

The Plains Bar was crowded and most of the gambling tables were filled. Giff spotted Welling and Fiske, a half-empty bottle of whisky between them, seated at one of the far tables. Fiske had lighted up a cigar and was comfortably reading an old newspaper. Welling, his face already flushed with many quick whiskies, was idly toying with a cigar from the handful lying on the table between them. Giff came up and settled into the chair next to Fiske who wordlessly passed over the bottle and a glass.

Giff poured himself a drink and, glancing up, caught the baffled and sullen expression in Welling's eyes. Giff passed the bottle to him and then downed his own drink enjoying its slow warmth inside of him. He felt someone beside him and glanced up to see Sheriff Edwards standing there. Fiske, seeing him too, put down his paper and said, "Have a drink with us, Sheriff."

Edwards reached out and took a cigar from the handful scattered in the middle of the table and said, "I'll have one of these instead." He sat down and, including them all in his question, asked without any real curiosity, "How did it go?"

Both Giff and Fiske waited for Welling to answer. He did, finally, and in a discouraged voice. "It's a long haul, Sheriff. We'll get there, though."

Edwards lighted his cigar and then asked, "Have you checked yet to see if anybody is collecting your reward?"

"I did. Nobody has," Giff said.

A faint flicker of malice came and vanished in Welling's eyes.

Edwards looked down at the tip of his cigar, then raised his glance to Welling. "What would the land office want with that particular issue of the Free Press, if it's any of my business?"

Fiske cleared his throat and said hurriedly, "Just a routine check of final proof notices for that issue. It was lost from the newspaper files."

Welling laughed shortly. "Don't you believe him, Sheriff," he said. His voice was already a little thick and blurred from the whisky.

Giff cut in mildly, "If we get it, you'll know the whole story then, Sheriff."

"He could know it now if he wants," Welling said with a kind of alcoholic truculence as he regarded Giff.

FISKE folded his newspaper and rose; his casualness did not wholly cover the apprehension in his voice as he said, "Better come along before the barbershop's closed, Vince, or else we'll miss a hot bath."

But Welling had never taken his glance from Giff who was aware that Welling, with the unerring instinct of a heavy drinker in choosing the wrong moment, was about to pay off his grudge.

Welling turned to Edwards. "Are you a friend of Sebree's?" He did not give Edwards time to answer one way or the other before he continued, "Because if you are, you can tell him he's in trouble. He—"

Giff came to his feet then, saying thinly, "Shut up, Welling! You talk too much!"

But nothing could stop Welling, and Giff saw it. For a brief second his impulse was to hit the agent and close his mouth. It was as if Welling read his thoughts, for he pushed his chair back out of Giff's reach and rose, looking at Giff, but talking to Edwards. "Once we get that issue of the Free Press, Sebree, Deyo and Kearie are on the way to jail."

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Fiske sighed wearily, then turned and left the table. Giff looked down at Edwards and saw the shock and concern on the sheriff's face. He glanced up at Welling and saw the expression of fierce triumph in his eyes. In disgust and without any anger at all, he turned and tramped toward the door.

Welling's disclosure would be all over town in an hour, he knew. As long as people only read the reward notice and didn't know why the April 17th issue was wanted, there was a chance that a copy might be turned in to Welling. Now that faint possibility was wiped out completely. No man would hunt through a year's old newspapers on the off-chance that he could pick up fifty dollars if he knew that a bullet in the back went with it.

AS GIFF halted on the plankwalk, the question that had been nagging at his mind for two days came unbidden again, and he was reminded once more of his conversation with Mrs. Sebree. Why had she said, "Grady is afraid of Mary Kincheon"? Giff had wondered about that long enough: now he wanted to find out once and for all.

He halted at the Free Press office and found it locked. Of a passing boy he asked where Mary Kincheon lived, and was told she had a room at the home of a widow named Mrs. Wiatt. He learned further that Mrs. Wiatt's house was a short distance down the side street from the second corner below.

Giff found the house easily and as he lifted the latch of the iron gate he wondered who Wiatt had been, for this big brick house, nowhere near new, bespoke of one-time prosperity. The yard was full of flowers he could not identify and the big lawn was neatly trimmed. He caught the sweet smell of lilies of the valley as he mounted the steps and twisted the handle of the doorbell.

The door was answered by a short, stout, gray-haired woman wearing a gray dress. She did not greet him but stood as if barring his way until he presented his credentials.

Giff said, "Is Miss Kincheon home?"

"Does she know you?"

"Dixon is the name," Giff said. He saw a new interest mount in her eyes.

"Is this land-office business?" Mrs. Wiatt asked.

Giff looked at her and could not keep a certain censure out of his voice as he said, "Would it make any difference if it wasn't?"

"It would," Mrs. Wiatt said promptly. "Mary is a pretty girl. If you're courting her, you've chosen the wrong time. Besides, you're dirty."

Giff said dryly, "Maybe she is too. We both work."

Mrs. Wiatt laughed unexpectedly and swung the door open wider. "Come in, young man. I like people who don't let old ladies scare them."

Giff took off his hat and followed her into the large tidy parlor, confused and a little wary of this woman's unconventional behavior. She went on through the door, headed toward the back of the house and called, "Mary, a young man to see you." Then she came back into the parlor.

"How are you doing with those scoundrels at the land office?" she asked.

Giff could not hide the surprise he felt at her question. "That would be Mr. Deyo?" he asked.

Mrs. Wiatt nodded. "All of them," she said. "The ones that work in it and the ones that own it."

"Not very well," Giff said.

At that moment Mary stepped into the room. She was smoothing her dress with the telltale gesture of a woman who has just taken off her apron. She halted abruptly at the sight of Giff. "Not even a black eye. I'm surprised."

Giff shifted his feet uneasily and was aware that she was looking at the skinned knuckles of the hand which held his hat. He asked warily, "Should I have one?"

"Don't be modest," Mary said. "We've known for two days about the fight at Torreon."

Mrs. Wiatt asked promptly, "It wasn't Grady Sebree, was it?"

"No."

"Too bad," Mrs. Wiatt murmured. She looked at Mary now and there was a small devilment in her eyes. "Is it safe to leave you alone with him, Mary?"

"Heavens no," Mary said. "What is it you want, Mr. Dixon?"

Giff looked closely at her and wished for once she could be serious. He said, "It would only bore Mrs. Wiatt."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Wiatt said. "I'm never bored."

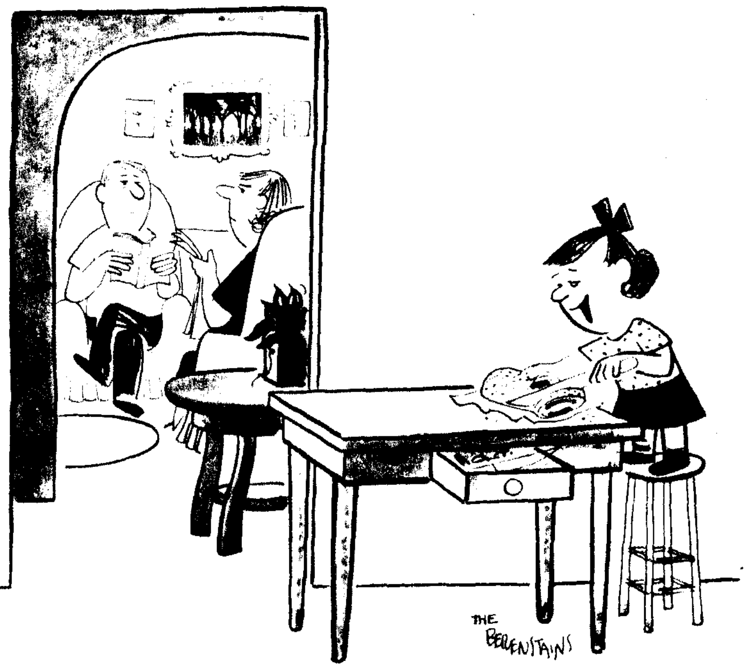
Giff said, "Not even by cooking supper?"

IT WAS Mary who laughed then. Mrs. Wiatt good-naturedly accepted her defeat and said, "Don't be long, dears," as she left the room.

Giff nodded his head toward the door and said, "You two aren't related, are you?"

Mary smiled and shook her head. "I copy her. That's the only way I can bear working for Earl Kearie—by being a little crazy, I guess." She gestured toward a chair. "Sit down, please."

Giff sank into the closest chair, which was an uncomfortable one. He had no



COLLIER'S

"Have a piece of jelly roll, Sister? Yes, thank you, don't mind if I do!"

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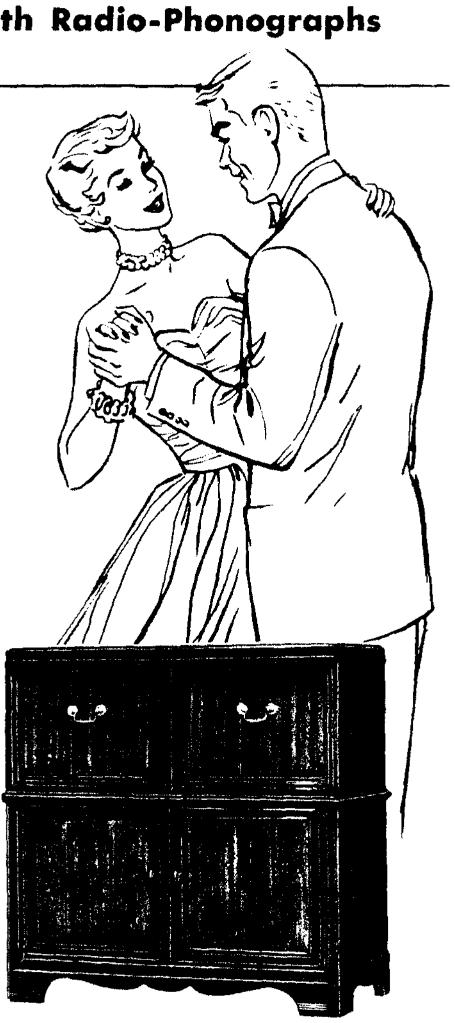
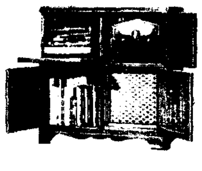


Above, New Zenith® "Tudor" Console Radio-Phonograph. Features the sensational new "Cobra-Matic" record changer plus Zenith Super-Sensitive FM and Long-Distance AM. Radiorgan® Tone Control. Period cabinet in rich Mahogany veneers.



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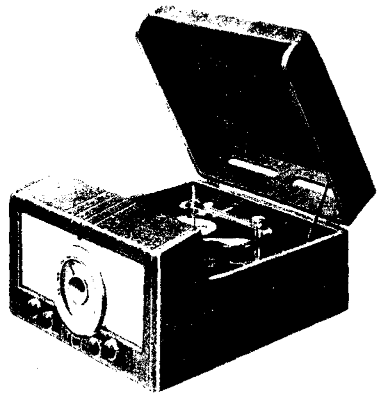

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notion of how to begin and only a very faint idea of what he wanted to say. However he framed it, the words would be too bald for this occasion. Mary had seated herself, and seeing his discomfort, made no effort to ease it.

Giff took the plunge. "I met Mrs. Sebree at Torreon. Tell me something about her."

Mary studied him a moment, "Did you climb off a horse after a long day's ride to ask me that?"

"No, I'm just making talk," Giff admitted. "What about Mrs. Sebree?"

"She's a frightful hag," Mary said calmly. "But it isn't hard to understand why."

"Just what does it mean when a pretty woman calls an attractive woman a frightful hag?" Giff asked mildly. "Has she done something to you?"

"No," Mary said shortly. "I'm sorry I was uncharitable." She looked obliquely at him. "Do you think I'm pretty?"

BEFORE Giff could answer, she said with total unconcern, "I withdraw that question. About Mrs. Sebree, now." She thought a moment. "I guess I hate her just because she's Mrs. Sebree. I hate anything connected with Sebree and that includes his wife."

"Any special reason for hating him?"

Mary shrugged. "Just on principle I guess. When you were little and read stories about the king in the castle and his happy, happy peasants, didn't you gag? Didn't you ever wonder if maybe just one peasant wasn't unhappy at the king's having all the power? Didn't you think maybe just one of his subjects thought he was a tyrant? Couldn't one of them hate the queen just because she was the king's wife?"

"Even queens can tell the truth sometimes. Does Mrs. Sebree happen to?"

Mary nodded emphatically. "So much so, it's embarrassing sometimes."

"Like it will be now," Giff murmured. A slow apprehension came into Mary's face as he said, "Mrs. Sebree told me Grady is afraid of you."

Mary tried to laugh but the laugh didn't come off. Color rose in her face and with quiet amazement Giff realized he had touched something private and important to her. He watched her mounting confusion. He judged that she was more frightened than angry; certainly for once she was inarticulate, and he waited.

"That's the most foolish thing she's ever said, and she's said a lot of them." Mary tried to make her tone light and failed. "Why would she want to say that?"

Giff didn't answer her and she shifted her position in the chair. "Really," she said, "you don't believe that, do you?"

"Why do you care if I believe it or not?" Giff asked coldly. "Is it true?"

Now the anger came, or rather the illusion of anger and not its substance. "Why should I answer that question?" she demanded. "What right have you to ask it?"

Giff didn't answer, only watched her.

The false anger vanished as quickly as it had appeared and in its place, as Mary leaned her elbows on her knees, was a sweet reasonableness. "Stop and think a moment," Mary said quietly. "I'm only a printer's devil. I help to run a broken-down weekly newspaper and it just about pays for my food and clothes and shelter. Grady Sebree is a large stockholder and the manager of one of the biggest ranches in the Territory. Why should he fear me? You've just said I was pretty. Maybe Mrs. Sebree fears my prettiness, although she has no cause to. I loathe Sebree and all he stands for. And I guess I loathe Mrs. Sebree most of all after this." Mary laughed suddenly and her laughter was genuine this time. "I'm beginning to loathe you."

The moment had gone; Mary had completely regained her composure. She said now, "Is it impertinent for me to ask how all this concerns your work for the land office?"

Giff rose saying, "I was wondering when you'd ask that question. It doesn't concern it at all."

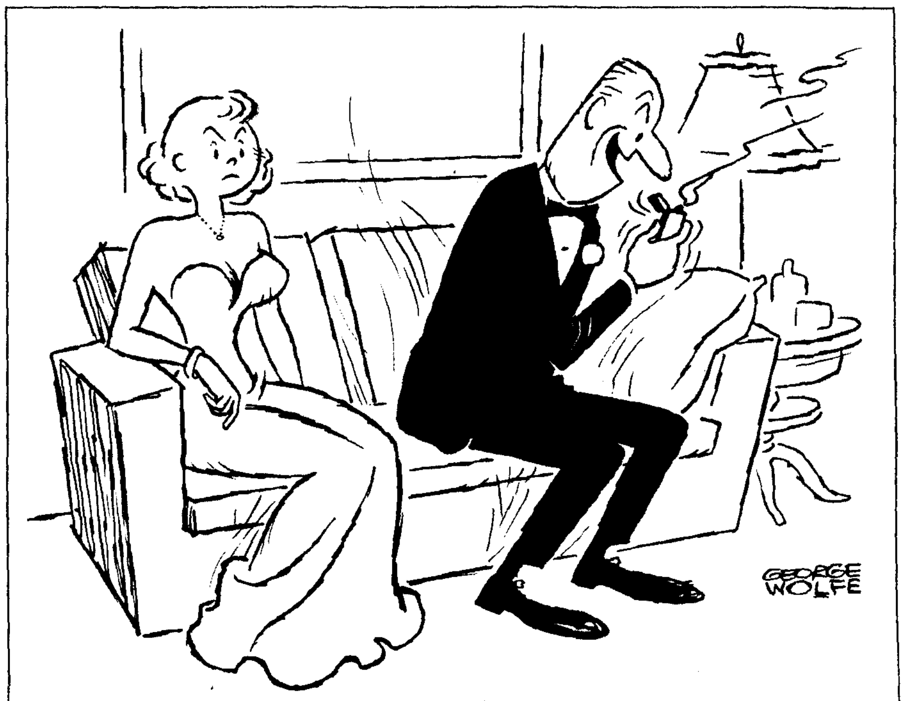
Mary rose too, her smile once again warm and faintly mocking. "I am sure Mrs. Wiatt has counted on you for supper."

"Some other time," Giff said. "Will you thank her and tell her good-by?"

Mary followed him to the door and on the porch he halted and put on his hat. He was about to bid her good evening when she said abruptly, "Why don't you come in someday and we'll talk about flowers or horses? I'm tired of snarling at you every time we meet."

"I'm tired of it too," Giff said. "Good night."

AS HE walked the two blocks back to the main street, the strangeness of this girl lingered in Giff's mind. She was beautiful and had a needle-sharp and mocking cleverness, but she was hiding something. He had a disturbing conviction that Mrs. Sebree had told the truth, and he found himself disliking that truth. Minutes ago, Mary had asked him, "Did you climb off a horse after a long day's ride to ask me that?" That was exactly what he had done; he had hurried to her to find out if Mrs. Sebree was right. He could have waited to ask her, but he didn't, and now he wondered



COLLIER'S

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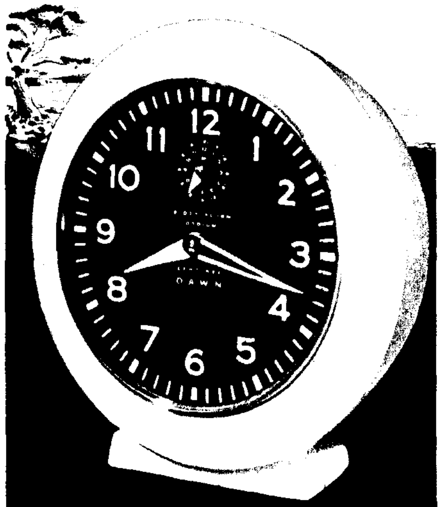

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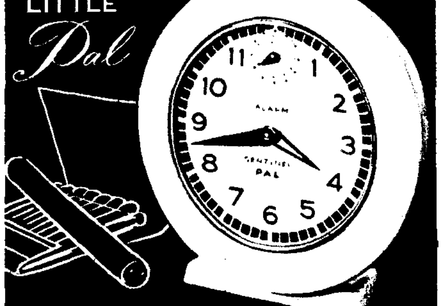

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why. The answer came reluctantly. He had been in a terrible haste to hear her deny it. He hadn't wanted her to be mixed up with anyone in this land swindle.

He wondered glumly: Is she in it, too? No, she had accepted his reward advertisement. If she were in it with Sebree she would never have accepted it, because the finding of the missing newspaper would uncover her guilt. Yet his intuition told him that Mrs. Sebree had spoken the truth, and he was none the wiser and considerably sadder for knowing this.

At the Family Café he had a quick supper and then moved on to the livery, where he inquired the directions to Taltal of the hostler and helped himself to a fresh horse. He mounted it and rode out of town.

THERE was an hour of light left when he reached the place where the stage road began its climb to the distant peaks. He was deep in the foothills when full darkness came and his thoughts turned again to Mary. He wondered what there had been in her life that had bred her dislike of Sebree. On principle she was entitled to dislike naked and arrogant power, but was that all there was to it? Remembering her embarrassment at his questions he knew there was something deeper and more personal than just principles. If it were something personal, why was she so careful to clothe it in those waspish generalities?

The stage road was lifting into thicker timber and the heavy scent of pine rosin was in the air. He speculated idly on what he would learn in Taltal from Mrs. Bentham and why Mrs. Sebree had mentioned her. He had learned from the hostler that Taltal was a dreary, lonely stage stop at the bottom of a dark, remote canyon. It was an odd place for a man to establish a mistress.

The up stage passed him around nine o'clock; he rode in its persistent, hanging pennant of dust for another hour and when the last lingering smell of it was gone from the air he saw the lamps of Taltal flickering through the thinly scattered spruce. The creek, which he had forded many times on the way up, was now more narrow. Its sound was pleasant to his ears.

As he crossed the bridge, he saw a half-dozen horses tied at the rail in front of the dimly lit building. He racked his horse among them, and dismounted. It was too dark to distinguish brands and he halted a moment considering this. If he struck a match and examined the horses, it would not go unnoticed by someone inside and would be a plain admission that he was wary of his company. He would have to take a chance that none of the horses were Torreon, for he knew that he was free game for Torreon hands in a place like this.

Mounting the steps, he entered the saloon. Four men were playing poker at the far table. They were strangers to him, and probably to one another, he thought. Differing in features, they were basically alike, travel-weary, taciturn and suspicious. He believed he knew their life well for it had once been his—a life of small and furtive dishonesties, of hunger, and of driving restlessness.

They regarded him covertly as he crossed the room to the bar, and since his own dusty and unshaven appearance matched theirs they accepted him by ignoring him. He wondered if the bartender was Bentham. The man had the look of an old and cynical ex-gambler who has lost his sharpness and his courage with cards.

Bentham was washing glasses; when he looked up, Giff signaled for whisky. Bentham, a soiled towel over his shoulder, took a glass and bottle from the back bar and set them silently on the bar before Giff. The clicking of poker chips and the muted but sustained noise of the creek outside were interrupted occasionally by a word from the men behind him. He had his drink, looking at the room and idly watching the dexterity with which Bentham went about his job. He wanted above all to establish the fact that he was in no hurry, that he was an aimless drifter, a stranger.

He said presently, "Can a man get a room here and bait for his horse?"

Bentham said, "For a dollar in advance, yes. No breakfast."

Giff put two silver dollars on the bar top and got his change back. Bentham said, "Which horse is yours?" and when Giff told him the one farthest from the steps, he left the room quietly. His air of tight-lipped and studied silence was in keeping with this place, Giff thought. He fashioned his cigarette, then strolled to the door and looked out into the night.

He saw a man, not Bentham, come around the building, take his horse and lead it around the far corner of the veranda. Giff's brand, the livery brand, would probably go unnoticed until the morning. There was a quality of somnolent watchfulness about this place that began to push at his nerves; he had a feeling that he had been tentatively sized up but that he would not be forgotten for a second until he rode out again.

Bentham returned to the room, and Giff wheeled and tramped over to him as he stood in the doorway. "Room number five," Bentham said. "At your right, upstairs."

"Is it too late for me to get something to eat?" Giff asked. He was not hungry, but he wanted to stir up movement in the place on the off-chance that he would see Mrs. Bentham.

Bentham said, "I'll see," and crossed the dining room to the kitchen door. In a moment he appeared and said as he passed toward the barroom, "Go on in the kitchen."

Giff went through the kitchen door and halted by the stove. A dark-haired girl with her back to him was cutting bread at the sink counter. Giff said, "Is there someplace I can wash out back?"

The girl turned and Giff knew at once that this was Sebree's Mrs. Bentham. She had a sullen sort of beauty that was not attractive to him, but was undeniable. Her dress was bright and clean and Giff thought: Sebree would teach her that.

"There's a pump out back." Her voice held an undertone of resentment at having to serve him at this hour.

He went on through the kitchen and washed up at the pump. When he returned, a place was set at the oilcloth-topped kitchen table and a cup of coffee was already poured. He sat down and sipped at his coffee, watching the quick deft movements of Mrs. Bentham as she prepared his food—and wondering how to approach her.

Take a chance, he thought, and then he said pleasantly, "Mrs. Sebree sends her regards to you."

IF HE had hoped to startle her by these words, he succeeded almost too well. She dropped a knife that clanged on the counter and rattled into the sink. In the same movement she wheeled to face him, an expression of both amazement and fear in her face. Slowly, she got control of herself and then took three slow steps to the far side of the table. "Who are you?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Don't worry, Grady didn't send me," Giff replied. Then he asked in a mild voice, "Is my supper ready?"

"Did Mrs. Sebree send you up here?"

Giff shook his head. "No, she just said to say hello to you."

For a full ten seconds Mrs. Bentham regarded him with an alert wariness. She said then, "She doesn't even know me."

"She knows of you," Giff said. "Is my supper ready?"

She turned reluctantly to her work and then crossed to him with a plate of cold steaks and cold fried potatoes.

He put his attention to the food, ignoring the girl; she had returned to the counter and put her back against it and was watching him. Giff had an idea that she would not let this rest here, but he ate unconcernedly. After a few moments he asked around a mouthful of food, "Stage crowded tonight?"

Mrs. Bentham started in surprise at the sound of his voice. He could see she was

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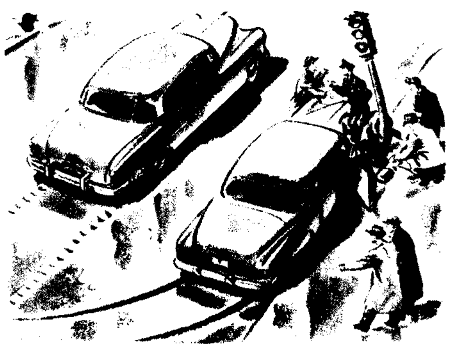

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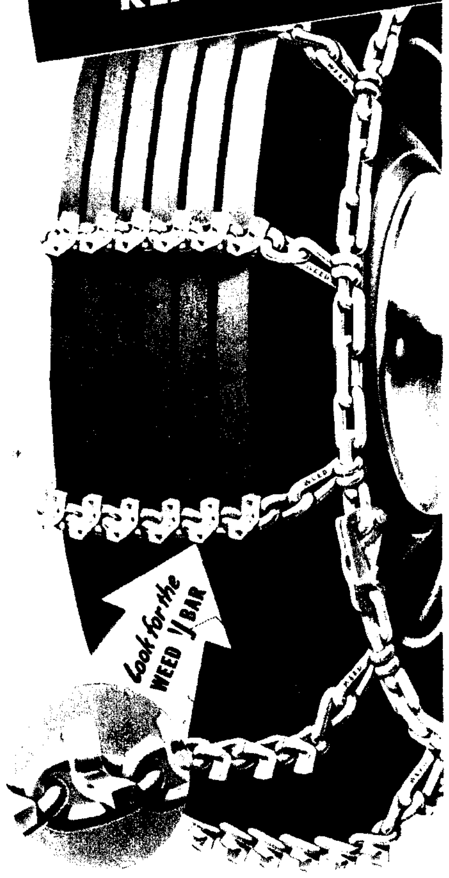

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plainly surprised at the irrelevance of his words, and impatient too. She said, "Just who *are* you?"

He heard footsteps in the dining room at the same moment Mrs. Bentham did and now he watched her carefully, hoping for a hint as to what course to follow. She lifted her head in sudden alarm and then moved quickly toward the stove. She picked up the coffeepot and as the door opened and Bentham came in, she walked to the table and freshened Giff's cup of coffee. Afterward she moved to the cupboard above the sink, opened it and reached up for a can. When she had set it on the counter, she opened a drawer and took out a can opener. She's afraid of him, Giff thought.

He looked up indifferently at Bentham who was standing in the kitchen door, then looked down at his plate and continued eating. Presently Bentham backed into the dining room and the door swung shut. He saw Mrs. Bentham pause in her movements, cock her head and listen. Then she glanced at him and raised her finger to her lips. Giff nodded and continued eating in silence. After a few moments he heard a board creak in the dining room and he knew that Bentham, satisfied with his eavesdropping, had returned to the bar.

WHEN Bentham reached the saloon, he saw Perez, his hired man, standing beside the outer door, hat in hand, waiting for him.

He crossed to the Mexican and asked softly, *"Quién es?"*

The Mexican lifted his shoulders in a shrug, and then said in Spanish, "I don't know him. His horse carries the livery stable brand."

"Murray's?"

Perez nodded and Bentham said, "All right. Good night."

When Perez had left the porch, Bentham stepped out into the night and walked slowly to the porch rail. The presence of one of Cass Murray's horses here was suspicious in itself. An out-at-the-elbows drifter couldn't afford to ride one, and if he'd come from town why was he staying here tonight? What had he heard about Murray lately from the stage driver? Oh, yes, that Murray had first hired this drifter that was making so much—

Bentham suddenly turned, realization coming abruptly. This man was Dixon, the land-office chainman who had broken Traff's jaw and had cleaned out the Torreon bunkhouse. Yes, his looks jibed with the stage driver's description of him—"a tall, black Irishman with a go-to-hell look in his eyes."

He's after Sebree—maybe through his woman, Bentham thought. He hoped bitterly that Dixon would succeed.

FOR two long years Bentham had bided his time, taking Sebree's orders, fronting for his woman. And not one of these days had passed without his hoping and watching for some way to even the score with Sebree. He had thought of several schemes; but after examining each of them he decided to bide his time, for they took something he had precious little of, and that was courage. He could face down a saloon drunk, but that was a trick and only took steady nerves; Sebree was different. Bentham knew that the longer he waited the more servile he was becoming—and the more his hatred of Sebree grew.

Now, thinking of Dixon, he began to wonder. As he cast back to everything he had heard about the man, his wonder grew into grudging admiration. Dixon, he had already guessed, was the reason for Sebree's wanting Jim Archer. The very fact that Sebree was that afraid pushed Bentham to his decision now, and he thought: Maybe Dixon can do it. He stepped down into the night and circled the hotel. Approaching the back door, he walked slowly and quietly until he could touch it. The voices inside made an indistinguishable murmur.

Bentham calculated, then. Both of them inside would be listening for sounds in the dining room. Knowing that, he put his hands on the doorknob and slowly turned it. When the latch opened silently, he pushed the door until a tiny crack of light showed. He picked up the sound of his wife's bitter voice: "—all this way to tell me about Mrs. Sebree. What do you want from me?"

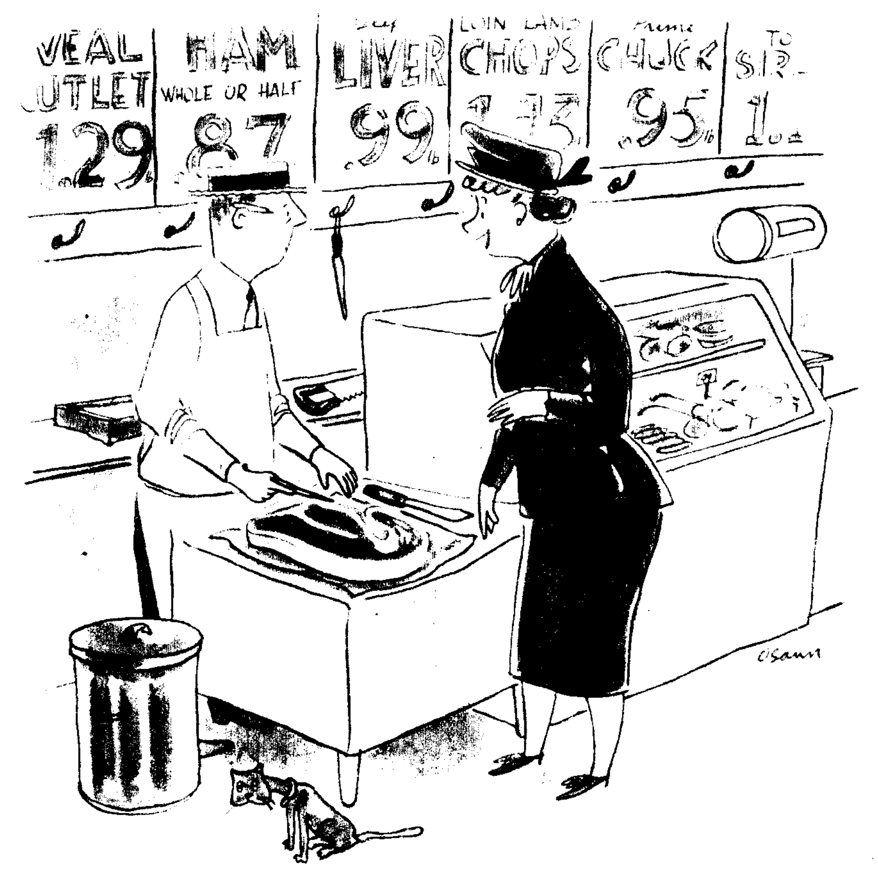
"Your help."

"In what? Sending Grady to jail?"

Dixon's voice was dry. "Odd you should say that. I didn't mention jail. Has he done anything that would put him there?"

Bentham heard his wife's voice turn sullen. "I don't know. I hear talk, though."

"About what?" Dixon asked her.



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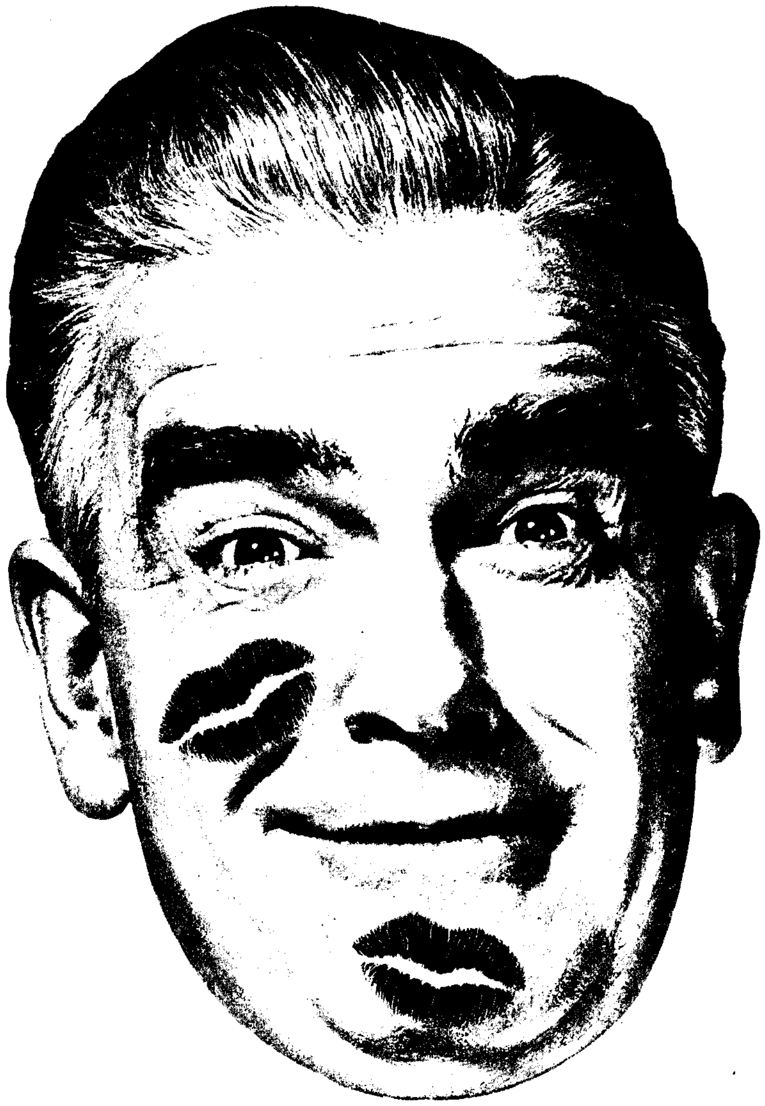

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"Oh, I don't know, I tell you!"

"You know he's in trouble now," Dixon prodded.

Sarita was quiet a moment; Bentham wondered if she would answer. "Yes, I overhear talk from stage passengers and the drivers."

"But what's he said about it to you? Think back. He might have been careless. Has he said or done anything you don't understand?"

Dixon's voice was persuasive, and Bentham knew he was softening Sarita.

"Yes, I overheard—" Sarita's voice ceased, and Bentham's pulse quickened. What had she overheard?

"You overheard what?"

"Nothing." Sarita's voice was flat, scared.

"You're afraid of him, aren't you?" Dixon dug at her.

"You don't know Grady," Sarita said dully. "He'd have it out of me if he suspected I'd even seen you."

She's whipped, Bentham thought. He'd heard enough to know Dixon could talk until midnight and get nothing more out of her. Softly, he closed the door and then moved off into the night.

Pausing, he felt an odd excitement within him. Dixon was the kind of reckless tenacious fool who wouldn't be stopped. Then why not help him? Bentham asked himself. They were both after the same thing.

Then, thinking of Sarita and her fear of Grady, Bentham knew he must play this carefully. She mustn't suspect anything. After a moment's thought, he moved around the corner of the saloon and went inside. The poker game was still in progress, and none of the players noticed him as he went behind the bar, lifted out a gun from under it, and tucked it in the waistband of his pants. Then he walked into the dining room.

GIFF had heard the footsteps in the dining room, and he ceased talking. The kitchen door swung open silently, and Giff glanced up.

Bentham was standing in the doorway, a gun in his hand held hip-high. "I got a look at the brand on your horse," Bentham said. "It's a livery horse of Murray's."

Giff waited, watching.

"You aren't riding through."

"I don't recall saying I was."

"You're Dixon, aren't you?"

Giff only nodded and gathered his legs under him to move. Only the belief that Bentham had not reached the point of decision held him longer in his chair.

"Go saddle your horse and clear out of here," Bentham said. "Sarita, light a lantern."

Mrs. Bentham moved around behind Giff and he could hear her take down the lantern, fumble nervously at the wall box of matches and strike a light. Bentham never ceased watching him and now the older man said, "Take it."

Giff turned in his chair and accepted the lighted lantern from Mrs. Bentham. She hurriedly passed him and went out of the room hugging the wall and careful to keep out of the way of her husband's leveled gun.

"Do I go now?" Giff asked.

"Get up." Bentham moved in behind Giff as he turned toward the back door.

OUTSIDE, Bentham directed him to the corral. For a moment Giff wondered if this was Bentham's way of moving him to a spot where there would be no witnesses to the kill. The flesh on his back crawled; he kept remembering the dead cold eyes of the man holding the gun. A break into the night would only bring it quicker, he knew; and he tramped on.

When he reached the corral, he saw his horse muzzling the last of the hay that had been forked from the shed. With the corral poles between them he might have a chance, he thought; he hung the lantern on the gatepost and reached for the wire latch.

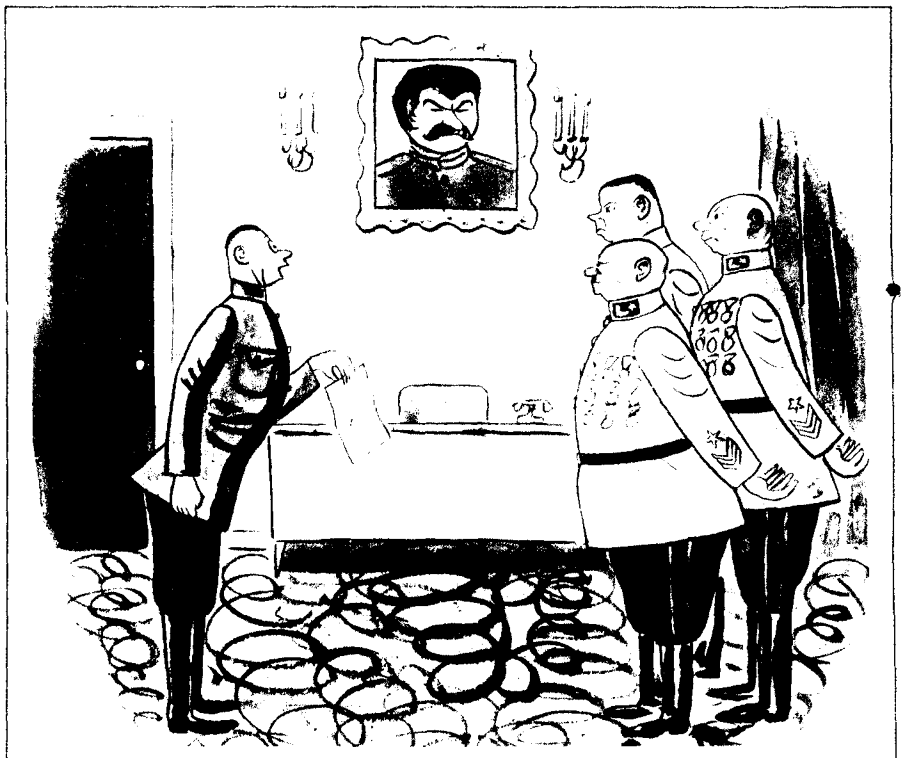
Suddenly Bentham's voice from behind him said quietly, "She'll be watching from the house. Keep on working while I talk. Do you understand that?"

Giff didn't, but he said, "Yes," as he opened the gate. He walked over to his saddle atop the corral and Bentham spoke in a low voice, "Sebree came to see me the other night and asked me if I could send out for a reliable killer. I sent for him and he'll be paid five hundred dollars for killing a man."

Giff, lifting the bridle from the top pole of the corral, moved over to his horse. "Who is it to be?" he asked without turning.

"You."

Giff slipped the bit into his dun's mouth and then moved back for his saddle. He glanced at Bentham, hoping the man's expression would give some clue to the cause of his treason. Bentham's news carried little surprise for Giff, but his betrayal did. There was no time to follow it through now, for Bentham was talking again. "The man's name will be Jim Archer. His instructions are to put up at the Territory House and wait until Sebree gets in touch with him. Have you got that?"



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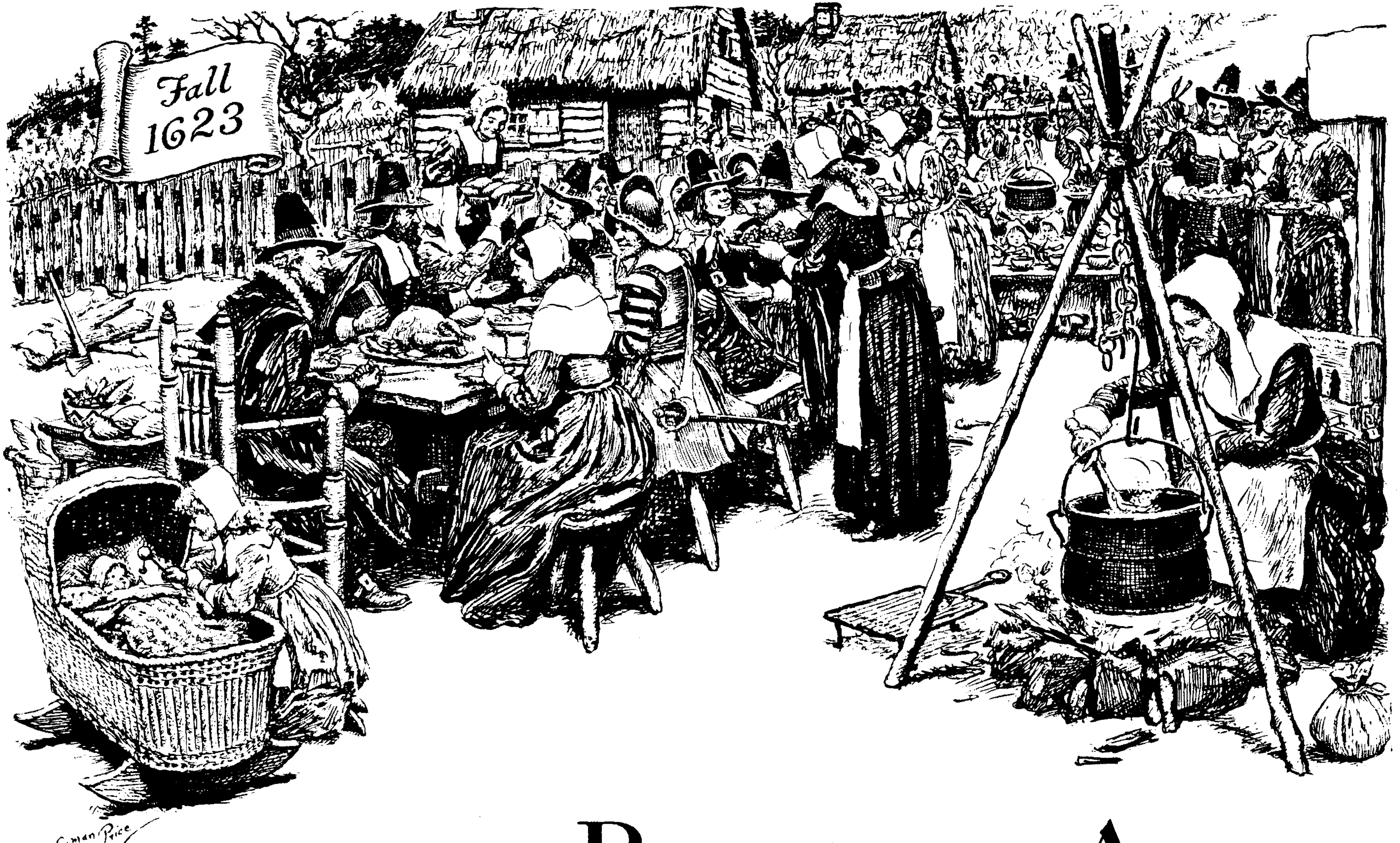

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Young men complained because they had to work hard to feed other men and their wives and children. Strong men who were heads of families griped. They said that even though they put in long hours and raised good crops, they and their children received no more food or clothes than men who were unable or unwilling to put in more than a few hours' work a day.

Women rebelled when ordered to cook for men not their husbands, or when requested to wash their clothes. And what about the husbands of women who had been set at these jobs? Their wives, they growled, were little better than slaves, and many men declared they wouldn't permit their women-folk to do that kind of work.

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Spring 1623

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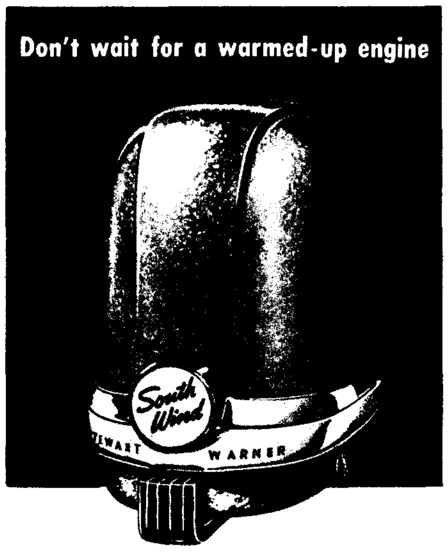

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"I have. But have you?" As Giff heaved the saddle off the corral top, he glanced again at Bentham. There was a puzzled expression on the man's face. Giff asked—moving toward his horse—"Are you ready to leave here?"

"If I have to."

"You have to, and the sooner the better." He slacked the saddle to the ground and put the saddle blanket on his horse.

Bentham's voice was directed at his back, "I don't get it."

Giff heaved the saddle up on his horse's back, then pulled the horse around so that he could look across the saddle at Bentham. "I'll get this Archer," Giff said quietly. "When I do, Sebree will know who pointed him out to me." He saw Bentham considering this with a wry carefulness.

Giff gathered up his reins, stepped into the saddle, and pulled his horse toward the gate. Bentham looked up as Giff passed him and said in a low voice, "I'll pull out, don't worry. Just get Sebree."

And then Giff passed him, heading for the canyon road.

IT WAS Sheriff Edwards' custom to open the store each morning, wait the few minutes until the first clerk arrived, and then walk the two blocks to the county courthouse and assign his deputies their day's work. This morning, however, he unlocked the door and, instead of watching the town come to work, he tramped down the main aisle toward the back stairs.

His conversation with Welling last evening had brought him a sleepless night and sober hours of self-searching; sometime during the small hours of the morning he had come to the conclusion he was acting upon now. It was plain to him that Sebree was in deep trouble, and that the April 17th issue of the Free Press lying in the store's basement files would turn that trouble into catastrophe.

But it was trouble with the federal government, not the county, Edwards reasoned. County officers were not bound to aid the federal government unless ordered—and nobody had ordered him. On the other hand, Sebree had been extremely generous to him. Besides being the store's best customer, Sebree was the real power in the county. He had ordered Edwards' election; and then had asked few favors, all of them reasonable, in return. Because that left Edwards his self-respect, he felt in some obscure way that he was honor bound to help Sebree. The least he could do was to destroy the evidence which would convict Sebree of a federal offense. He would leave judgment of Sebree's crimes to others who knew the facts.

He struck several matches on his way down the dark passage to the newspaper files and when finally, his hand shaking nervously, he managed to light the lamp, he paused a moment and reminded himself that there was no special hurry. Yet there was, he knew. If Arthur Miles saw him coming up from the basement at this hour of the morning, he might suspect his errand; and Edwards did not want to share his secret with anyone.

Kneeling before the stack of Free Presses, he thumbed through them until he came to the April 24th issue. Below it was the April 10th issue and for a baffled moment Edwards read and reread the dates. When it finally came to him after further search that the April 17th paper was missing he rose slowly, fighting down the panic that was rising within him.

Arthur Miles must have taken it, he thought, for Arthur was the only employee who had anything to do with the filing system. The longer Edwards pondered this the more certain he was that it could only have been Arthur. His reason for taking it would be innocent enough. The whole town knew that gambling was Arthur's weakness; Henty's monte table had cost him the store and it devoured a good half of his monthly earnings. He wanted that copy of the Free Press for the pleasure he would have in gambling away the fifty dollars that Welling would pay for it.

Edwards slowly moved over to the lamp and blew it out. It would not be difficult to retrieve the newspaper from Arthur. No man was fool enough to lose his job over fifty dollars and Edwards intended to use that threat.

He hastened up the stairs. A glance at the first floor assured him that all the clerks were on hand. He climbed the balcony steps and halted at the head of them. Arthur had not arrived yet. Edwards glanced at his watch, saw that it was some minutes after seven thirty, and crossed to his desk. He opened the safe, brought out his business papers and got down to work. But it was impossible for him to concentrate on anything until Arthur arrived.

By eight o'clock he had given up trying to work and watched the doorway for Arthur's entrance. By eight thirty he was certain something was wrong; either Arthur was ill or, what was more likely, he was afraid to come to work for fear Edwards had discovered his theft.

Edwards rose then, put on his hat and went downstairs. On his way out he paused long enough to ask one of the clerks if Arthur had come to work that morning. Nobody, the clerk said, had seen him.

On the plankwalk, a thought came to Edwards that appalled him. What if Arthur had already taken the newspaper to Welling? Could he be with him now, this very moment? That would explain Arthur's absence from the store. He must find out.

Almost at a run, Edwards crossed the street and entered the hotel lobby. Pausing at the dining-room door, he glanced in and saw Welling eating a solitary breakfast at one of the window tables. Edwards breathed a shaky sigh of relief, removed his hat and crossed the room, nodding occasionally to the diners he recognized.

Welling, at his approach, said affably, "Good morning, Sheriff. Have a cup of coffee with me?"

Edwards declined and asked, "Has your copy of the Free Press turned up?"

A kind of embarrassed uneasiness touched Welling and he shook his head. "It's hardly had time."

"I suppose you're right," Edwards said. He excused himself abruptly and left the room. He was safe so far, but he must find Arthur promptly. He would hunt the town, beginning at Arthur's house.

MILES'S home, a block past the yellow brick courthouse, was set in a large uncared-for lot, bordered by tall cottonwoods. It had once been one of the town's substantial homes; now its paint was peeling and the shrubbery around the house was running wild. Edwards mounted the rickety steps, knocked on the door and received no answer. Maybe he's ill, he thought suddenly; if he were, he could not be expected to answer the door, so Edwards knocked again and stepped inside.

He had his mouth open to call when his voice died in his throat. The dusty, close room was in monumental disorder, with books, papers, clothes and dishes littering its chairs and its worn floor. Obviously the room had been ransacked.

A kind of dread touched Edwards as he beheld it. In the far wall a door opened into a room beyond and Edwards crossed the room to it and on the sill halted abruptly.

On the faded bedroom carpet lay Arthur's body, the stain of blood long since shed darkening the carpet beneath him.

The ransacked house and the lifeless body before him told Edwards all he needed to know. The newspaper would be gone and Arthur had probably died defending it.

From whom? Edwards already had the answer to that question. It could only have been Sebree, he thought calmly. The corollary of that thought was like a cold hand of fear that touched Edwards' shoulder. *It's up to me to arrest him.*

Edwards hesitated only a moment while he made his bitter choice. Then he set about righting the disordered room, in a hurry to begin covering up—and paying off his debt to Sebree.

(To be continued next week)

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Season of Disbelief

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

glittered. "Well, I can't waste a morning arguing with ten-year-olds. Needless to say, I was ten myself once and just as silly."

The three girls laughed.

"You're joking with us," giggled Jane. "You weren't really ten, ever, were you, Mrs. Bentley?"

"You run on home!" the old woman cried suddenly, for she could not stand their eyes. "Get away from here. I won't have you laughing."

"And your name's not really Helen?"

"Of course it's Helen!"

"Good-by," sang the three girls, giggling away across the lawn under the seas of shade. "Thanks for the ice cream!"

"Once, I played hopscotch!" Mrs. Bentley cried after them, but they were gone.

MRS. BENTLEY spent the rest of the day slamming teakettles about, loudly preparing a meager lunch, and from time to time going to the front door, hoping to catch those insolent brigands on their laughing excursions through the late day. But if they had appeared, what could she say to them, why should she worry about them?

"The idea!" said Mrs. Bentley to her dainty, rose-clustered teacup. "No one ever doubted I was a girl before. What a silly, horrible thing to do. I don't mind being old—not really—but I *do* resent having my childhood taken away from me."

She could see the three girls racing off under the cavernous trees, with her youth in their frosty fingers, invisible as air.

After supper, for no reason at all, with a senseless certainty of motion, she watched her own hands, like a pair of ghostly gloves at a séance, gather together certain items in a perfumed kerchief. Then she went to her front porch and stood there stiffly for half an hour.

As suddenly as night birds, the three girls flew by, and Mrs. Bentley's voice brought them to a fluttering rest.

"Yes, *Mrs.* Bentley?"

"Come up on this porch," she commanded them, and they climbed the steps.

"Yes, Mrs. Bentley." They thumped the "Mrs." like a bass piano chord, extra heavily, as if that were her first name.

"I've got some treasures to show you." She put each girl in her place on the glider. She opened the perfumed kerchief and peered into it, as if she herself might be surprised. She drew forth a hair comb, very small and delicate, its rim twinkling with rhinestones.

"I wore this when I was nine," she said, standing.

Jane turned it in her hand and said, "How nice."

"Let's see!" cried the others, and they, too, saw it.

"And here is a tiny ring I wore when I was eight," said Mrs. Bentley. "It doesn't fit my finger now. You look through it, and see the Tower of Pisa ready to fall."

"Let's see it lean!" The girls passed it back and forth between them until Jane fitted it to her hand. "Why, it just fits *me!*" she exclaimed.

"And the comb fits *my* head!" gasped Alice.

Mrs. Bentley produced some jackstones. "Here," she said. "I once played with these."

She threw them. They made a constellation on the floor.

"And here." In triumph, she flashed her trump card, a postal picture of herself when she was seven years old, in a dress like a yellow butterfly, with her golden curls and blown blue-glass eyes and angelic pouting lips.

"Who's this little girl?" asked Jane.

"It's *me!*"

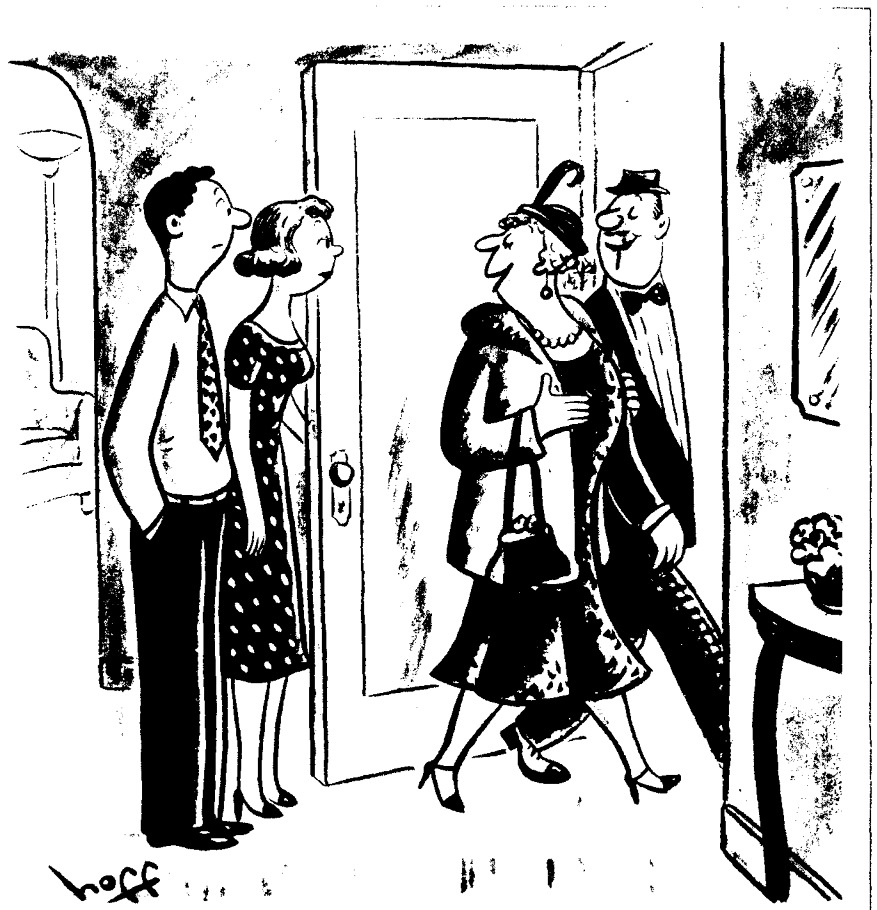
The girls passed it around. "Oh, *no,*" they said.

"But it doesn't look like you," said Jane, simply. "Anybody could get a picture like this, somewhere."

"But it's the truth," insisted Mrs. Bentley.

They looked at her for a moment.

"Any more pictures, Mrs. Bentley?" asked Jane. "Of you, later? You got a picture of you at fifteen, Mrs. Bentley, and one at twenty, and one at forty and fifty?"



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The girls chortled.

"I don't have to show you anything!" said Mrs. Bentley.

"Then we don't have to believe you," replied Jane.

"But this picture proves I was young!"

"That's some other little girl, like us. You borrowed it."

"I was married!"

"Where's *Mr.* Bentley?"

"He's been gone a long time. If he were here, he'd tell you how young and pretty I was when I was twenty-two."

"But he's not here and he can't tell, so what does that prove?"

"I have a marriage certificate!"

"You could have borrowed that, too." Jane smiled. "Only way I'll believe you were ever young"—she shut her eyes to emphasize how sure she was of herself—"is if you have someone say they saw you when you were ten."

"Thousands of people saw me, but they're dead, you little fool—dead, or ill, or gone away, in other towns. I don't know a soul here, just moved here a few years ago, so no one saw me young!"

"Well, there you *are.*" Jane blinked at her companions. "Nobody *saw* her!"

"Listen!" Mrs. Bentley seized the girl's wrist, but Jane drew swiftly back. "You must take these things on faith. Someday, you'll be as old as I. People will say the same. Oh, no, they'll say, those vultures were never hummingbirds, those owls were never orioles, those parrots were never bluebirds! One day you'll be like me!"

"No, we won't," said the girls. "Will we?" they asked one another.

"Wait and see!" said Mrs. Bentley.

And to herself she thought: Children are children, old women are old women, and nothing in between; they can't imagine a change they can't see.

"Your mother," she said to Jane. "Haven't you noticed, over the years, the change?"

"No," said Jane. "She's always the same."

And that was true. You lived with people every day and they never altered a degree. It was only when people had been off on a long trip, for years, that they shocked you. And she felt like a woman who has been on a roaring black train for seventy-five years landing at last upon the rail platform and everyone crying: "Helen Bentley, is that *you!*"

"I guess we better go home," said Jane. "Thanks for the ring. It just fits."

"Thanks for the comb. It's fine."

"Thanks for the picture of the little girl."

"Come back—you can't have those!" Mrs. Bentley shouted as they raced down the steps. "They're mine!"

"No, you stole them!" they cried. "They belonged to some little girl. You stole them. Thanks!"

And no matter how she called after them, they were gone, like moths through darkness.

They took my ring and my comb and my picture, thought Mrs. Bentley, trembling there on the steps; oh, I'm empty, empty; it's part of my life.

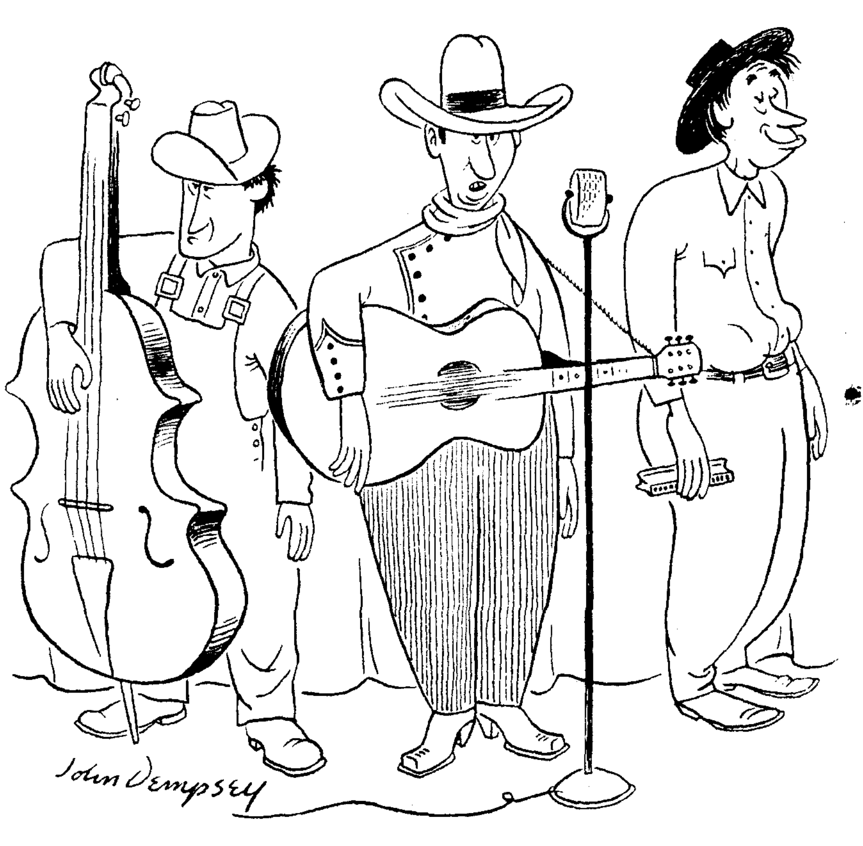
SHE lay awake for many hours into the night, among her trunks and trinkets. She glanced over at the neat stacks of materials and toys and opera plumes and said, aloud, "Does it really belong to me?"

Or was it the elaborate trick of an old lady convincing herself that she had a past? After all, once a time was over, it was done. You were always in the present. She may have been a girl once, but was not now. Her childhood was gone and nothing could fetch it back.

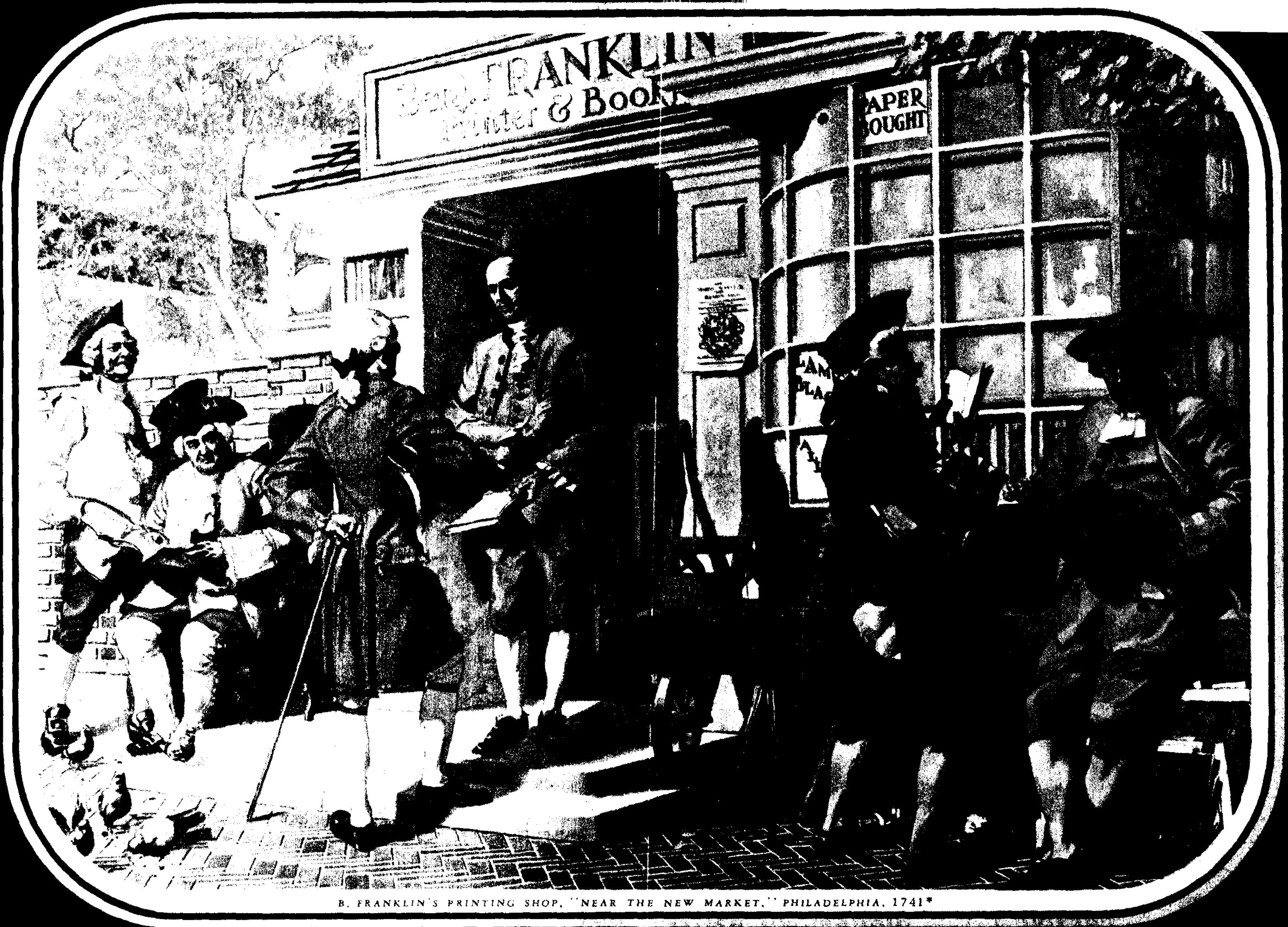
A night wind blew in the room. The white curtain fluttered against a dark cane which had leaned against that wall near the other bric-a-brac for many years. The cane trembled and fell out into a patch of moonlight, with a soft thud. Its gold ferrule glittered. It was her husband's opera cane. It seemed as if he were pointing it at her, as he often had, using his soft, sad, reasonable voice when they, upon rare occasions, disagreed.

"Those children are right," he would have said. "They stole nothing from you, my dear. These things don't belong to you *here,* you *now.* They belonged to her, that other you, so long ago."

Oh! thought Mrs. Bentley. And then, as though an ancient phonograph record had been set hissing under a steel needle, she remembered a conversation she had once had with Mr. Bentley—Mr. Bentley, so prim, a pink carnation in his whisk-



COLLIER'S "We have a request to play the William Tell Overture. Sorry . . ." JOHN DEMPSEY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broomed lapel, saying, "My dear, you never will understand time, will you? You're always trying to be the things you were, instead of the person you are now. Why do you save those ticket stubs and theater programs? They'll only hurt you later. Throw them away, my dear."

But Mrs. Bentley had stubbornly kept them.

"It won't work," Mr. Bentley continued, sipping his tea. "No matter how hard you try to be what you once were, you can only be what you are here and now. Time plays tricks. When you're nine, you think you've always been nine years old and will always be. When you're thirty, it seems you've always been balanced there on that bright rim of middle life. And then when you become seventy, you are always and forever seventy. You are in the present, you are trapped in a young now or an old now, but there is no other now to be seen."

It had been one of the few and gentle disputes of their quiet marriage. He had never approved of her bric-a-brackery. "Be what you are, bury what you are not," he had said. "Ticket stubs are trickery. Saving things is a magic trick, with mirrors."

If he were alive tonight, what would he say?

"You're saving cocoons." That's what he'd say. "Corsets, in a way, you can never fit again. So why save them? You can't really prove you were ever young. Pictures? No, they lie. You're not the picture."

"Affidavits!"

"No, my dear, you're not the dates, or the ink, or the paper. You're not these trunks of junk and tricks. You're only you, here, now—the present you."

Mrs. Bentley nodded at the memory, breathing easier.

"Yes. I see. I see."

The gold-ferruled cane lay silently on the moonlit rug.

"In the morning," she said to it, "I will do something final about this, and settle down to being only me, and nobody else from any other year. Yes, that's what I'll do."

She slept. . . .

The morning was bright and green, and there at her door, like moths bumping softly on the screen, were the three girls. "Got any more to give us, Mrs. Bentley? More of the little girl's things?"

She led them down the hall to the library.

"Take this." She gave Jane the dress in which she had played the mandarin's daughter at fifteen. "And this, and this." A kaleidoscope, a magnifying glass. "Pick anything you want," said Mrs. Bentley. "Books, skates, dolls, everything—they're yours."

"Ours?"

"Only yours. And will you help me with a little work in the next hour? I'm building a big fire in my back yard. I'm emptying the trunks, throwing out this trash for the trashman. It doesn't belong to me. Nothing ever belongs to anybody."

"We'll help," they said.

Mrs. Bentley led the procession to the back yard, arms full, a box of matches in her hand.

AND now, on summer afternoons, you can see the three little girls, like wrens on a wire, on Mrs. Bentley's front porch. They sit in their cool dresses, not stirring, waiting for her. And when the silvery chimes of the Icicle Man are heard, the front door opens, Mrs. Bentley floats out with her hand deep down the gullet of her silver-mouthed purse, and for half an hour you can see them there on the porch, the three girls and the old lady putting coldness into warmness, eating chocolate icicles, laughing. At last they are good friends.

"How old are you, Mrs. Bentley?"

"Seventy-five."

"How old were you fifty years ago?"

"Seventy-five."

"You weren't ever young, were you, and never wore ribbons or dresses like these?"

"No."

"Have you got a first name?"

"My name is Mrs. Bentley."

"And you've always lived in this one house?"

"Always."

"And never were pretty?"

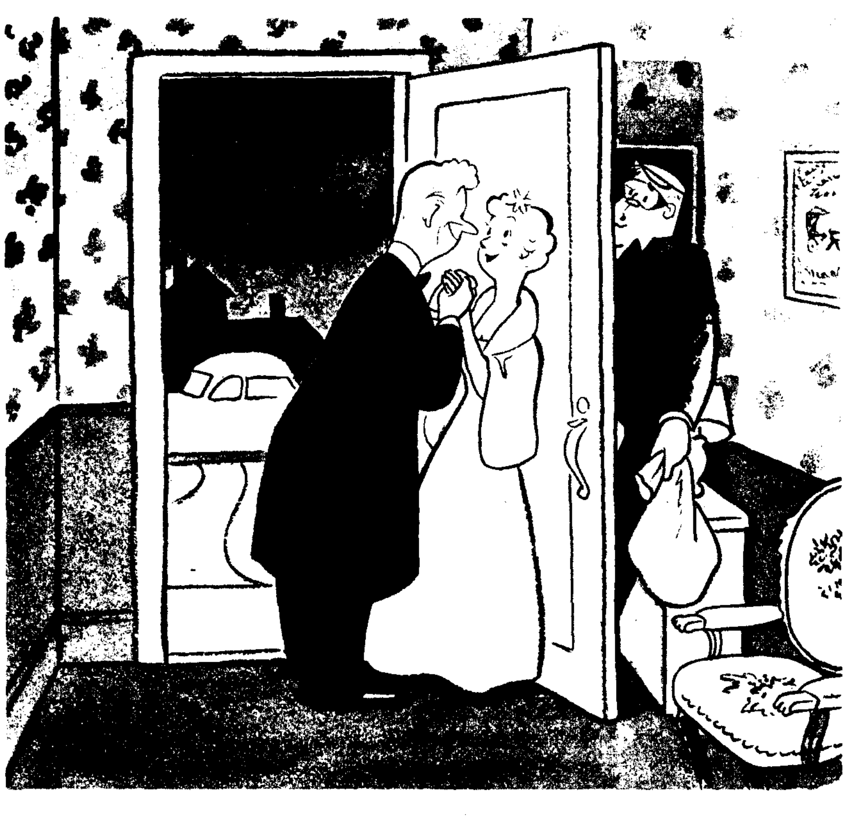
"Never."

"Never in a million trillion years?" The three girls bend toward the old lady, and wait in the pressed silence of four o'clock on a summer afternoon in July.

"Never," says Mrs. Bentley, "in a million trillion years."

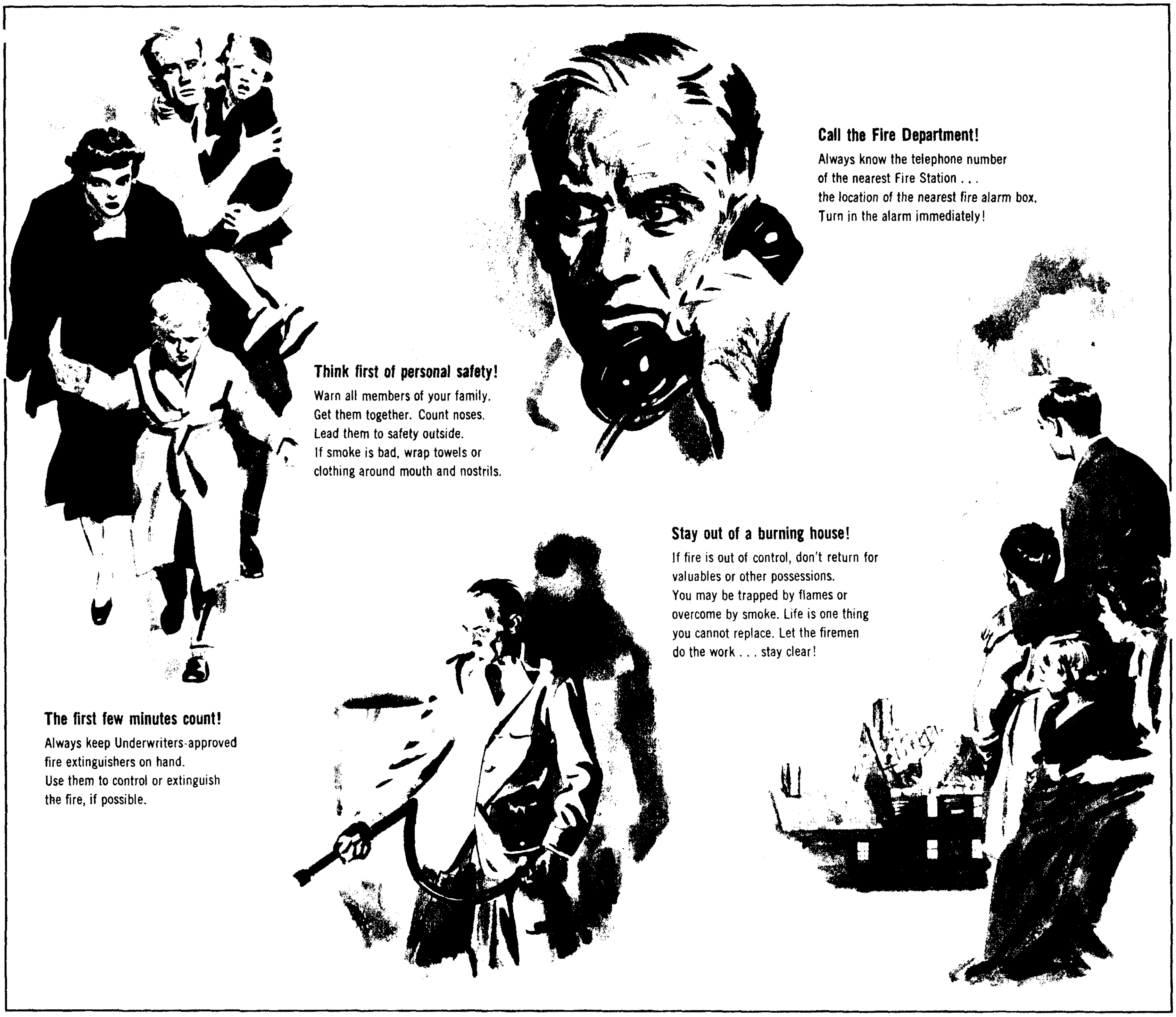
THE END

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "Aw, come on, fella. You've said good night eighteen times already" LARRY REYNOLDS

What to do when your house is on fire



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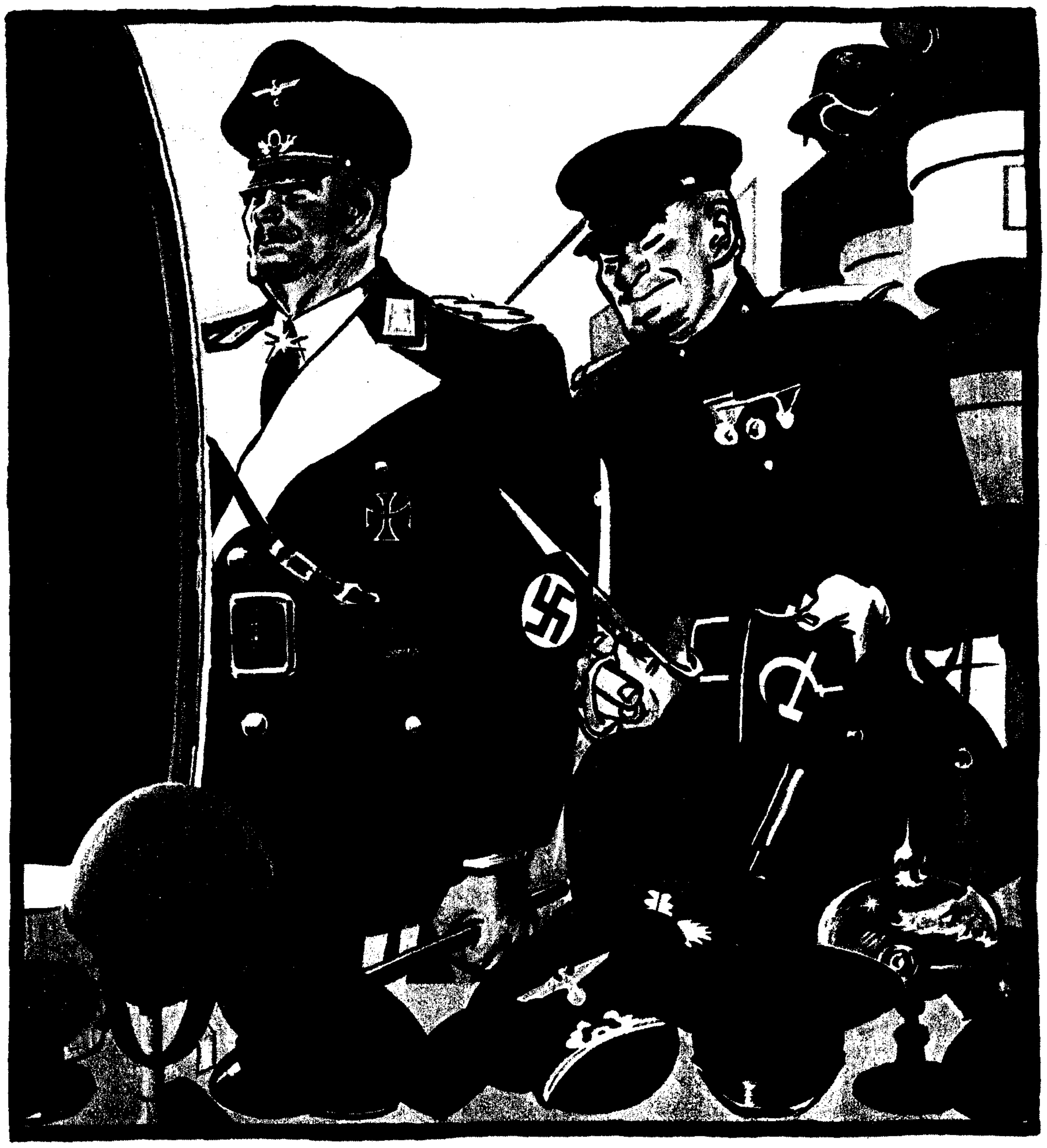


HARRY DEVLIN

New Tailor, Same Old Suit

THE CHIEF PURPOSE of this editorial—or, perhaps, this postscript—is to call attention to the report from two members of Collier's European Team which appears on page 22, under the title of The Nazis March Again—This Time for Stalin. It is an illuminating and a disturbing account, and if you haven't read it already, you ought to now. Then if you're interested in our further thoughts on the matter, you can read on from here.

It is quite natural that most of us, in and out of government, have been thinking and talking about Korea and the Far East in recent months. But that preoccupation should not make Americans forget that Germany is potentially another Korea, only on a bigger and more dangerous scale. The situation is much the same as it was in the cozy period of the Hitler-Stalin agreement back in 1939, only then the Russians and the Germans were strong and mutually suspicious neighbors. Today Stalin is the undisputed boss of half of Germany, and he has been trying by every means short of war to control the whole country. One of those means is the increasing use of the remnants of Hitler's party.

The Russians aren't bothered by scruples. With a cynical disregard for consistency, they have perverted the Nazi philosophy to their own advantage. They flatter and pamper the former Nazis, and use them to subjugate the people of Soviet Germany.

Probably this strange performance doesn't strike the majority of Germans as being so very inconsistent, at that. For there isn't much difference between Russian Communism and German Nazism. In spite of superficial variations, they were cut from the same bolt of authoritarian cloth. The citizen of Soviet Germany is living in much the same sort of political world as the one that Hitler created, although physically it is much less comfortable. It is still a world of slogans and parades and uniforms, of phony elections, of strict discipline, spies and secret police.

The American government's tough job is to block the Russians' intention of seizing all of Germany, and at the same time to foster democracy and root out the still vigorous growth of Nazism in its own zone. In trying to do this job the government is at something of a disadvantage because it is honest.

American authorities are trying to create a unified, democratic Germany by legitimate means. They are trying to fulfill a promise to the Germans of eventual self-government, individual freedom, and a chance to win back their country's place in the community of peace-loving nations. They are trying to fulfill that promise in spite of Russian opposition, the indifference and hostility of many Germans, and their own uncertainties and mistakes. It is a discouraging assignment, but the American authorities have not compromised with principles.

There doesn't seem to be any answer to America's long-range problem in Germany except to continue the country's education in democracy, even if it means an indefinite occupation. But it does seem that our government might take more positive action against the immediate dangers that confront it. We think it ought to crack down on the neo-Nazi parties that have sprung up in the West. And we think it should arm Western Germany unless the Russians agree to disarm their so-called "police forces" in the Eastern zone.

Earlier we said that Germany was potentially another Korea. But the problem of Western Germany, unlike the problem of South Korea, can't be settled simply by giving it tanks, guns and planes. There is a grave risk in arming the West Germans—the risk that they might not fight well in a civil war for a free government that many of them apparently don't want, or the risk that they might go over to the Russian side.

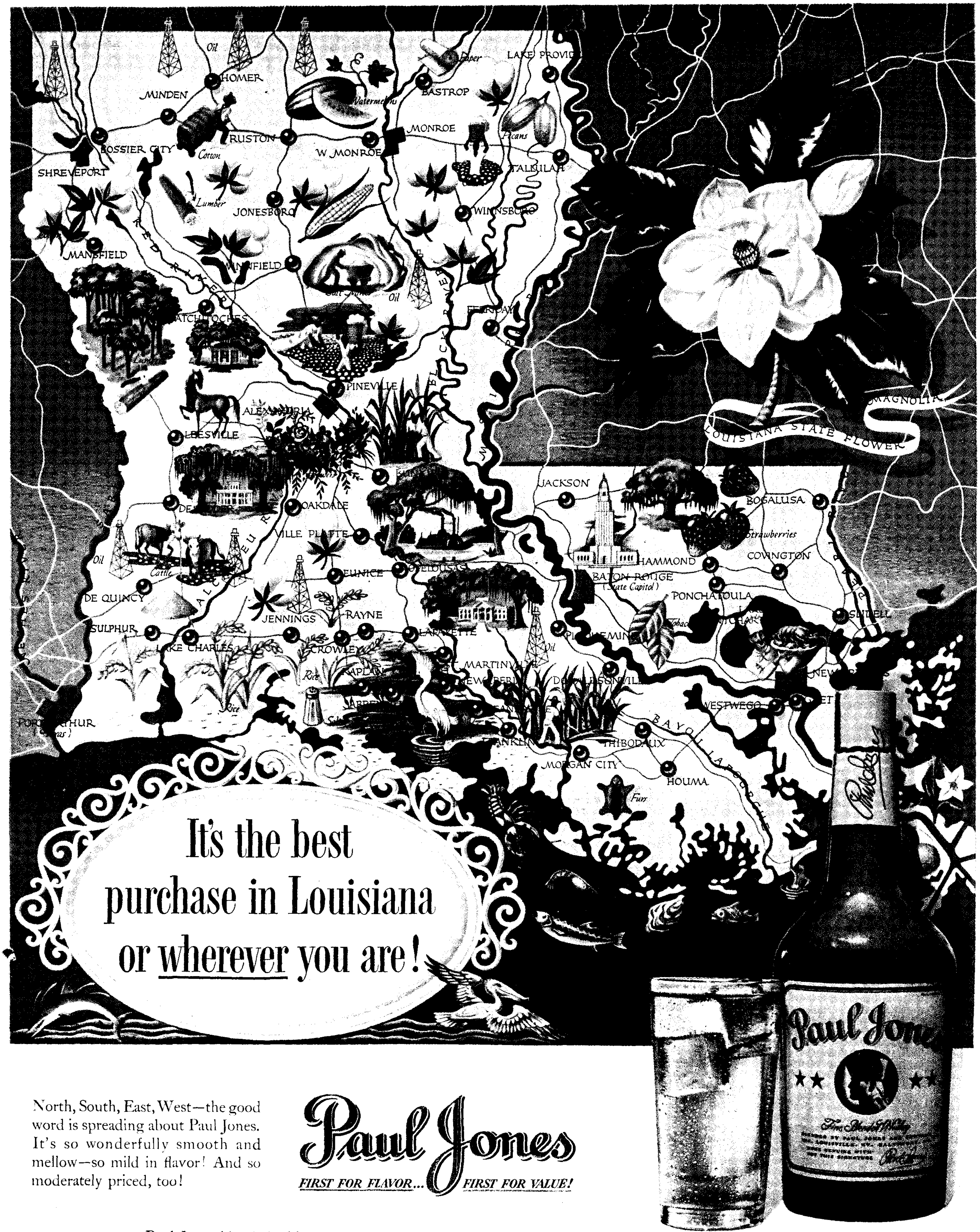
But it is a calculated risk which, we believe, should be taken. A defenseless Western Germany is a rich prize which the covetous Russians are training their Nazi stooges to pluck for them. We can see no virtue in tempting further Soviet aggression by the same inaction that brought on the Korean war.

Still Scrambled

JUST ABOUT A YEAR AGO we had a piece on this page about the government's surplus-egg program. In it we expressed the opinion that a hen's crowning achievement should end up either as offspring or omelet. The practice of storing said achievement in a cave or warehouse, we suggested, was an unnecessary exploitation of a fowl's thwarted urge for motherhood. We now wish to say that that sentiment still goes—with a double yolk. Because there is more to the story than we knew then.

It turns out that our surplus eggs are not only unsold and uneaten. They are also the indirect instruments for sending scarce and coveted American dollars to Communist China. This interesting news recently came out of Seattle, where a newspaper discovered 700 tons of dried Chinese eggs in the city's port. Seems that brokers can import the Oriental hen fruit, pay the duty, and ship them to Eastern bakers cheaper than they can get our 96-cents-a-pound government surplus product out of hock.

Since these strange goings on were revealed, the government has decided to up the duty on Chinese eggs by a dime. This may not get our own surplus eaten up, but at least it might make the domestic hens feel better. Maybe they'll still be thwarted, but at least they won't have to think of themselves as subversive agents who are adding to Red China's dollar balance while they further scramble our already mixed-up foreign policy.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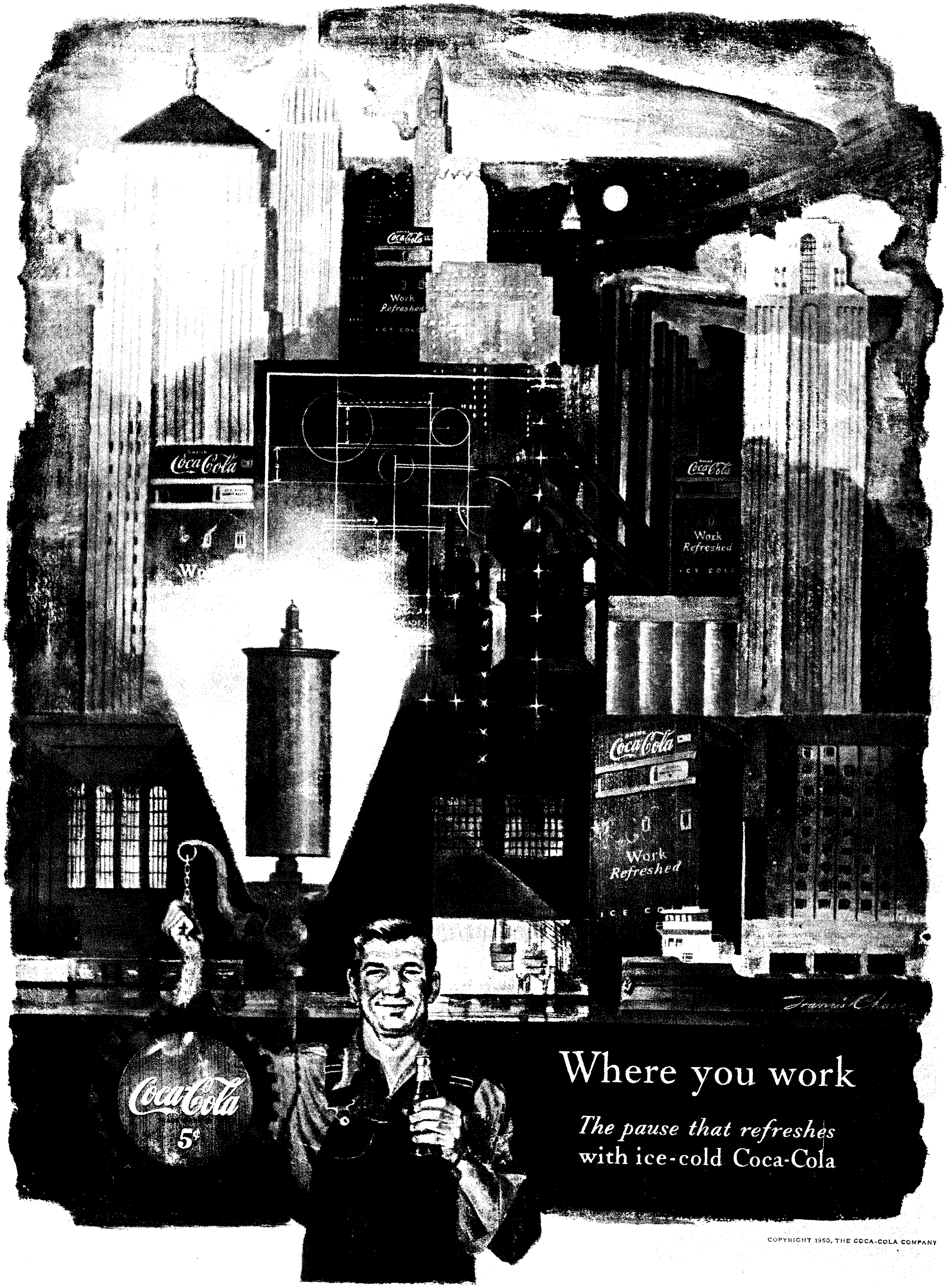
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